VOGUE

75¢
NOV. 1

have a little dazzle in your life right now

at night on the town...
in the snow...in the sun

HOW BODY CYCLES IN MEN AND WOMEN

sway health...
vitality...brains

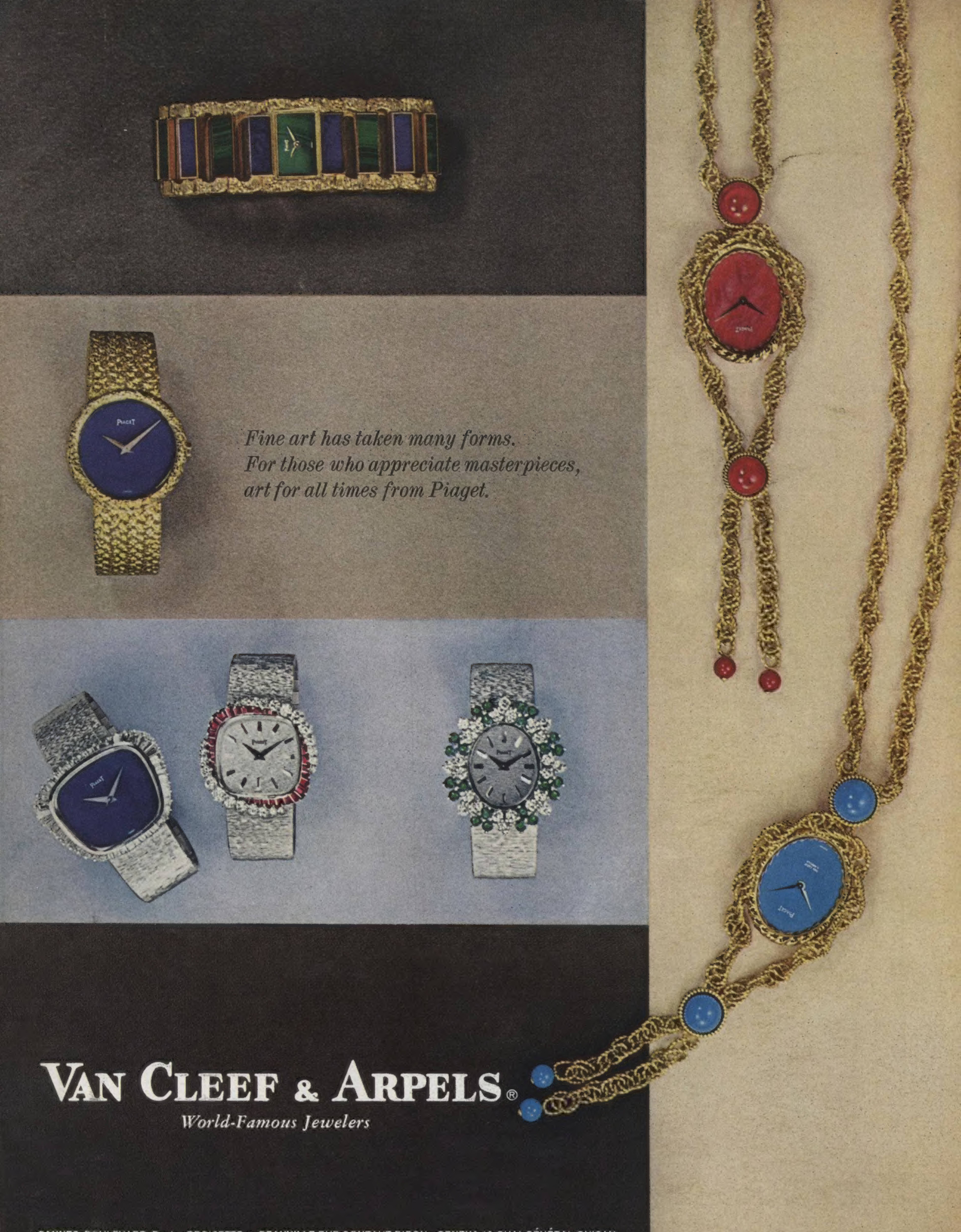
the He-She Chemistry of

SPENCER TRACY AND KATHARINE HEPBURN

by Garson Kanin

Chinese exercises
for fitness
and tranquility

NEW YORK 744 FIFTH AVENUE • **BEVERLY HILLS** 300 NORTH RODEO DRIVE • **PALM BEACH** 249 WORTH AVENUE • **PARIS** 22, PLACE VENDÔME • **MONTE CARLO** PLACE Du CASINO


Fine art has taken many forms.
For those who appreciate masterpieces,
art for all times from Piaget.
VAN CLEEF & ARPELS®
World-Famous Jewelers

CANNES BOULEVARD De La CROISETTE • **DEAUVILLE** RUE GONTAUT BIRON • **GENEVA** 12-QUAI GÉNÉRAL GUISAN

Anne Klein
for designers' meLange
Shirtdress extraordinaire with a frosting of ruffles. In Celanese® Fortrel®
Fortrel® is the trademark of Fiber Industries, Inc. for its polyester fiber.

NOVEMBER 1, 1971 (INCORPORATING VANITY FAIR)

VOGUE

PERRY L. RUSTON, Chairman ALEXANDER LIBERMAN, Editorial Director

GRACE MIRABELLA
Editor
Associate Editors:
KATE LLOYD
CARRIE DONOVAN
Art Director: PRISCILLA PECK
Managing Editor, Special Features: ROSEMARY BLACKMON
Copy Editor: EDITH LOEW GROSS
Executive Fashion Editor: CATHERINE DI MONTEZEMOLO
Senior Fashion Editors:
BABS SIMPSON NICOLAS DE GUNZBURG
Fashion Editors:
POLLY ALLEN MELLEN GLORIA MONCUR
DOROTHEA ELKON
LINDA FRANKEL Lingerie
KATHRYNE HAYS Shoes and Stockings
MARGARET INGERSOLL Fabrics
MAUREEN LIPPE Fabrics Associate
EMMY LOU KELLY Boutique Associate
Beauty Editor: JESSICA CANNÉ
Special Projects Editor: GLORIA SCHIFF
Los Angeles Editor: ELEANORE PHILLIPS
Paris Editor: SUSAN TRAIN
Rome Editor: CONSUELO CRESPI
Madrid Editor: ALINE ROMANONES
London Editor: ARABELLA VON WESTENHOLZ
Fashions in Living Editor: ALISON HARWOOD
Fashions in Travel Editor: DESPINA MESSINESI
Feature Associates: DALE McCONATHY
LORRAINE DAVIS
Feature Researcher: PATRICIA GRANT GARNER
Staff Writers: LYDIA McCLEAN MARY KLEVE
JANE OGLE KAREN ANDEREGG
SUSAN GREENSTEIN
Associate Beauty Editor: JEAN PIERSON
Assistant: MAUREEN MARWICK
Men's Page Editor: CAMILLE DUHÉ
Contributing Editors: ALLENE TALMEY
CECIL BEATON MARY ROBLEE HENRY
SUSANNA AGNELLI ROSAMOND BERNIER
SIMONA MORINI SHEILA DE ROCHAMBEAU
Copy Executives: JEANNE BALLOT WINHAM
VALORIE GRIFFITH WEAVER
ANDREA SMITH Research
Art Department:
EDMUND WINFIELD GERALD SLATER
CAROL KNOBLOCH
Model Assignments: SARAH SLAVIN
Administrative Assistants: GLADYS POHL
GLORIA GERSH Art FRANCES DECKER Features
Editorial Business Manager:
WILLIAM P. RAYNER

Consulting Editor:
DIANA VREELAND

Publisher: RICHARD A. SHORTWAY
Executive Editor: RUTH McCARTHY
Promotion Director: J. HERBERT SILVERMAN
Marketing Director: BARBARA McKIBBIN
Merchandising Director: JACQUELINE LEVE
Merchandising Editor: PATRICIA HOWIE
Merchandising Projects Editor: ELIZABETH GROVES
Fashion Promotion Editor: JAYNE INGRAM
Promotion Manager: CAROL HARVEY
Promotion Creative Director:
CONSTANCE VON COLLANDE
Fashion Credits: ROSAMOND BELT
Fabric Marketing Editor: TOPSY BITTEL
SUSAN BENE
Advertising Manager: NEIL JACOBS
Business Manager: JOHN RODNEY
Retail Director: RICHARD McMAHON
Associate Advertising Managers:
WILLIAM D. LEAHON
CHARLES H. REINHARDT
ROBERT L. GROBERG

BRANCH OFFICES
Statler Building, Boston, Mass. 02116
Robert Brennecke, Mgr.
875 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill. 60611
Donald H. Koehler, Mgr.
3921 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Cal. 90005
Thomas J. Stewart, Mgr.
4 Place du Palais-Bourbon, Paris 7
Cyril N. Kuhn, European Manager

BRITISH VOGUE
Vogue House, Hanover Square, London, W. 1
FRENCH VOGUE
4 Place du Palais-Bourbon, Paris 7
AUSTRALIAN VOGUE
49 Clarence Street, Sydney
ITALIAN VOGUE
Piazza Castello 27, Milan

International Executive Editor:
MILDRED MORTON GILBERT

S. I. NEWHOUSE, JR. Publishing Director

VOGUE IS PUBLISHED BY
THE CONDÉ NAST PUBLICATIONS INC.
420 Lexington Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017
PERRY L. RUSTON President
BENJAMIN BOGIN Vice President
ROBERT J. LAPHAM Vice Pres.-Gen. Mgr.
HAROLD G. MEYER Vice President
DANIEL SALEM Vice President (Overseas)
J. PAUL YOUNG Vice President-Circ. Dir.
FRED C. THORMANN Treasurer
MARY E. CAMPBELL Secretary

PENN

COVER: New dazzle at night—the rustle of black taffeta, the allure of bareness. Oscar de la Renta's halter-neck dress with a flourish of scarlet at the nape, shown full-length on page 107. . . . New dazzle for the face you wear at night: the gleam of Creme Highlighter and Mocha Frost shadow around the eye, the shimmer of Resort to Peach lipstick on the mouth. Both from the Dina Merrill Amaranthe Collection. The small sleek coiffure by François of Kenneth. Flower by Cinderella. The emerald-and-diamond earrings, by Tiffany.

FASHION

97 Vogue's Point of View
98–115 New dazzle in your night-life: The little sequinned T-dress. The allure of bareness—slits and slashes; halter necks; the return of the strapless dress; the off-the-shoulder dress. The dazzle of black. Taffeta. Ruffles. The romantic covered dress. Ostrich. Sable. Chinchilla to the ground
116 Precious dazzle—worn by Dominique Sanda
130–137 Fashion Naturals: Great getaround cottons, to or from or under the sun. Worn by Mazie Cox and Marisa Berenson
138–141 Catherine Deneuve—dazzling in silvery shimmer; fluffs of feathers
148–155 The Ski People—dressed for the action at St. Moritz, Gstaad, Sestriere
164–166 Observations

BEAUTY AND HEALTH

46 Beauty Checkout: Out of China, 'cross the bay. . . .
58 Beauty Checkout: Everybody loves a lemon
60 Ready Beauty
145 Beauty Bulletin: Everybody's doing the shimmer: The new night makeup
146–147 Beauty Bulletin: T'ai Chi Ch'uan—the Chinese health exercise
149 Beauty Bulletin: Cross-country: the oldest newest way to ski

FEATURES

117 A Happy Marriage—Is It Real? By Dorothy Barclay Thompson
118 "On Reading" and "The Lunch," two essays by Marcel Proust. Translated by William S. Burford
120 People Are Talking About . . . Vanessa Redgrave
122–129 Barnett Newman, American Artist. Excerpts from an essay by Thomas B. Hess
142 The He-She Chemistry of Katharine Hepburn and Spencer Tracy. By Garson Kanin
156 Body Time: New Clues to the Mysterious Cycles in Men and Women That Control Health, Energy, Mind. By Gay Gaer Luce

FASHIONS IN LIVING

158–163 Oasis in Paris: The Country Peace of Yves Saint Laurent's "Thirties" Duplex

REGULAR FEATURES

62 Spotlight: Books. Carson McCullers and Flannery O'Connor. By Elizabeth Hardwick
68 Spotlight: Art. Konrad Fischer, Young German Art Dealer. By Dale McConathy
70 Spotlight: Movies. New York's Anthology Film Archives. By Barbara Rose
72 Spotlight: Europe. By Richard Orrick
80 Spotlight: Books. "The Affair of Gabrielle Russier." By Judith Peabody
82 Vogue's Notebook: Wedding on Long Island
84 Vogue's Notebook: Raffles Riviera Gala
86 Horoscope. By Maria Elise Crummere
90 Food Gazette. By Maxime McKendry
95 Men in Vogue
170 Spotlight: Movies. "Murmur of the Heart." By Ann Birstein
170 Spotlight: Movies. "The Last Picture Show." By Edward Sittel
172 Vogue's Travelog
173 Vogue's Fashions in Travel: Bear Valley, Calif. By Despina Messinesi
174 Vogue's School Directory

Copyright © 1971 by The Condé Nast Publications Inc. All rights reserved. Printed in the U.S.A.

VOGUE (INCORPORATING VANITY FAIR) IS PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY, EXCEPT FOR THE MONTHS OF MAY, JUNE, JULY, AND DECEMBER, WHEN IT IS PUBLISHED MONTHLY. SECOND CLASS POSTAGE PAID, AT NEW YORK, N.Y., AND AT ADDITIONAL MAILING OFFICES. SUBSCRIPTIONS: IN U. S. AND POSSESSIONS, $10 FOR ONE YEAR, $17 FOR TWO YEARS, $22 FOR THREE YEARS. IN CANADA, $11 FOR ONE YEAR, $19 FOR TWO YEARS, $25 FOR THREE YEARS. ELSEWHERE, $15 FOR ONE YEAR, PAYABLE IN ADVANCE. SINGLE COPIES IN U. S. AND CANADA, 75C. FOR SUBSCRIPTIONS, ADDRESS CHANGES, AND ADJUSTMENTS, WRITE TO VOGUE, BOX 5201, BOULDER, COLORADO 80302. SIX WEEKS ARE REQUIRED FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS. PLEASE GIVE BOTH NEW AND OLD ADDRESS AS PRINTED ON LAST LABEL.

Postmaster: Send Form 3579 to Vogue, Box 5201, Boulder, Colorado 80302 Vol. 158, No. 8, Whole No. 3068

ANDREA invents WASH 'N WEAR Eyelashes

Introducing the Easy Care—Easy Wear Eyelash, the soakable droop-proof miracle lash that's self-curling, self-renewing, floating-light, virtually indestructible. The most practical thing that's happened to beautiful lashes, to keep them beautiful, since ANDREA made them fashionable. In a fabulous flotilla of ANDREA styles, at better cosmetics counters. $5.00.

Dip-Tips
See Nymphs
Surfers
Swansweeps
Hi-Tides
Deep Sees
Scuba-Dubas
Loreleis
Undersees

ANDREA
Your Personal Eyedresser

AVAILABLE AT
J. L. HUDSON'S, MACY'S—CALIF.,
JOSEPH MAGNIN—CALIF. & NEVADA
AND OTHER FINE STORES

LESLIE FAY
Qiana®

The Brilliance Of Print . . . vivid, clear colors in double knit **Qiana*** nylon accentuated by the solid top. Graceful, supple Qiana with the elegance of rarest silk fabrics and the feeling of luxury with a practical point of view. One color only, as photographed. Sizes 8-18. About $48. For the store nearest you, write Leslie Fay, 1400 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10018. PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST. *DUPONT'S REG. TM.

$ 1,025.
$ 935.
Set with coral, $ 1,325.
$ 950.
$ 1,275.
Festive bracelets by Tiffany in eighteen karat gold.
$ 1,275.

TIFFANY & CO.

NEW YORK FIFTH AVE. AND 57TH ST.

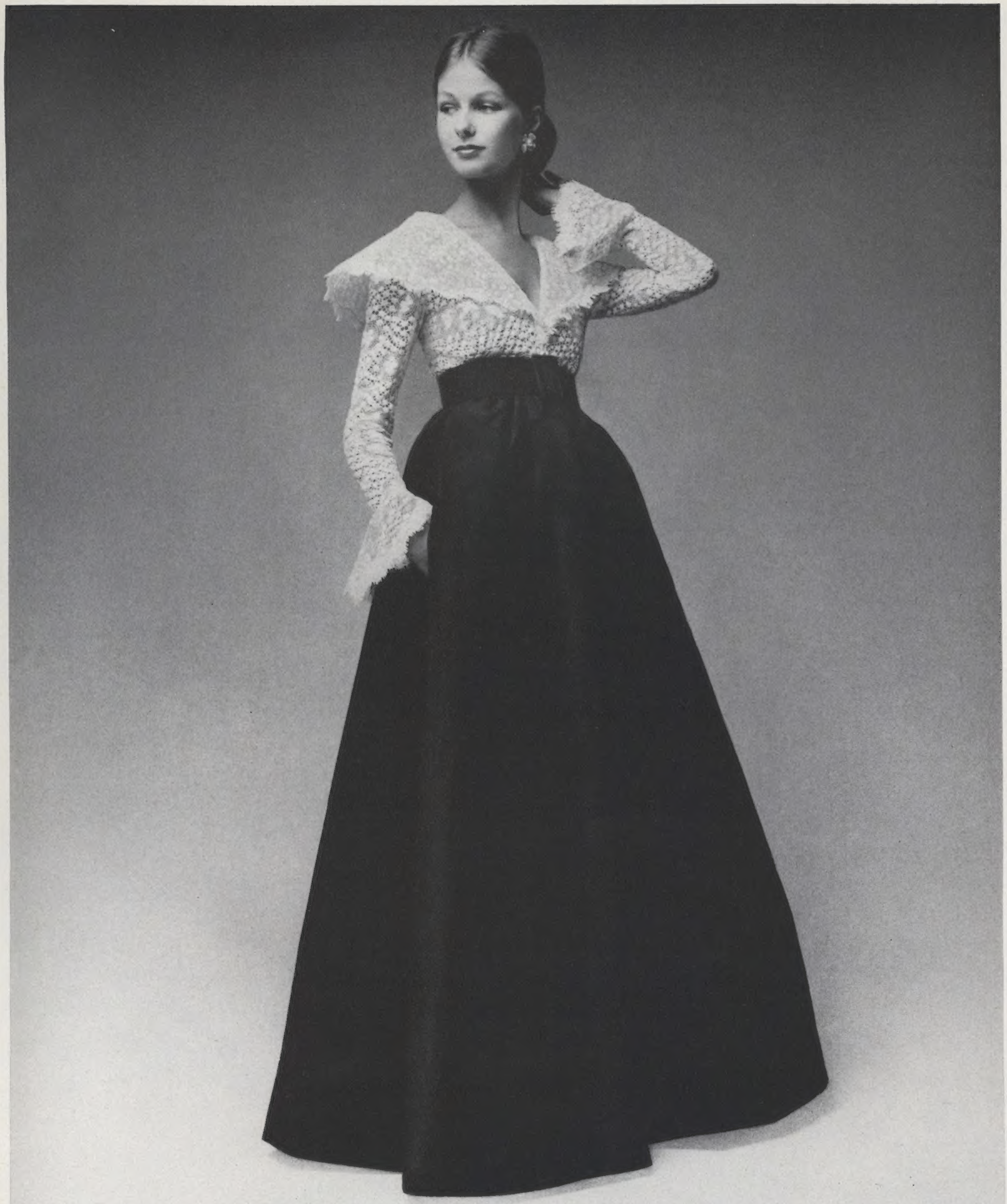
ATLANTA PHIPPS PLAZA · **CHICAGO** 715 NORTH MICHIGAN AVE. · **HOUSTON** THE HOUSTON GALLERIA · **SAN FRANCISCO** 252 GRANT AVE. · **BEVERLY HILLS** 9502 WILSHIRE BLVD.

Scandinavian Mink Association
Coat by Bill Blass

Life is too short and winter's too long to go without mink.

The finest mink from Scandinavia where winters are six months long.

Saga Mink.



Jacobson's Michigan

Qiana® nylon—The era of elegance revisited...a bodice of delicate petitpoint lace, a magnificent skirt of luxurious taffeta of Qiana® nylon—it's a look so beautiful, you'd never suspect its stamina. From our GEOFFREY BEENE BOUTIQUE COLLECTION, $185.

®Registered Du Pont Trademark

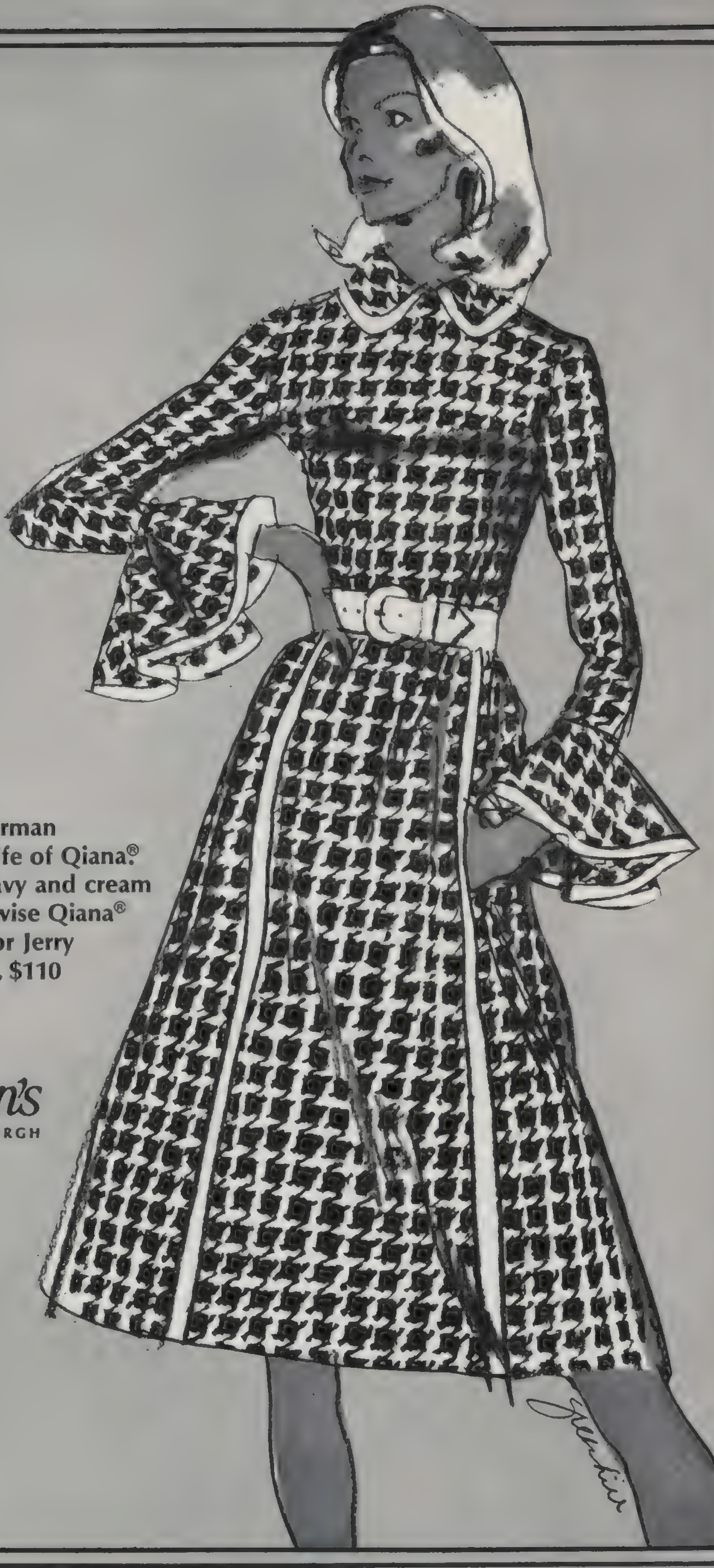
Double take... polyester/cotton knits and wovens from Galey & Lord, a division of **Burlington⊞Industries**

Our new love? Chicago.
We go a-courting at Marina Towers with a blaze of blossoms on
Edward Parnes' full blown organza.

I. magnin

CALIFORNIA • PORTLAND • SEATTLE • PHOENIX • CHICAGO

JACK COWLEY Jewels, Laykin et Cie



Jerry Silverman
and the luxurious life of Qiana.®
Extravagant checks of navy and cream
on opulent and travel-wise Qiana®
nylon. Shannon Rogers for Jerry
Silverman. Sizes 6 to 14, $110
Miss Forecast
® DuPont registered trademark

Kaufmann's
PITTSBURGH

Bloom all winter

in our Qiana® nylon longshirt from Beene Boutique. Holidays were made for this dress—and then some! 6 to 14, 165.00 Designer Boutique, Third Floor Lord & Taylor, New York.

Robert Randall

'For the new polished elegance in fashion,
I have created a collection of rare, high-voltage
colors for faces–with a whole new '70's kind of shine.
Nothing 'little girl' about it. The word for the look is sultry.
It could completely change the face of fashion this Fall.'
–Charles Revson

The 'Shining, Sultry Colors'

for eyes, for cheeks, for lips.

New! Shining Eyeshadow-in-a-Pot.
A totally new pearlescent 'gelshine' shadow (outshines anything known as eyeshadow before!) In 9 vibrant, intensified shades that shine like liquid neon. Starry Blue. Bottle Green. Sea Turquoise. Wet Violets. Polished Plum. Coppershine. Goldleaf. Crystal Coral. Freshwater Pearl.

New! Shining Rouge.
Remember rouge? Well, you're in for a new nostalgia. This is rouge with today's kind of 'supershine'. Creme-gel cheek polish in a compact that gives your whole face a luminous, 'worldly-young' look. In 5 'no-stain' colors: Shining Pink, Peach, Copper, Red, Mulberry.

New! Luscious Lipstick-in-a-Pot.
8 sensational, 'self-expressionist' colors brimming over with sultry shine. Opalescent Red or Plum. Red Copper. Silver Bronze. Pink Gold. Plus two *uncommon* colors to blend over (or under): Canary Yellow, Vanilla. And Opaline–a lightning-struck frost to slick over *everything*.

'Ultima' II – Charles Revson

Some mink coats make people think you're trying to look rich. Some make them think you've always been rich.

A lot of people think that if a coat is mink, it's bound to look expensive.

We'd like to clear up this popular misconception.

You see, mink are a lot like people. There are good ones. There are bad ones. Then there are the great ones.

And only the great ones are stamped Emba®. In fact there is no mink that's quite as dense and silky and sensuous as Emba mink.

But there's something else that sets Emba as far apart from other mink as other mink are from cloth. Color.

Every Emba color, even the most subtle, is bred into the pelt. The result is a depth and luminescence that man could only imagine and only nature could achieve. But don't let all that poetry lead you to believe that Emba is fragile. Anything but. An Emba mink is as sturdy as it is beautiful. It can even survive a rush hour subway ride (if you choose to wear it there). Which is probably more than you could say for yourself.

For over 25 years we at Emba have dedicated ourselves to creating a standard of mink quality and color unsurpassed in the world.

That's why our mink is more expensive. And why it looks that way.

EMBA
The American Mink

Natural Lunaraine® Emba® mink coat by Pauline Trigere for Oliver Gintel, Inc., New York

®Trademark Emba Mink Breeders Association

Inspiring

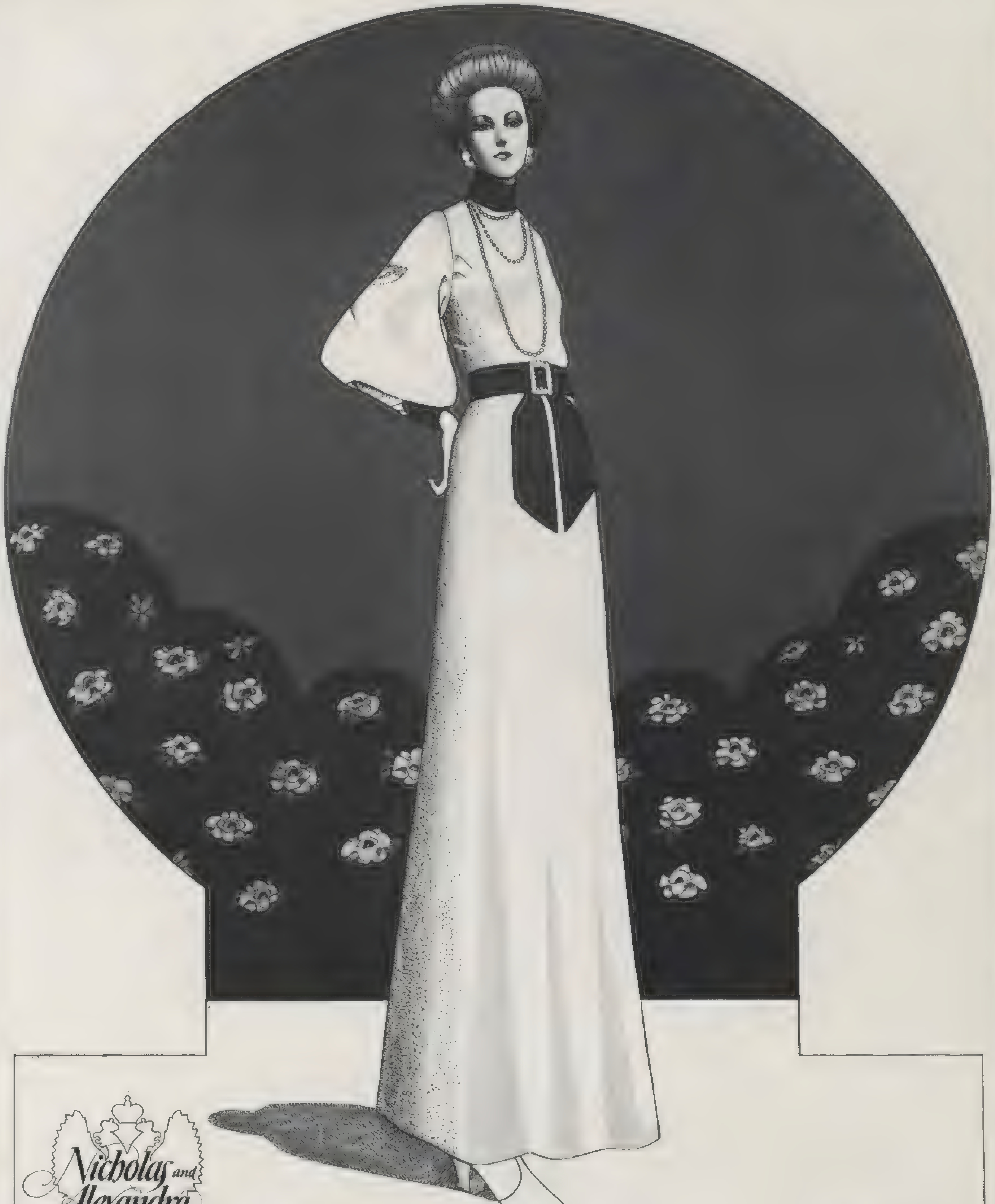
is the word for

NICHOLAS AND ALEXANDRA

the new Sam Spiegel—Franklin J. Schaffner production for Columbia Pictures. Fascinated by its visual splendors, we persuaded Revillon Furs and our imaginative Adolfo to translate its fashion themes into an exclusive collection just for us. On the next pages you will see how brilliantly they have caught the mood of Imperial Russian court life at the end of the Romanov dynasty. We salute the film, and the clothes it inspired.

Nicholas and Alexandra

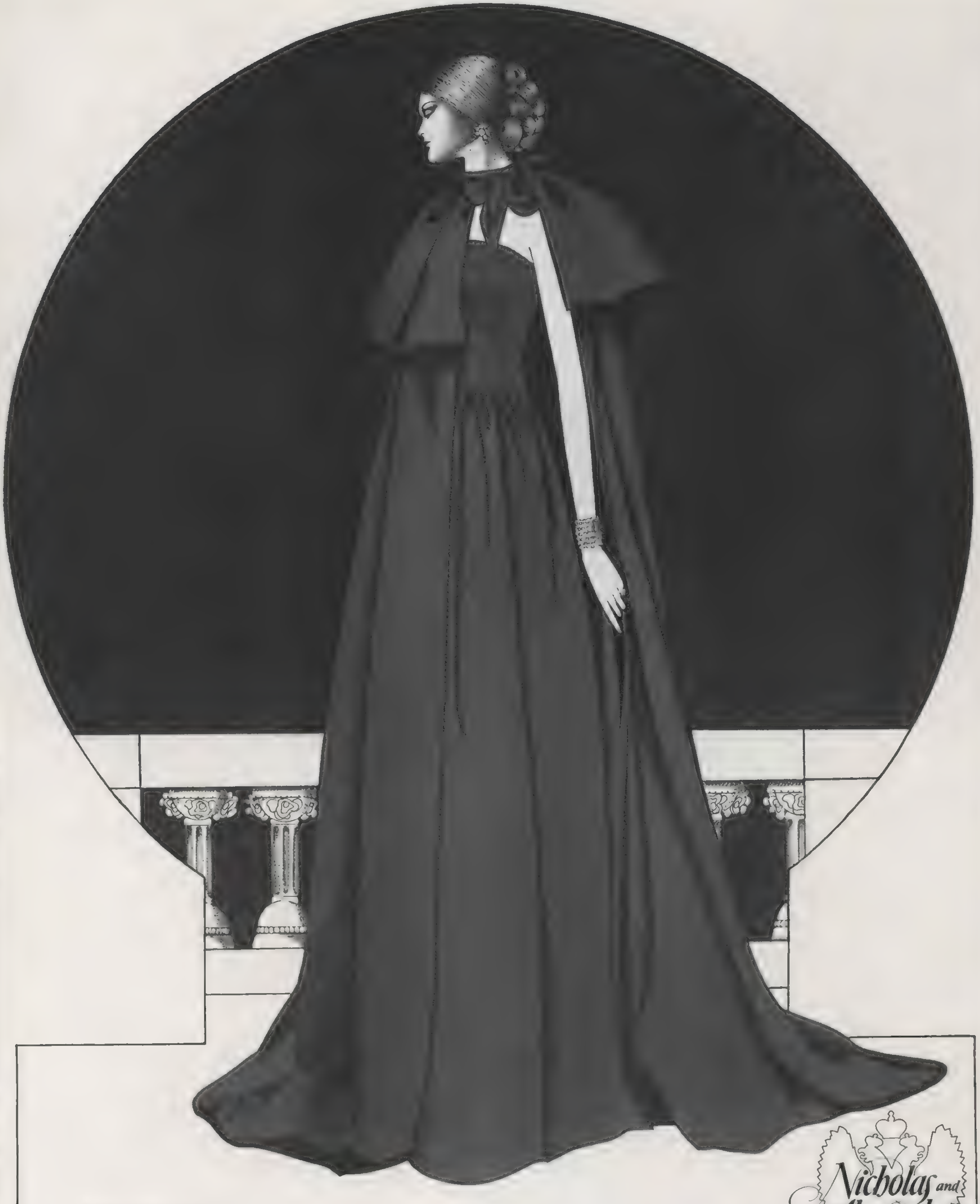
VERY Saks Fifth Avenue



Nicholas and Alexandra

VERY Saks Fifth Avenue

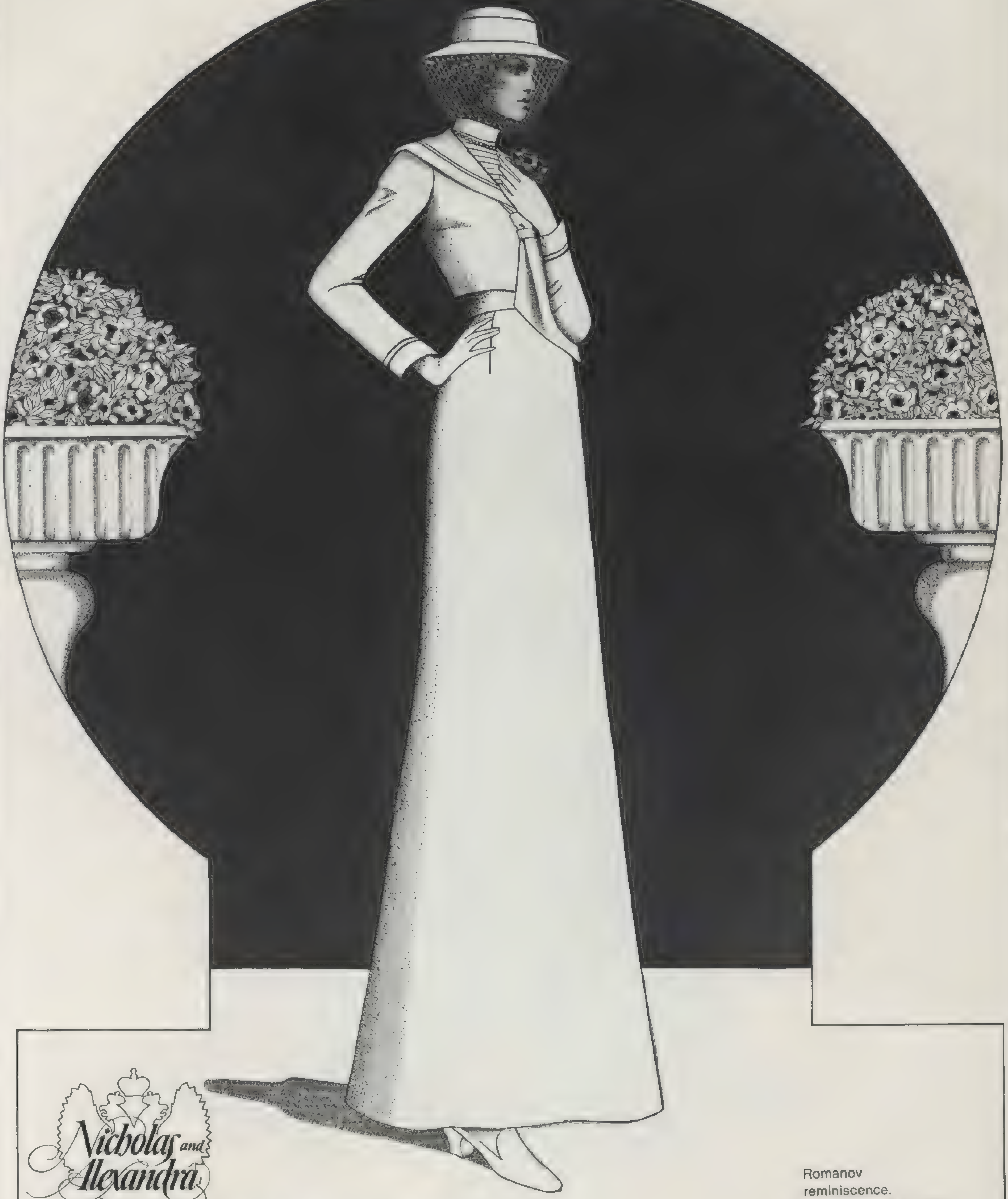
Aristocratic assurance.
Serene flow
of ivory and brown,
only at S.F.A. $395.



Russian romanticism.
Idealized by Adolfo
in a rustle of deep
ruby. Ours alone, $575.

VERY Saks Fifth Avenue

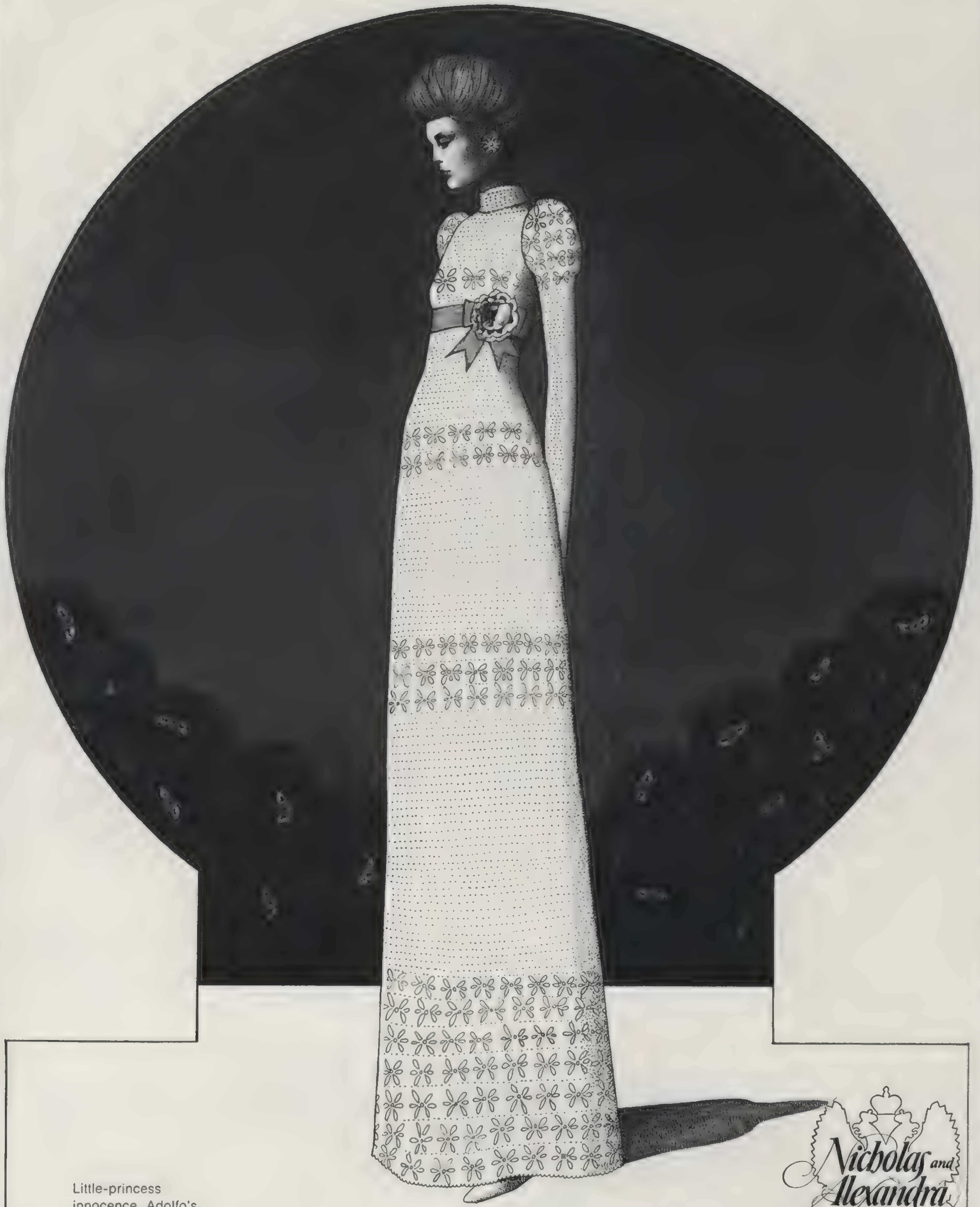
Nicholas and Alexandra



Nicholas and Alexandra

VERY Saks Fifth Avenue

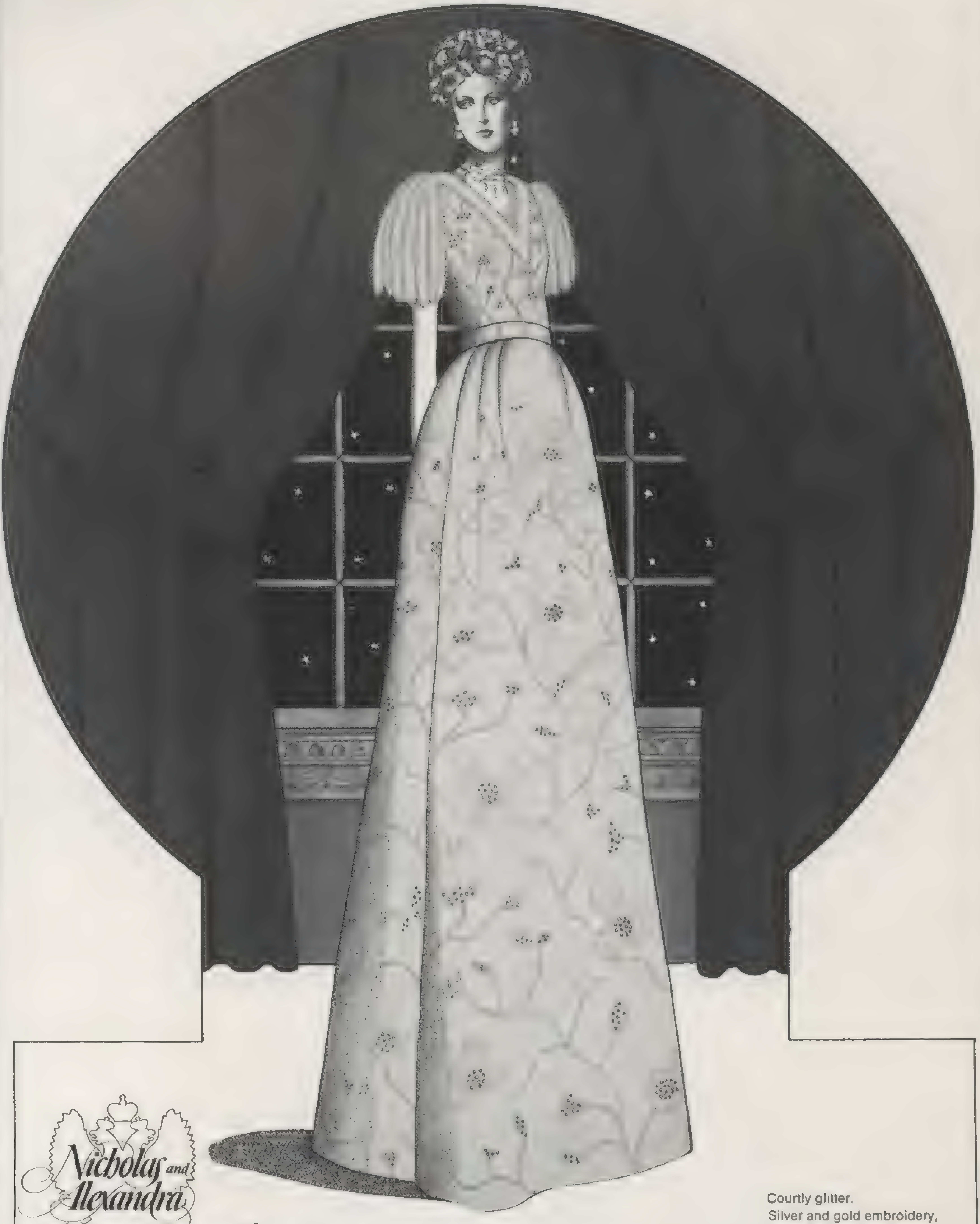
Romanov
reminiscence.
White middy suit gently
translated for the night.
Ours alone, $535.



Nicholas and Alexandra

Little-princess
innocence. Adolfo's
legendary touch, lacy,
white and lightly knitted.
Ours exclusively, $295.

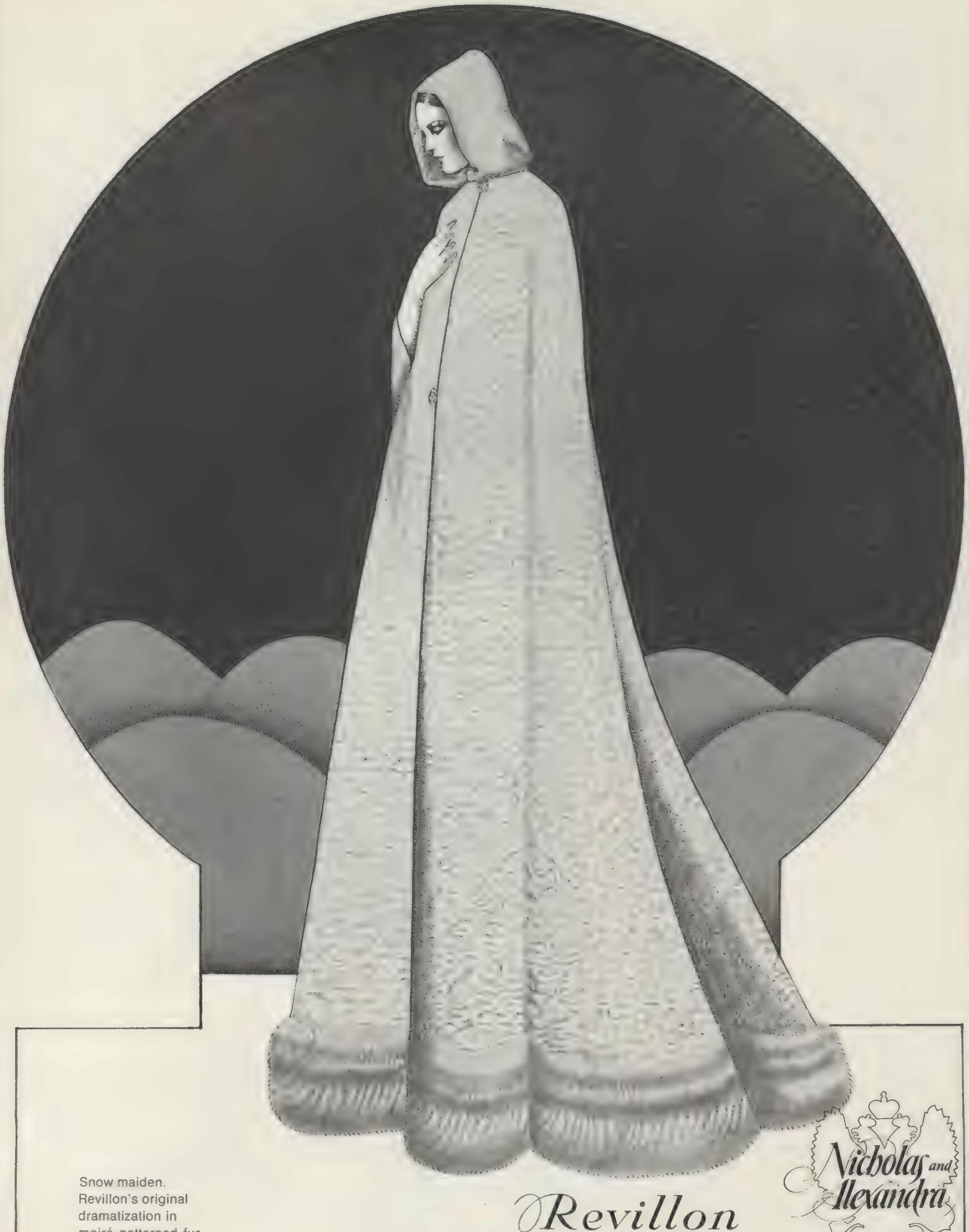
VERY Saks Fifth Avenue



Nicholas and Alexandra

VERY Saks Fifth Avenue

Courtly glitter.
Silver and gold embroidery,
strokes of mink.
By Adolfo exclusively
for S.F.A. $695

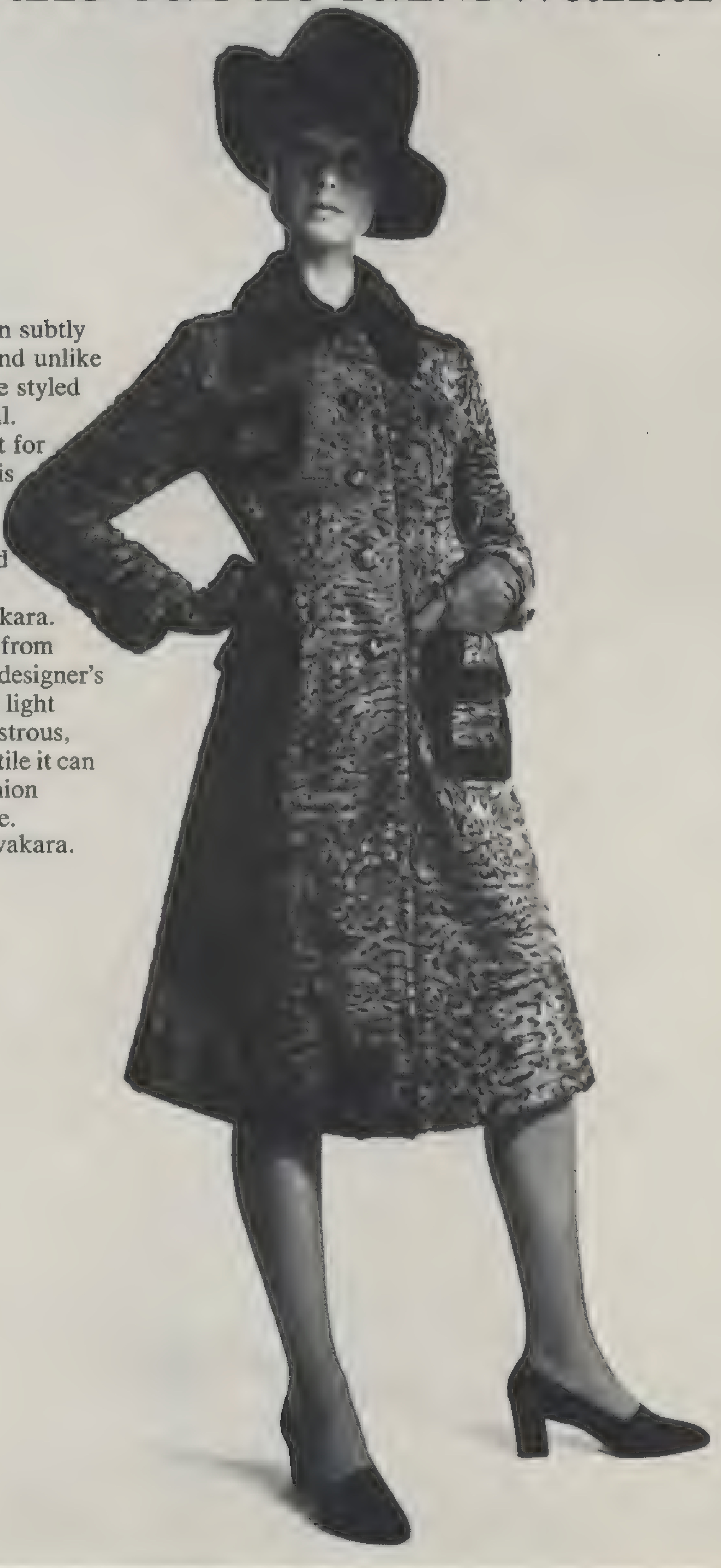


Snow maiden.
Revillon's original
dramatization in
moiré-patterned fur.
Exclusively ours.

Revillon
AT
SAKS FIFTH AVENUE

Nicholas and
Alexandra

Ben Kahn believes in the subtle fur. Swakara.



With Swakara Ben Kahn subtly states today's slim silhouette. And unlike most other furs, Swakara can be styled and tailored with exquisite detail.

The Ben Kahn penchant for detailed and tailored femininity is shown off in this great blazer-gone-coat in tortoise-dyed Swakara broadtail lamb trimmed with seal. Part of the Ben Kahn contemporary collection in Swakara.

Swakara broadtail lamb from South West Africa is the perfect designer's fur. It's been specially bred to be light and supple. With a shimmery, lustrous, watered silk look. A fur so versatile it can be tailored to fit your every fashion mood. From elegante to sportive.

Ben Kahn believes in Swakara.
So will you.

swakara
The designer's fur.

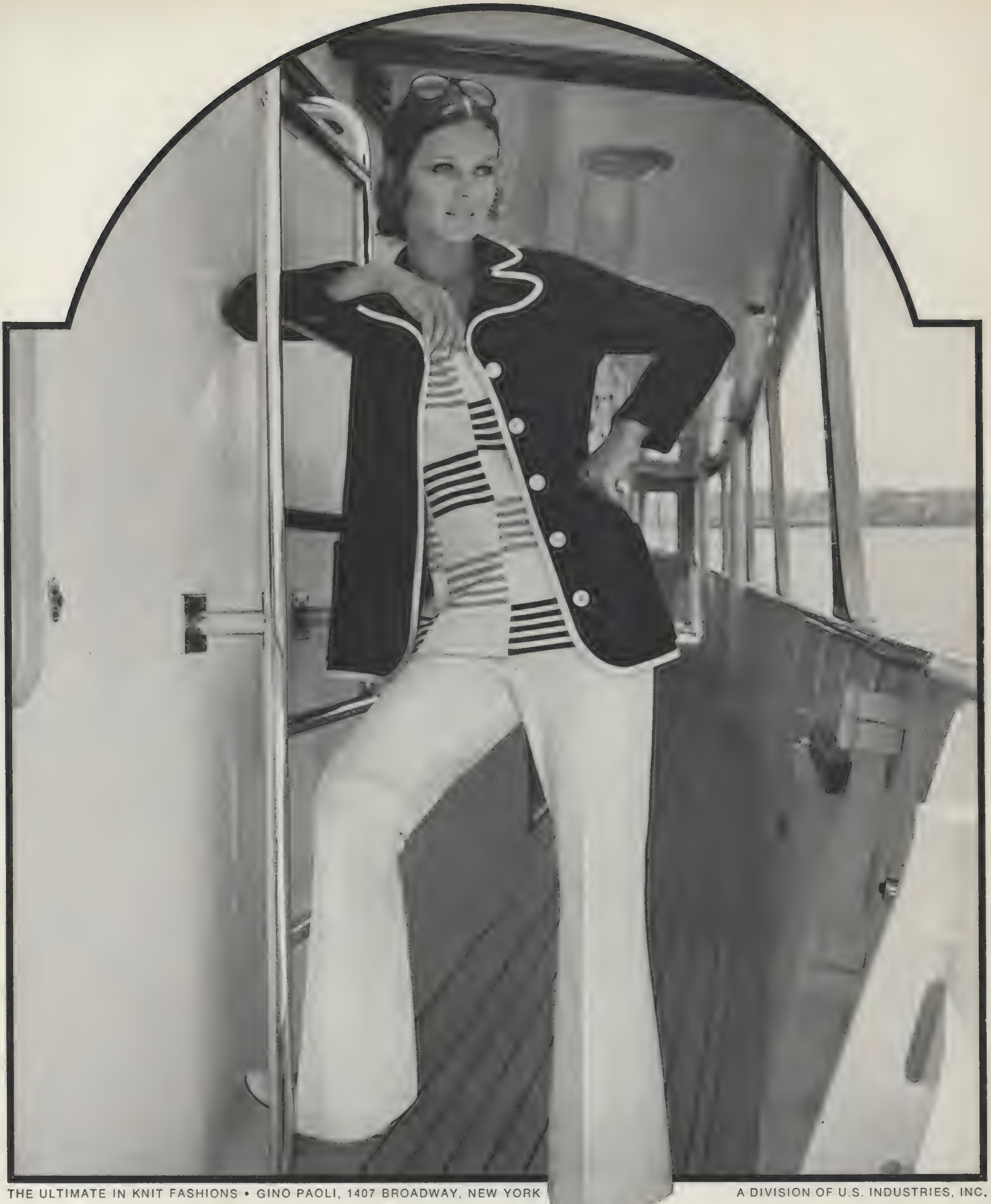
Available at: Ben Kahn, 150 West 30th St., Ben Kahn at Cartier, 4 East 52nd St., Joseph Magnin West Coast; Gidding-Jenny, Cincinnati. Or write or call Swakara Fur Information Bureau, 575 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. (212) 755-2130.

by

NORELL

The first great perfume born in America.

Perfume. Spray Perfume. Cologne. Spray Cologne.



THE ULTIMATE IN KNIT FASHIONS • GINO PAOLI, 1407 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

A DIVISION OF U.S. INDUSTRIES, INC.

gino paoli®

YOU'VE COME TO A PAGE WORTH TEARING OUT.
RONA.

A DIVISION OF GENESCO THE APPAREL COMPANY
*SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST

DRESS AND JACKET COSTUME IN A WOVEN JACQUARD COTTON BLEND. DESIGNED BY MARIO FORTE. IN RED/WHITE, NAVY/WHITE, BROWN/WHITE. SIZES 8 TO 18. ABOUT $110.* FOR STORE NEAREST YOU, WRITE RONA, INC., 498 SEVENTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 10018.

© 1971 Estée Lauder, Inc. Photograph: Skrebneski

estée
estée

Estée is the
first super perfume.

And only one woman
could have created it.

Estée Lauder

If wigs are such a good idea, how come you haven't found one you can live with?

A **Donald Brooks** wig has everything going for it that a Donald Brooks dress has. Donald Brooks. His standards. His talent. His whole marvelous attitude toward line and design. Each wig is completely handmade in the new Omniflex™ process. You can brush it or comb it in any direction and it will always look beautifully natural. And because it is made of Elura, the new modacrylic wig fiber from Monsanto, it won't frizz in virtually any kind of heat you're likely to be exposed to. Donald Brooks sums it up this way.

"A wig of Elura is practically a required accessory what with the pace and complexity of living in the seventies. Elura can be styled and restyled for all your kind of looks . . . it has great body and in my opinion, all the other advantages of real hair with none of the problems."

We're delighted with what Donald Brooks has been saying about us.

Donald Brooks wigs: a division of Fashion Concepts Corp., 385 Fifth Avenue, New York 10016.

Elura: the high performance wig fiber that outdates all the others.

That's why we're here.

elura® Modacrylic the first wig fiber that really looks and acts real. From **Monsanto.**

®Monsanto trademark for approved wigs and hairpieces of Elura® modacrylic fiber.

Same girl. Same wig.

On November 1, 1971 Estée Lauder gives you more.

More shimmer. More glimmer. More glide.

©1971 Estée Lauder, Inc. Photograph: Skrebneski

On November 1, 1971
The Crushed Jewel Collection
of RE-NUTRIV Rich Rich Lipstick
will be ready to flood your lips
with a rich rush of highlights
and the goodness of natural vitamin oils.

Estée Lauder

Crushed Garnet Crushed Rubies Crushed Quartz Crushed Pink Cameo Crushed Jasper
Crushed Coral Crushed Amber Crushed Carnelian

BEAR VALLEY FASHION TRACKDOWN

Snow-fleck'd trails leading to a new kind of wilderness. A new skier's hideaway, nestled in the high Sierra. Unspoiled. Natural. Thriving on the fun and freedom of nature. All year! Caught at Bear Valley, city creatures suddenly free. Days on the mountain, nights at the firelit lodge. In Cirette's great cling of featherprint. Gold/brown Trevira* polyester/wool. 60.00. Sportswear Dresses.

*Hystron Fibers, Inc., licensee of the nationally registered trademark.

ROBINSON'S
SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

BEAR VALLEY FASHION TRACKDOWN

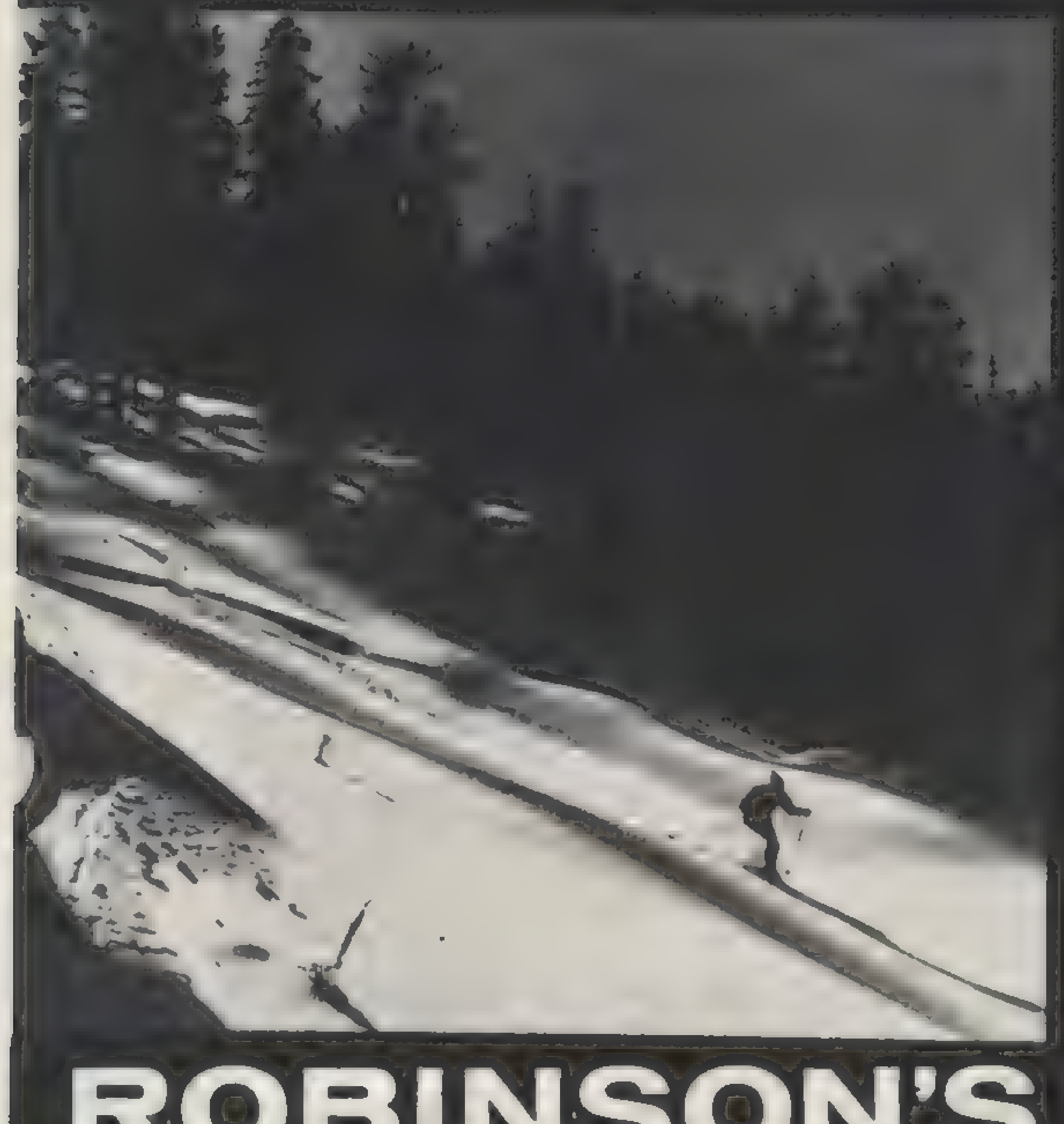
Where do the tracks lead? Up winter trails to the top of Mt. Reba. A network of lifts... runs that delight beginners, challenge experts. Summer tracks are made on horseback. Or ripple from a sailboat across Lake Alpine. At sundown, the female animal rests... following nature's ways in a longskirt of needlepoint roses. 34.00. And matching sweater. 20.00. Navy with pink, from John Meyer. Better Sportswear Separates.

ROBINSON'S

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

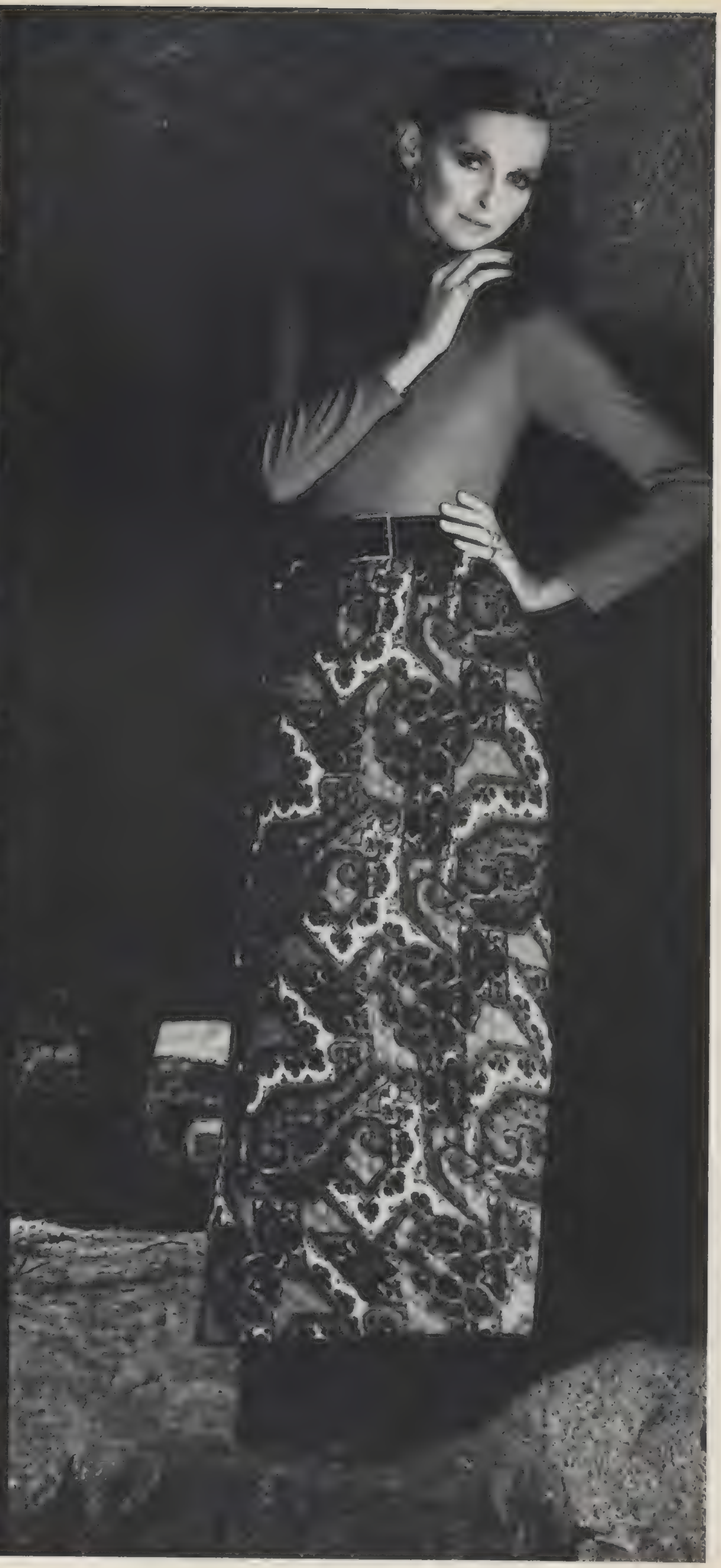
BEAR VALLEY FASHION TRACKDOWN

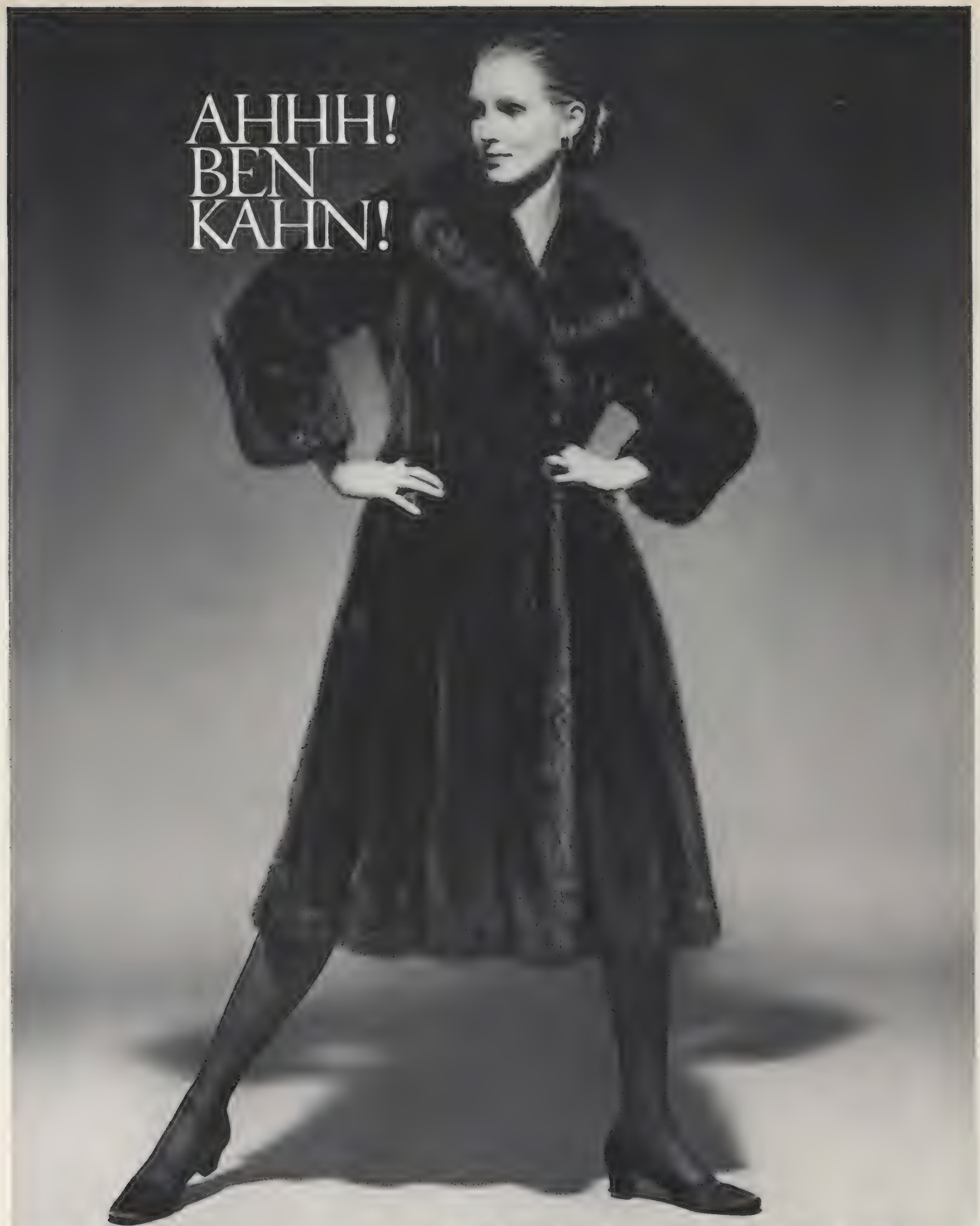
Night-tracking. The slopes are still'd now. And the tracks lead home. Inhabitants of the valley ski to their doors. To warm condominiums and mountain homes that nestle in the hillside. There, in rustic dwellings of stone and wood, night creatures become their most alluring. In a slithering robe of vertical quilt by Vanity Fair. Shevelva® polyester in purple or mystic. 45.00. Robes/Loungewear. From Adelaar, quilted swirls of red and navy, at 22.00. Sleek-topped in red, navy or white nylon. 18.00. Better Sportswear Separates.



ROBINSON'S

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA




AHHH!
BEN
KAHN!

TRULY UNIQUE. Natural Russian Sable from Sobol V/O SOJUZPUSHNINA alternating
with luscious Natural Dark Mink. Ben Kahn at Cartier, 4 East 52nd Street, TE 8-7387.

There's more to aileen than meets the i

mia

Mia is a division of Aileen, Inc.,
1411 Broadway, New York 10018
100% wool double knit dress.
8-16, about $40.
In Riviera inspired colors.
At trend setting stores.

PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST

ELIZABETH ARDEN FORECASTS THE 70'S:

WHEN YOU WEAR MORE COLOR ON YOUR LIPS, WEAR MORE COLOR ON YOUR CHEEKS. AND, OVER BOTH, WEAR A GLOSS. THAT'S IT. THE RIPE FACE. COLOR COORDINATED WITH: ELIZABETH ARDEN'S NEW "NATURALLY MOIST LIP COLOR," "CREAM ROUGE," AND "THE GLOSS." VERY NEW. VERY NOW.

Lips and Cheeks

LIPS AND CHEEKS GO TOGETHER.

VERY Elizabeth Arden ©1971

Vanity Fair presents a new name in hosiery: Vanity Fair.

Glide beautifully into view with this new enchantment from Vanity Fair Leg Fashions.

It's a bit of black gossamer magic we call our Frivolace Panty Hose. The ever-so-stretchable Curvare legs are knitted with our exclusive two-step tapering—once at the thighs and again at the calves. So the fit's curvaceously customized. Add a lacy waistband, a beauty of a bow and it's all very bewitching indeed! In three sizes.

Look for this and other Vanity Fair Leg Fashions in the hosiery departments of fine stores everywhere.

VF

VANITY FAIR / LEG FASHIONS

Furthermore it's Backless except for two tiny, tantalizing straps to the waist. It's our Siren Slither: all curves, all cling, all woman. With lace at all the right places: the top, the toe, the lovely leg slit. (The legs are wearing new Vanity Fair pantie hose, of course.) Everything else is our own Vanilure* shape crepe electrifyingly close to the body but cling free, thanks to Antron*. In Black or Flamingo. 32 to 38. About $30. The matching coat is so glamourous you could sit for your portrait in it. Together, they're about $100. Vanity Fair Mills, Inc., 640 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y.

VANITY FAIR VF

ma griffe, the perfume that allows a woman to test herself.
ma griffe
ma griffe

For 50¢ we'll send you 50 drops of ma griffe. It's a small price to put us both to a test.

Just send your name, address and 50¢ to Carven Parfums, Dept. V, Box 580, Babylon, N.Y. 11702.

WHAT BECOMES A LEGEND MOST?
An exquisite extra-dark
natural mink
bred only by
the Great Lakes Mink men
and designed by master furrier
Revillon at Saks Fifth Avenue
BLACKGLAMA®

Casbah Colors.
We created them for you, Scheherazade.

Six new high-fashion shades of Le Lipstick. Six new opulent colors lifted right out of the storied past.

Photographed at Al Mounia by Marie Cosindas. © 1971 Helena Rubinstein, Inc.

Casbah Colors. Each one richer and warmer, more exotic and intriguing, more tantalizing and tempting than the next. Each one formulated in that unforgettable, unfadeable, uncakeable, undryable Le Lipstick fashion. Each one set in that rare jewel of a Le Lipstick case. You have Tangier-ine...Bazaar Pink ...Rabat Ruby...Marrakesh Wine ...Moroccan Bronze and Caftan Copper. Casbah Colors. Choose one. Choose them all. Because, dear girl, you know that one lovely pair of lips can be worth a thousand and one nights.

Le Lipstick

Helena Rubinstein

CISA & CISANNELLA FASHIONS
ARE ALSO AT THESE FINE STORES.
Allentown, Pa., *Nan Carlby*
Appleton, Wisc., *Bee Frank*
Belmont, Mass., *Town & Country*
Billings, Montana, *Doyle's*
Biloxi, Miss., *Dorothy Brown*
Birmingham, Mich., *Faye Fields*
Boca Raton, Fla., *Nettie Milgrim*
Boise, Idaho, *Juanita Fashions*
Brookline, Mass., *Mae Laskey*
Buffalo, N.Y., *Joseph's*
Chevy Chase, Md., *Erlebacher*
Cincinnati, Ohio, *Gidding-Jenny*
Cleveland, Ohio, *Milgrim*
Dallas, Texas, *Handel's*
Des Moines, Iowa, *Norman Cassiday*
Detroit, Mich., *Cardinal*
Dundee, Ill., *Beatrice Dorsey*
Ft. Lauderdale, Fla., *Nettie Milgrim*
Ft. Wayne, Ind., *L. S. Ayres*
Glendale, Ind., *L. S. Ayres*
Grand Blanc, Mich., *Carriage Shoppe*
Grand Rapids, Mich., *Doody's*
Grosse Pointe, Mich., *Margaret Rice*
Greenville, Miss., *Tenenbaum's*
Greenville, S.C., *Halfacre-Osborne*
Indianapolis, Ind., *L. S. Ayres*
Kenosha, Wisc., *Skuhra Fashions*
Latham, N.Y., *Country Miss*
Little Rock, Ark., *M. M. Cohn*
Madison, Wisc., *Woldenberg's*
Memphis, Tenn., *Helens of Memphis*
Millburn, N.J., *Suburban Shop*
Milwaukee, Wisc., *Hixon's*
Mohigan Lake, N.Y., *Lee Dora*
Montgomery, Ala., *Millers*
Myrtle Beach, S.C., *John Baldwin*
Naples, Fla., *Johnston of Florida*
Nashville, Tenn., *Graces*
New Canaan, Conn., *Nora Zandre*
New Haven, Conn., *Mildred Ressler*
New York City, N.Y., *Elizabeth Arden*
Norfolk, Va., *Naivette Shoppe*
Orange, Conn., *Nora Zandre*
Patterson, N.J., *John Shwartz*
Philadelphia, Pa., *Blum Store*
Pompano Beach, Fla., *Nettie Milgrim*
Providence, R.I., *Miss Baker*
Ridgewood, N.J., *Patricia Feeney*
Roanoke, Va., *Samuel Spiegel*
Rochester, Minn., *Julius Estess*
Rochester, N.Y., *Suburban Fashions*
Salt Lake City, Utah, *Arent's*
San Antonio, Tex., *Menger Smart Shop*
San Diego, Calif., *John Hogan*
Sarasota, Fla., *John Baldwin*
Scottsdale, Ariz., *Maryon's*
Shaker Heights, Ohio, *Zona Fink*
South Bend, Ind., *Milady Shop*
Springfield, Mo., *Jonns Fashions*
St. Paul, Minn., *Theodore's*
St. Petersburg, Fla., *John Baldwin*
Streator, Ill., *Esther Kirk*
Surfside, Fla., *Elizabeth Arden*
Washington, D.C., *Rizik Bros.*
Westport, Conn., *Lora Lang*
Wichita, Kansas, *Lewin's*
Winnetka, Ill., *Frances Heffernan*
Or write Cisa, U.S.A., 498 Seventh Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10018

Beauty Checkout

Out of China, 'cross the bay . . . .

We've been hearing remarkable tales from traveling friends, lately, about matters Chinese—the kind that delve into not politics but something far more important: ingenious ways to look better and feel better. Via Paris, for instance, word of *Kao, the Chinese pedicurist,* enshrined at the House of Carita and shown at work there, above. Said to be a master of his trade, Mr. Kao uses nothing but knives—has fifteen of them, and with them trims everything—nails, rough skin, corns, calluses. Pleased clients say he has a special gift for relieving—painlessly, quickly—ingrown nails. Does it all in fifteen minutes, finishes with an Oriental massage that touches on certain veins and nerves to recycle circulation. A bouncy American, on returning, told us, "After Kao, my feet are light as air—pressures just don't exist." . . . Also in Paris, *Produits Chinois de Beauté*—beauty-care products made from secret recipes taken from Old Imperial China (fill in your own James Bondish story of Chinese manicurist who married French diplomat, got formulas from royal chemists and potion-makers, eventually went pro). In this lineup, nine face creams to be used alternately; various cleansers, lotions, oils; helpers for eyelashes, hands, hair. All from natural ingredients—flowers, leaves, fruit—with no perfume added; what you smell is what you get. Devoted to these products are many Honorable Ladies who make up a private clientele; they get them from a source called Péking-Konsgze, Paris. . . . *Temple of Heaven Essential Balm,* an ointment made in Shanghai, recommended for a nice variety of distresses—colds, gout, toothaches among them. Comes in a tiny red tin, packaged in a charmingly decorated envelope; looks like pale pomade and smells medicinally marvelous. Seems it has other uses, too—a touch of Temple of Heaven at Temples of People can release cerebral tension; Oriental hippies dab a bit between the eyebrows to get better vibes. Just one trouble: the most convenient place to buy this is in Nepal—though we understand there is a black market in India. . . . *Butterfly Face Friend Face Cream,* a way to lighten the skin for a China-doll complexion. There is also *Butterfly Cold Cream* and *Chinese Fruit Cream Shampoo* —all made in Red China and highly sought after there. These can also be had in Nepal—according to inside story, they're given to the Nepalese by the Chinese government as a diplomatic measure. Thus, consumers get cheaper and better products, stores do a chop-chop business, and the Nepalese keep the profits. Clever, these. . . .

CISA: (cheés-å) *n.* Italian: the great female designer for the world's great women. *adj.* classic, contemporary, timeless! Leading from right to left, Cisa and Cisannella, at Marshall Field's 28 Shop, Stix, Baer & Fuller, Kaufmann's Vendome, Neusteters, G. Fox and stores on opposite page. Cisa, U.S.A. Inc., 498 Seventh Avenue, New York, N.Y.

how to give or take a french bath

Scent and soften water with
BODYLOVE MILK BATH
till it's frothy and blue.

Scent and suds with
BODYLOVE BRACELET SOAP
till you're fresh and clean.

Scent and silken with
BODYLOVE BODY MERINGUE
till your skin sparkles
with a satiny sheen.

Scent and smooth with
BODYLOVE BODY BUFF
till you're sweet and touchable.

Scent and splash with
BODYLOVE BODY COLOGNE
till your skin shimmers,
glimmers and glows.

Bodylove—the scents of touch.

bodylove T.M.

JEAN D'ALBRET • PARIS • LONDRES • NEW YORK 10019

Beauty to match your mood; a peignoir set by Gossard-Artemis

The soft caress of Mystique by Gossard-Artemis when your mood is romantic.
duPont nylon crepe tricot trimmed with nylon lace in a long peignoir set.
As shown, and white, sunshine red and jade star, all with ecru nylon lace.
1175, about $40. The H. W. Gossard Co., Chicago 60606

wayne gossard fashions
NICEST NEXT TO YOU

Emilio Pucci designs for Eaton Paper

An extraordinary, exclusive Haute Scripture collection of letter papers and notes, scented and hand bordered in colorful Vivara, Isobella, Taormina and Voltige designs. From $3.00 to $7.95.

Eaton Paper/A textron Company, Pittsfield, Mass. 01201

infini
infini
CARON
New Infini. A beginning without end.
Parfums CARON Paris

Love your hair

Now Wella gathers nine herbs from the good earth to bring out the beauty nature put in your hair.

New Wella Care Herbal Shampoo Cream and Liquid Concentrate.

Take your pick. Either formula gives you a fragrant blend of nine fresh herbs. Clover Blossom. Wild Ginger. Yarrow. Camomile. Horsetail. Rosemary. Nettle. Speedwell. Birch. Gentle as summer rain, Wella Care Herbal Shampoo leaves your hair lively and sweet, naturally clean.

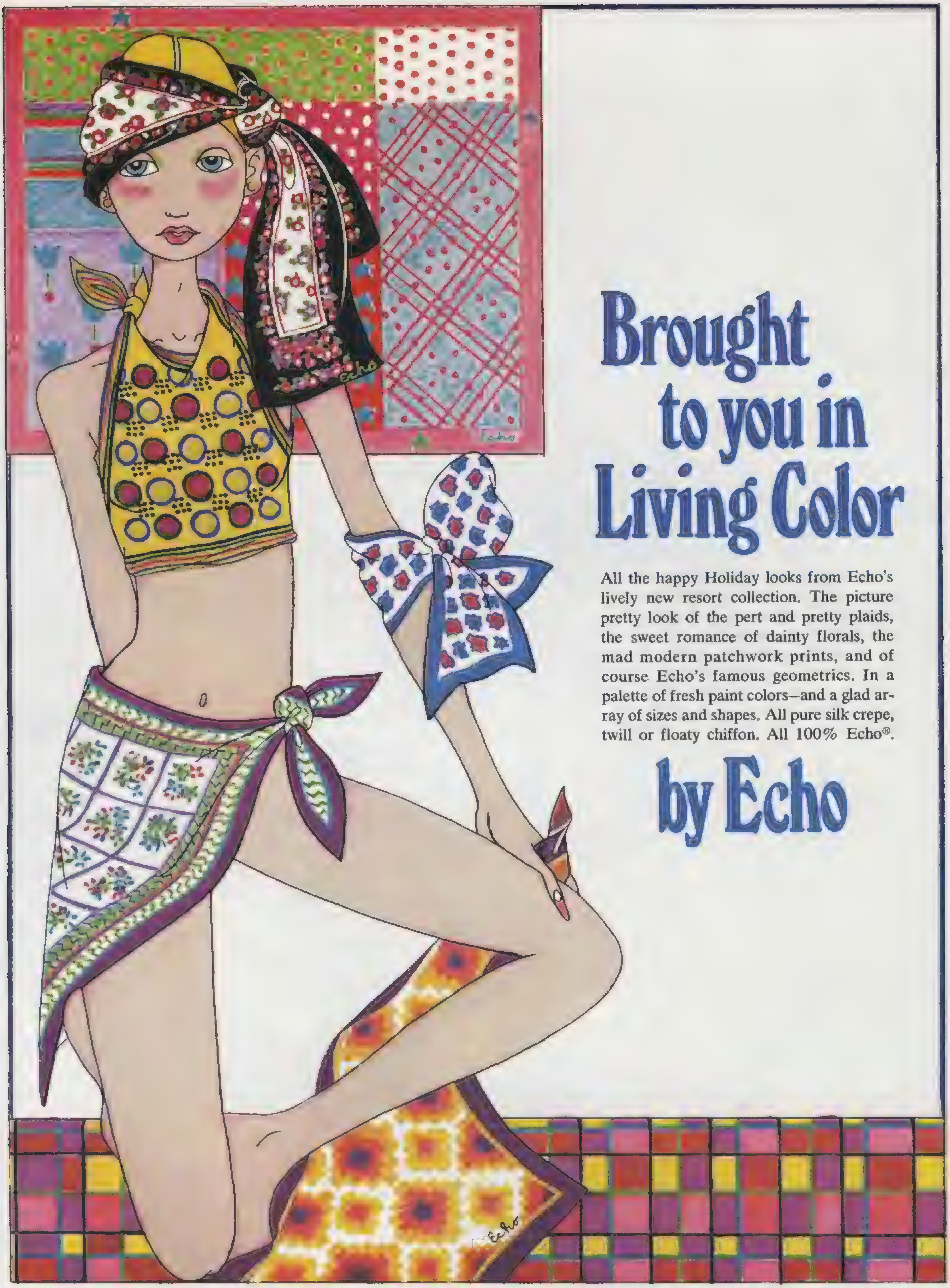
©1971 The Wella Corp.

Wella Care
Wella Care
Herbal Shampoo
pure and natural concentrate
Herbal Shampoo
Herbal Shampoo
Wella Care
Herbal Shampoo
liquid concentrate pure and natural
Wella Care
Herbal Hair Conditioner
gives new body to troubled hair instantly

New Wella Care Herbal Conditioner.

The same field-fresh herbs, enriched with famous Wella Balsam, create a conditioner that strengthens and smooths. Builds body and bounce. And shines hair with the healthy radiance nature meant it to have. Use new Wella Care Herbal Shampoo and Conditioner to bring out the natural beauty in your hair. With the clean, earthy goodness of herbs.

Love your hair with Wella Care.



Brought to you in Living Color

All the happy Holiday looks from Echo's lively new resort collection. The picture pretty look of the pert and pretty plaids, the sweet romance of dainty florals, the mad modern patchwork prints, and of course Echo's famous geometrics. In a palette of fresh paint colors—and a glad array of sizes and shapes. All pure silk crepe, twill or floaty chiffon. All 100% Echo®.

by Echo

From a collection at Lord & Taylor, New York; Marshall Field, Chicago; Sakowitz, Houston; Garfinckel's, Washington; Joseph Horne, Pittsburgh; Gus Mayer, all stores; I. Magnin; and all fine stores or write Echo Scarfs, 485 Fifth Ave., New York. Also Echo Scarfs in Canada, 400 Blvd. de Maisonneuve, West, Room 800, Montreal.

Countess Isserlyn
MAKE-UP NO. 196
Alexandra de Markoff
1 FL. OZ.
Don't think of it as $20 an ounce.
Think of it as $20 a year.

© ALEXANDRA DE MARKOFF 1969

One dip of the little wand per day, one 1-ounce bottle per year is all you need use when you wear Countess Isserlyn Make-Up.

We tell you that not because we are trying to pawn Countess Isserlyn off as a bargain. But because it shows what a fantastically far going, thin covering, magical liquid this is.

In select stores where Countess Isserlyn is sold you will find an Alexandra de Markoff trained consultant who dispenses it, like a sorceress of facial beauty. She will show you the ritual of bringing your own shade to life on your face. How to activate the Countess Isserlyn formula with our stir stick. And how to spread the makeup as thin as a butterfly wing, as thin as thinnest gold leaf.

Once on, Countess Isserlyn actually helps disappear your pores.

You'll also look in vain for the line below your chin where the Countess ends and you begin.

The property that makes an ounce of Countess Isserlyn able to last a whole year also makes a mere touch of it last a whole face. And for a whole day, that face will feel and look fresh and moist, like the eternally young, dewy faces of people who live in rain forests.

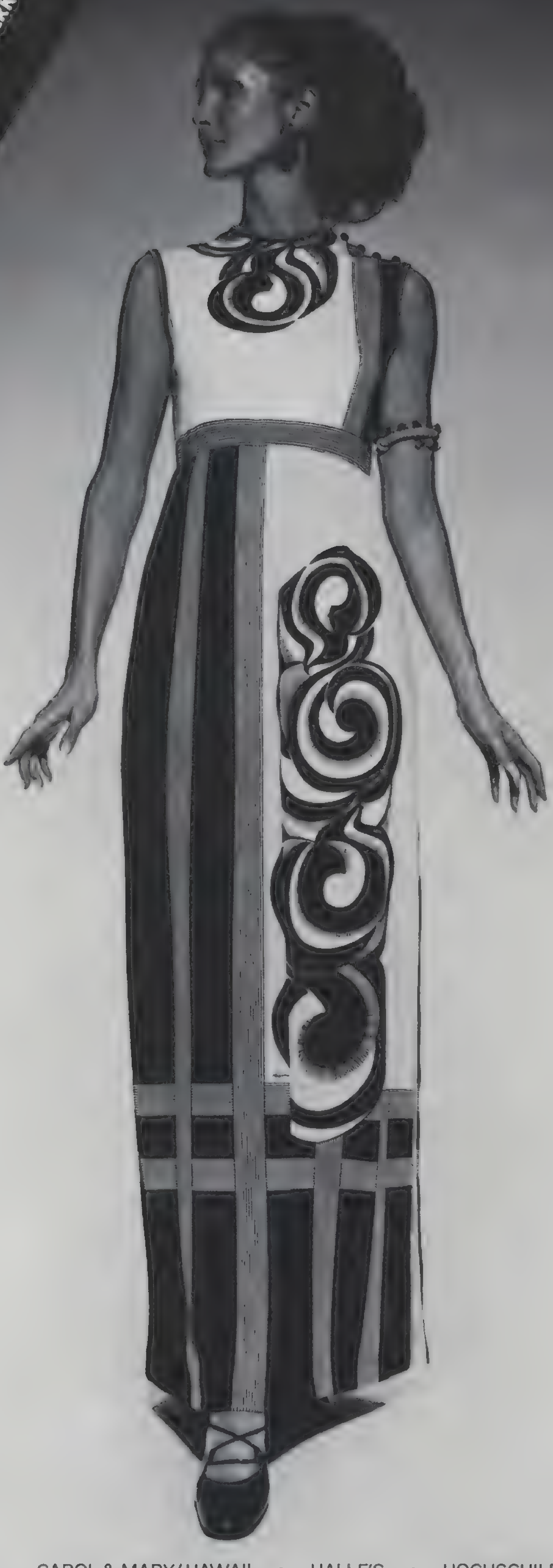
You are perfectly free to dismiss all this, of course, as an entertaining magical performance, and not buy Countess Isserlyn.

But if you never try it, you may never find your best face.

Alexandra de Markoff

Paganne

by GENE BERK



DuPont's Antron* Nylon

Paganne, 530 Seventh Avenue, New York. A Division of Printogs Ltd.

LORD & TAYLOR • CAROL & MARY/HAWAII • HALLE'S • HOCHSCHILD KOHN & CO.
I. MAGNIN • JULIUS GARFINCKEL • MARTHA • NEIMAN-MARCUS

Monet®
Master Jeweler
Jewelry in the golden manner of Monet. From the Moresque Collection. Necklace $40.00. Earrings $15.00. At the finest stores.

you won't believe what this little body shaper will do for you...

here's why it costs $70

Doesn't look much more than a leotard? Guess again! It took ARIS three years to perfect this first-of-its-kind ISOTONER™ Body Beauty Suit. Its unique action gives you a sensation you've never felt before. Slip into it after you've smoothed on the ISOTONER™ Motion Cream that's included, and the two combine forces to multiply many times the action of each. Engineered to make you feel like you're getting a massage head-to-toe! Makes your thighs and upper arms feel firmer, your body more relaxed, supple and smoother—moisturizes your skin, too. Wear it solo, with a skirt...or even sleep in it. And all the time, it's shaping you up effortlessly. Once you try it on, you'll say it's priceless!

Suit: Petite, Small, Medium, Large in Black, Brown, Navy, Burgundy, Nude—with 2 oz. Cream.

ARIS ISOTONER
10 E. 38th St., New York, N.Y. 10016

Available in the Cosmetic Departments of BERGDORF GOODMAN, I. MAGNIN, BONWIT TELLER, NEIMAN MARCUS, J. W. ROBINSON and other fine stores

Beauty Checkout

Everybody loves a lemon

What brightens hair, dresses salads, wards off colds, scents everything from lotions, soaps, and creams to detergents and floor waxes, relieves back pain, fights stress, fades spots, and flavors soufflés? What else but the ubiquitous, the beloved, the preeminent lemon—its peel rich in fragrant, aromatic oil, its sharply-flavored juice loaded with health-and-beauty benefits? As if this weren't enough, it's a raving beauty itself: the sleek yellow-gold skin, the pleasing oval shape. . . . Sweet-smelling white flowers and glossy green leaves are an added bonanza, though few people outside the Mediterranean countries or California ever see them. Lemon trees like a cool (not cold), equitable climate near the sea, and a mature super-healthy lemon tree can produce up to 7,000 fruits a year—which isn't a lemon too many, in view of the ever-growing demand for the luscious things. . . . The love for lemons in beauty preparations knows no bounds: their scent, freshness, curative properties, even sometimes their sunny color now brighten a gamut of creams, lotions, moisturizers, bath oils, salts and gels, powders, body mists and foams, conditioning shampoos, rinses, brighteners. Not to mention soaps and cleansers of all kinds. . . . The health benefits of Vitamin C, found in citrus juice and its derivative, ascorbic acid, are a fascinating success story that starts back in 1753 (when James Lind discovered that lemon juice cured scurvy) and hasn't ended yet. . . . As for the uses of lemon juice and lemon rind in food—the mind boggles. Life without Hollandaise? Unthinkable. . . .

The wind-chill factor

The weather-doctors go on about it quite a bit—along with Bermuda Highs, Tropical Lows, and Patterns of Arctic Air—but there may be some areas of fog about what it *really* means. According to the weather bureau, the wind-chill factor boils down (or freezes up) to this: the wind intensifies the chill. If the temperature is 20°, and there is no wind to speak of, you feel a 20° cold. But if the wind comes on at a 40-mph clip, that same 20° temperature will give you chills equivalent to a windless 4° below zero. What all this means to *us* is simply that winter can do more damage to skin than we might have realized, and—if we know what's good for us—we'd better be on guard. Here, then, some advice: Give skin all the moisturizer it can hold, maybe a double dose. . . . This applies to oily skins as well as dry ones—cold can cause skin-oil to congeal in the pores, and prevent its normal flow, so that chapping still results. . . . Pay special attention to eyelids, lips, nostrils; wherever there's dampness that encourages chapping. . . . Pick makeup foundations and lipsticks containing moisturizing oils—most do, now. Avoid too-hot water. Use only the mildest soap. . . . Take time for lolling in a bath-oiled bath; add elbow-grease and heel-grease in the form of lubricating creams. . . . While you're at it, winterize your eyes: get good, glare-proof sunglasses or goggles—sun reflects much more on snow than on sand.

The lady has taste.

20 FILTER
CIGARETTES
eve
FILTER CIGARETTES
Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

A garden of flavor just for you. That's Eve. Every cigarette is a special blend of fine tobaccos for a taste that's rich, yet gentle. Pretty pack, pretty filter, delicious taste. That's Eve. Also with menthol.

Smoke pretty.

eve.

Filter: 17 mg. "Tar", 1.2 mg. Nicotine. Menthol: 17 mg. "Tar", 1.1 mg. Nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report (Aug. '71).

An Irma Shorell discovery...

THE WORLD'S FIRST INSTANT-ACTING FACE MASK!

*Disappearing Face Mask that doesn't dry–
"PICKS-YOU-UP" for hours–refreshes–
no waiting, no mess – skin comes alive!*

IRMA SHORELL
World renowned
Skin Care Authority

Like no other mask you've ever used! The "PICK ME UP" Instant-Acting face mask – Spray a 'poof' on your hand – apply it – watch as it wakes up your face – as it chases away fatigue lines, firms and *moisturizes!*

No Mess—It Disappears!

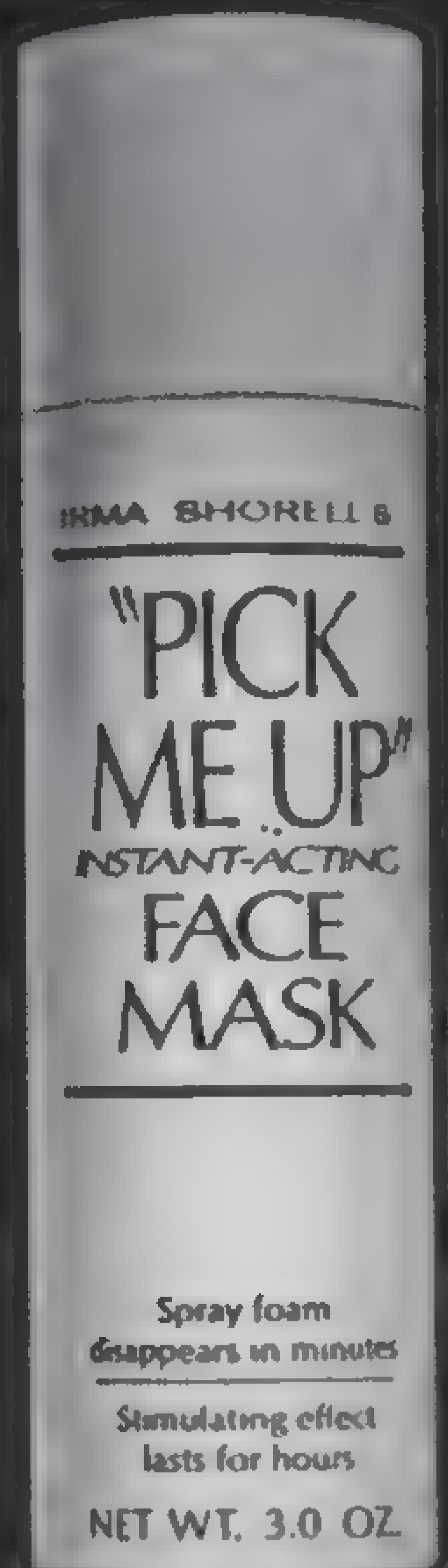
No more face-stretching, pulling or tugging – the marvelous white foam is smoothed on in seconds – and disappears in minutes.

Effect Lasts for Hours

Gentle yet stimulating – it leaves your skin tingling, glowing with natural stimulation that lasts for hours. Great morning or evening–anytime–anywhere you want a "PICK ME UP." Your face feels smoother, softer – can be used every day without having that taut – dry feeling.

You must use it to believe it!

Irma Shorell


IRMA SHORELL'S
"PICK ME UP"
INSTANT-ACTING
FACE MASK
Spray foam disappears in minutes
Stimulating effect lasts for hours
NET WT. 3.0 OZ.

Available at these and other fine stores . . .

HENRI BENDEL	New York	HIMELHOCH'S	Detroit
L. L. BERGER	Buffalo	L. S. AYRES & Co.	Indianapolis
FILENE'S	Boston	HARZFELD'S	Kansas City
STEWART'S	Baltimore	HOVLAND-SWANSON	Lincoln
GARFINCKEL'S	Washington	GIMBELS	Milwaukee
TRES JOLIE	Pittsburgh	FROST BROS.	San Antonio
JULIUS LEWIS	Memphis	NEUSTETERS	Colorado
REGENSTEIN'S	Atlanta	ROBINSON'S	California
GODCHAUX'S	New Orleans	LIVINGSTON'S	San Francisco
JORDAN MARSH	Florida	NORDSTROM BEST	All Stores

Ready Beauty

YOUNGER SET

. . . gleamings—some new, some not-to-be-missed—
from the world of contemporary scents
and babydoll complexions

Grooving on the blues

If you're planning to be a veritable dish in your denims, you owe it to yourself to look boyish, and smell—not exactly girlish—but sort of naturally fragrant and garden-y, as if you had been steeped in geraniums and valley lilies. Blue Jeans, Shulton's latest bit of horticultural mystique, mixes both of these and adds a flourish of leaves and lemons for zing. All this sniftiness can be had in a cologne splash, a cologne mist, concentrated perfume cream, and a fine-as-silk skin powder.

Radical cheek

A red-hot bulletin from the It's About Time Department indicates that vivid, childishly rosy faces are once again gladdening the scene, and are destined to be even gladder now that Revlon's new Natural Wonder Soft Blush is out and about. Aside from skimming on the most tempting cheek colors (there are four), Soft Blush is said to be completely oil-free—and thus benevolent to young, acting-up skins. Also, like all Natural Wonders, it's hypoallergenic and fragrance-free. In a blithe blue compact with mirror and brush.

Ex marks the spot

Out of sight is what Max Factor thinks about those perverse blossoms that show up on your face just before a splashy evening—and that goes for the under-eye smudges which darken the day after. That's the purpose of the new, speedy-camouflage Pure Magic Super Cover Stick. It's delicately medicated, hypoallergenic, anti-oil and dermatologist-tested. What's more, it comes in five skin-blending shades and shapes up as no bigger than a lipstick.

A certain smile

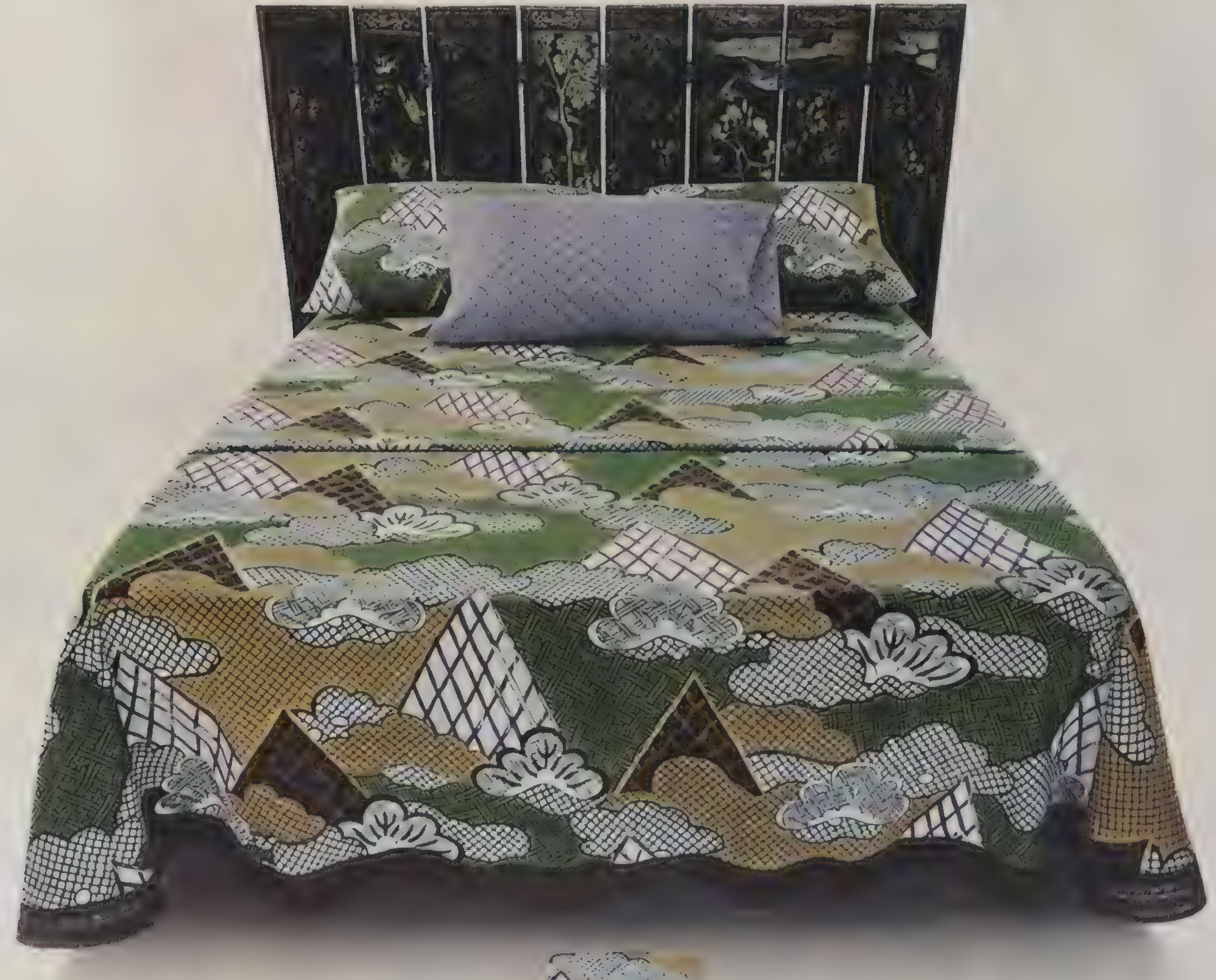
Since people in love rarely have their mouths more than half an inch apart, it is immensely reassuring for a girl to know that her lips are a living, breathing mass of temptation. Especially the breathing. Neutrogena, makers of that super soap, have got a breathtaking item called Smile—a softening, moisture-giving lip gloss made to deodorize your breath even as it shimmers up your lips. Apply it inside your mouth as well as out—under, over, or instead of lipstick.

Grime and punishment

Considering the amount of grit and dust that besieges your pores every time you walk down the street, it should take heroics to stay out all day—that and a palm-sized packet of Bonne Bell Ten-O-Six Cleansing Tissues. These are handily folded squares saturated with the superb, bacteria-battling Ten-O-Six cleansing liquid—surely known and cherished by everyone over the age of five—to sweep away dirt, makeup, perspiration at any odd moment, and leave your skin dazzlingly clean, utterly refreshed.

(More, page 76)

The new Bill Blass Collection for Springmaid creates a beautiful environment in your home.



No matter what the world is like outside, famous fashion designer Bill Blass shows you how to create a beautiful environment inside. Nemuri, one of the signature designs from his new collection for Springmaid. Ready now to turn a bedroom and bath into true fashion territory with rich, earthy colors and wide open spaces of print. The contrast of patterns adds up to the luxurious atmosphere that's pure Blass.

Wondercale no-iron sheets and pillowcases of 50% Kodel® polyester and 50% combed cotton, no-iron cotton hopsacking bedspread, sheared cotton terry towels. See-through vinyl shower curtain in the accent print. Also in blue and gold.

For the store nearest you, call no charge any time: (800) 631-1971. In New Jersey, (800) 962-2804.

SPRINGS MILLS, INC., 104 WEST 40th ST., NEW YORK 10018

GUARANTEES*
LONGER
NAILS
IN 5 WEEKS!

Living Nail®

**FOR THE
HOLIDAYS AHEAD,**
have longer, lovelier
nails with **LIVING NAIL,**
the only penetrating nail
hardener which guarantees to
end nail splitting, breaking
and peeling with just a
ONCE A WEEK application
that takes seconds!
So easy to apply too,
with Golden Cuticle Shields.**
Yes, with Living Nail,
you will have
the beautiful nails
you long for . . . in time for
the festive season.
Try it and see!
$5.00 (economical
10 month supply)

Available at Lord & Taylor,
I. Magnin and fine stores
everywhere or write:
BENDYNE LTD.
150 Fifth Ave.
New York, N.Y. 10011

*or your money refunded
**U.S. Patent No. 3,382,878

SPOTLIGHT

Books

ROMANCE VS. CRUELTY: THE SOUTH, SEEN BY TWO FAMOUS WOMEN

Carson McCullers and Flannery O'Connor

By Elizabeth Hardwick

Carson McCullers and Flannery O'Connor are "Late Southern." Both are from Georgia; both were prodigies who found their talent and began to publish at an early age. And both died young, after long illnesses. The two women share the subject matter of their region—a vision as much from literature as from life. They write of grotesques, of cripples, of fanatics, people cut off from grace and comfort, young people twisted or thwarted either by the conventional or by the curious and the fraudulent. But what a difference in the two writers. They are a decade apart. Carson McCullers began to publish in 1940 and Flannery O'Connor in the early 1950's.

The 1940's seem more defining in Carson McCullers's sensibility than the 'fifties are for Flannery O'Connor. *The Heart Is a Lonely Hunter* is in many ways still moving and alive, but in others it is a period piece. A blanket of sentimental cultural liberalism is wrapped around the provincial scene. And there is a worldliness and shrewdness that manipulates the material, giving right opinion and wrong in a predictable way. Freaks, grotesques, maimed, crippled people will, very likely, with Carson McCullers, be "good," hiding a golden tolerance and sensitivity within their outcast flesh. Above all, it is the "lonely" as heroes and heroines that she specializes in. The poor and the outcast are romanticized in the expected way. In *The Heart Is a Lonely Hunter*, the sense of place and of detail remain true; but a decadent romanticism is always there and it flowers into exaggeration and falseness in such works as *The Ballad of the Sad Café*.

Flannery O'Connor's work is a cry of despair against the very kind of sentimentality Carson McCullers tends to value. When the old lady in "A Good Man Is Hard To Find" remorselessly sticks to her characterization as a vacant, foolish old woman, she gets shot three times in the head by a person called The Misfit. The hypocrisy and fatuity of parents turns their children into miserable, desperate characters, not into "lonely" people looking for love or wishing to belong. Fanatics and cripples are never harmless, neither to themselves nor to others. The ignorant leave evil in their wake more often than good. We laugh at the brilliant, flat dialogue and the cool, impartial style, but we are also shocked by the cruelty beneath.

Flannery O'Connor's is a dark world, no matter how heightened it is by a macabre comedy and incongruity. She keeps her distance from the sensitive and the maimed, and it is this that makes her so different from Carson McCullers. In the latter, one is aware of the need to please, to charm, to succeed. With Flannery O'Connor everything is harsh and hopeless and she seems to accept it as such, to feel no need to look for hope, for a sort of inverted attractiveness. Many critics think this unbending view of life has to do with living as a Roman Catholic in the evangelical South. Perhaps Catholicism did play a part, but the stories and novels show that her sense of the South—on the surface, the same old street preachers, farm folk, comics—is really a unique vision, related to others in the wonderful ear and the feel of things, but alone in its harsh acceptance of life.

The Mortgaged Heart (edited by Margarita G. Smith; Houghton Mifflin) is the remainder—or most of it—of Mrs. McCullers's unpublished work in various forms. It is naturally not her best, but it completes the shelf. *The Complete Stories* by Flannery O'Connor (introduction by Robert Giroux; Farrar, Straus & Giroux) brings into one volume a central work in the American short story. ▼

THE
MAXIMILIAN
COLLECTION.
AVAILABLE AT THESE FINE STORES.

DAYTON'S
MINNEAPOLIS
NAN DUSKIN
PHILADELPHIA
FROST BROTHERS
SAN ANTONIO
J. L. HUDSON
DETROIT
JANDEL FURS at
ERLEBACHER
WASHINGTON, D.C.
STANLEY KORSHAK
CHICAGO
GUS MAYER
(ALL STORES)
RICH'S
ATLANTA
SAKOWITZ
HOUSTON
STIX, BAER & FULLER
ST. LOUIS
TOPP'S
OMAHA
ZCMI
SALT LAKE CITY

How to create a room you'll love to live in

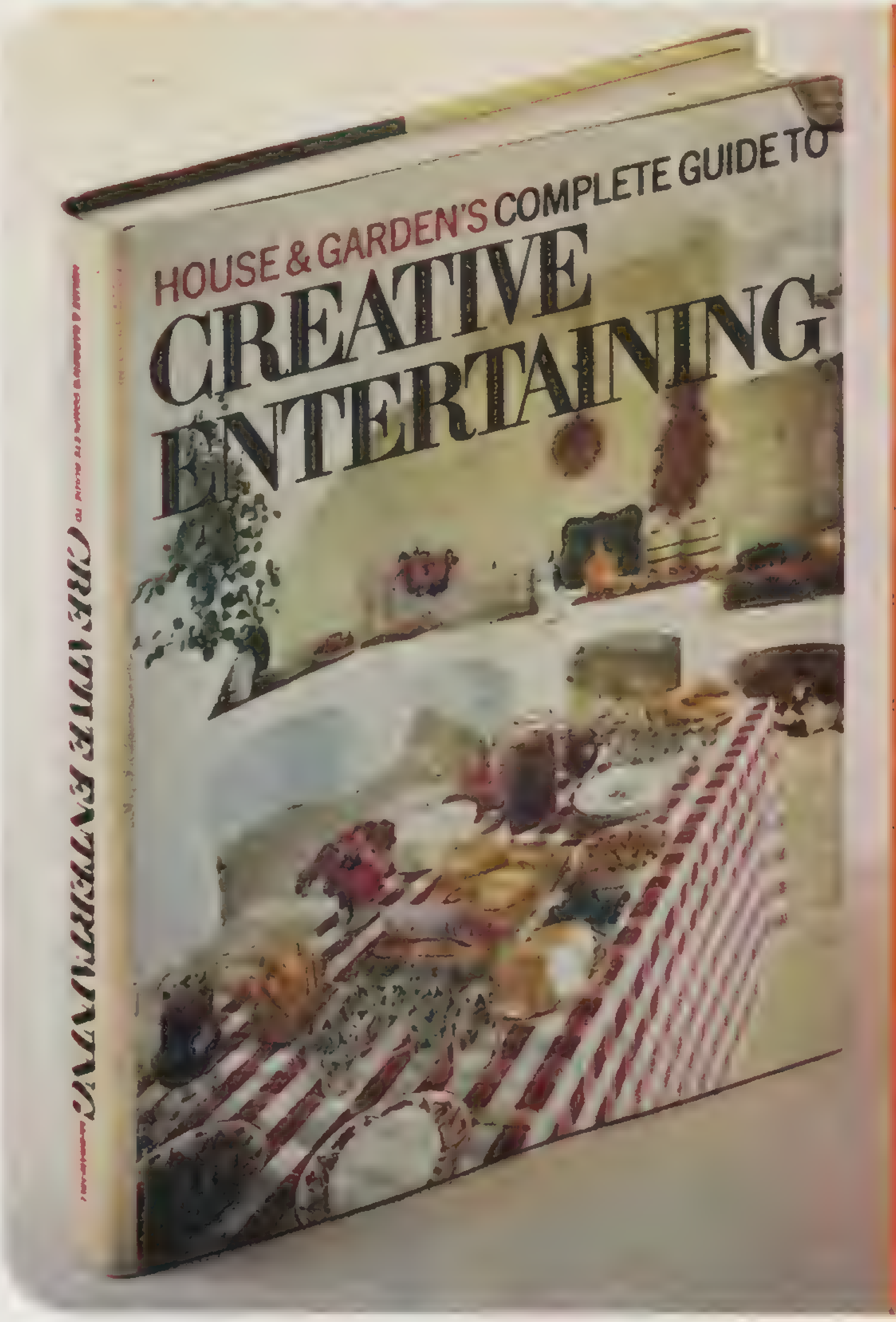
For one-room dwellers
who are richer in taste and
imagination than in space
or money, here is a new
treasury of decorating ideas:

THE *seventeen*
GUIDE TO
DECORATING
FOR ONE-ROOM
LIVING

by ANN PARDUE SONET &
ELLEN PETERSON MORRIS

This mind-expanding book, lavishly illustrated with how-to-do-it drawings and room photos in brilliant color, shows how to make one room into a wonderful place in which to live twenty-four hours a day. It speaks to all who live in a room at home, in a dorm, a studio, or a one-room apartment. For a copy by return mail send $7.95 to DAVID McKAY COMPANY, INC., 750 Third Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017

DARKEST RANCH MINK. INCOMPARABLY STYLED BY
Maximilian
20 WEST FIFTY-SEVENTH STREET, NEW YORK



Successful Entertaining

IS HOSPITALITY FROM THE HEART...

Big, new, beautiful HOUSE & GARDEN'S COMPLETE GUIDE TO CREATIVE ENTERTAINING brings you all the practical planning and budget-watching your imaginative hospitality requires . . . to assure your success!

CREATIVE TABLE SETTINGS
How to build a table-setting wardrobe
Imaginative Centerpieces . . . Diagrams of table-settings
HOW TO PLOT A SMOOTH PARTY COURSE
HOW TO KEEP A PARTY LOG
SIX POPULAR PARTIES
Beautiful Breakfasts . . . The Luncheon Party
The Bountiful Buffet . . . The Gala Little Dinner
Tea or Coffee Anytime . . . The Versatile Cocktail Party
A NEW PARTY PATTERN
Dining all over the house . . . how to make space
CHILDREN: ENTERTAINED, ENTERTAINING
HOW TO TURN ON YOUR BIG PARTY
GREAT WEEKENDS FOR GUESTS
DROP-OF-A-HAT INVITATIONS
OPEN-SKIES ENTERTAINING
HOLIDAY PARTIES AND DECORATIONS
THE SUMPTUOUS ART OF GARNISHING
YOUR LIQUID ASSETS: SOME BASICS
Choosing and storing Wine
Pussyfoot drinks for teetotallers
HOW TO PLAN MEMORABLE MENUS
MORE THAN 400 PHOTOGRAPHS; 128 FULL-COLOR PAGES

You are most cordially invited to discover all that

HOUSE & GARDEN'S COMPLETE GUIDE TO CREATIVE ENTERTAINING

has for you during a ten-day trial . . . and to make it your own personal entertaining assistant

at this special pre-Christmas price . . . just

(Regular price, $17.50)

$14.95

Order HOUSE & GARDEN'S COMPLETE GUIDE TO CREATIVE ENTERTAINING today, with this coupon. If you are not thoroughly delighted with it, return it within 10 days and your money will be refunded. (If you like, you may charge your American Express or BankAmericard account.)

CONDÉ NAST BOOKS P.O. Box 1910, Grand Central Station, New York, N.Y. 10017

I would like to order______copies of HOUSE & GARDEN'S COMPLETE GUIDE TO CREATIVE ENTERTAINING, $14.95

☐ My check or money order for $______, payable to Condé Nast Books, is enclosed.

Please charge my account:

☐ American Express
Acct #______

☐ BankAmericard
Acct #______

Expiration date______

Signature______

Name______
(Please print)
Address______ Apt #______
City______ State______ Zip______

This if a gift order. Send book and card to:

Name______
(Please print)
Address______ Apt #______
City______ State______ Zip______

Sign Gift Card: "From______"

VO-11-1

THE MOUTH MAKER

The First Automatic Lipstick Liner

Charles of the Ritz has the making (the shaping) of the blatantly beautiful mouth: the first fully automatic creamy lipstick liner with a built-in brush. Comes up with just the right amount of luscious liquid color every time to dramatize your lips. To make a well-defined, outlined, juicy young thing of your mouth. Brimming with color.

Generously glossed. Stylish. Shapely. Frankly sexy. 8 curvaceous colors—Framing Peach, Brim of Beige, Edge of Pink, Contour Coral, Redliner, Borderline Brown, Line of Wine and Frost liner. Have them all. But be prepared. From now on, they'll be watching every word you say.

Charles of the Ritz

© 1971 Charles of the Ritz

At Pendleton, great fashion is only the half of it.

The last half, to be exact.

Before we ever begin styling, we make our own fabrics. Of only the choicest pure virgin wool.

Compare it with anything. It's still softer on textures. Truer to colors. Holds a far better shape. And keeps a body more comfortable.

Especially the wools Pendleton weaves. Using our own exclusive colors and patterns, we create the fabrics that fashion our clothes. The solids, plaids, tweeds and textures that make our totally coordinated collection the classic it is.

When it comes to fashion, we start from the living fiber. And end at the living end.

At Pendleton, we don't do anything halfway.

From fleece to fashion…

Only Pendleton makes Pendleton.®

From the Country Clothes Collection, left: fringed braid suit, $75, right: pantsuit, $85. At quality-conscious stores. Or write Pendleton Woolen Mills, Dept. V111, Portland, Ore. 97201. Pure Virgin Wool

You've come a long way, baby.

VIRGINIA SLIMS.

Slimmer than the fat cigarettes men smoke.
With rich Virginia flavor women like.

VIRGINIA
SLIMS
FILTER
Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That
Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health

Regular: 17 mg."tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine—Menthol: 18 mg."tar," 1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Aug.'71

Deal with a woman's body like a woman,

protectively
lovingly
tenderly
smartly
sensitively
femininely
honestly

to curb vaginal odor use Bidette Mist daily...

new intimate feminine hygiene deodorant mist

and when a spray is not enough, cleanse it away with Bidette Towelettes.

I would like to try Bidette. Please send the refillable Purse-Pack, 3 Towelettes and literature. I enclose 25c to cover postage and handling. Youngs Drug Products Corp., Dept. VO-7111, P.O. Box 2300, G.P.O. New York 10001

Name ______

Address ______

City ______ State ____ Zip ____
FREE
PURSE SIZE
WITH 5OZ SIZE
Bidette
Deodorant Mist
5oz.
Bidette
Deodorant Mist
Bidette.
A refreshing toilette ...for complete feminine assurance ... a specially treated pre-moistened cloth to cleanse and deodorize the outer vaginal area
Youngs
REFUND OR REPLACEMENT
GUARANTEED
TO CONSUMERS BY
PARENTS'
MAGAZINE
IF PRODUCT OR PERFORMANCE IS DEFECTIVE & REPORTED
WITHIN 30 DAYS OF PURCHASE

SPOTLIGHT

Art

WHILE U. S. DOLLARS GO DOWN, U. S. ART GOES UP IN GERMANY

The success of Konrad Fischer, young German art dealer

By Dale McConathy

There have been three overlapping culture waves in Germany since 1945: The first was the *Fresswelle*, "the eating wave"; the second, the *Sexwelle*, "the sex wave." And now the third, as every American artist and collector is well aware, the *Kunstwelle*, "the art wave," cresting in Düsseldorf, a nondescript city of 686,000 on the banks of a brown and polluted Rhine.

Here, surprisingly, since Düsseldorf seems to have little life of its own, has sprung up the art center of the new Europe—ten or so galleries, including a couple of major Parisian ones; an overpopulated art school; and the Düsseldorf *Wunderkind* Konrad Fischer, art dealer and connoisseur of "minimal art" whom many call the most powerful single figure in the European art world and whose name mysteriously crops up on financial pages almost as often as in art reviews. (Germans, in the past decade, have become the world's largest consumers of art and the most munificent patrons of American art, spending something like $380,000,000 on art in 1970.)

Fischer, his faded grey eyes hidden by sunglasses, has a disarming deadpan manner that both hustles and protects the work of the artists, mostly American, he handles. He has two galleries in Düsseldorf, *each* with only one room: one for which he pays $25 a month near the art school, begun three-and-a-half years ago in the glassed-in barrel-vaulted gangway of an eighteenth-century building; and another across the street from a Jesuit Baroque church in the *Altstadt*, the old section of Düsseldorf, filled with Americanized beer taverns. Düsseldorf businessmen pay little attention to what Fischer is doing, but art students press their noses against the front windows of the two galleries and big collectors fly in from across Europe.

"After all, there was no art in Germany for a very long time," Fischer said. "Much of the older stuff was destroyed by the war. Then, Germans began to have money again. First they bought a fridge, then a car, then they began to travel, take a safari in Africa. Next, came a wave of good food, French wine and pastries. Now, they're buying art."

German collectors in the past five years or so have become major supporters of the American avant-garde, grabbing paintings and sculpture from dollar-poor American museums and collectors. Fischer's role has been to whet the German appetite for American art by exhibiting *both* the artists and their work. "I learned from the artists. One told me about the other."

His stable of artists, mostly young, mostly American, all very serious, reads like a bookmaker's three-to-one list of best bets for the 'seventies: Carl André, Bernd and Hilla Becher, Mel Bochner, David Buren, Hanne Darboven, Jan Dibbets, Hamish Fulton, Gilbert and George, Douglas Huebler, Robert Law, Sol LeWitt, Richard Long, Brice Marden, Bruce McLean, Mario Merz, Bruce Nauman, Palermo, Sagmar Polke, Gerhard Richter, Klaus Rinke, Ulrich Rückreim, Reiner Ruthenbeck, Robert Ryman, Fred Sandback, Robert Smithson, and Lawrence Weiner.

Fischer, with his wife Dorothee and his baby son Kasper David, lives in a quiet pre-World War I neighborhood in a sprawling flat littered with his artists' work. Just now, Kasper David plays peek-a-boo behind a Sol LeWitt and scuttles along over Carl André's floored compositions of "found" pieces of cast iron. This month, "Prospect," an exhibition Fischer arranged with the art critic Hans Strelow, opens at the bunker-like Kunsthalle in Düsseldorf, "a preview of the world's avant-garde galleries, consisting only of projected art—photographs, video tapes, films." Once again, Düsseldorf is surfing on the crest of the art wave. ▼

FACE-LIFT*

remarkable california emollient . . .

makes skin look young

Now! The fresh, dewy glowing skin you've dreamed of. Use FACE-LIFT day & night to moisturize, lubricate, beautify your complexion. . *keep you looking younger longer.* Watch tiny lines and dryness disappear; wrinkles never have a chance to start. *Non-allergenic:* no perfume, no hormones. FACE-LIFT is recommended by doctors & beauty experts alike . . instantly absorbed, it benefits the most sensitive skin. Use under make-up, at bedtime, to guard against weather, dryness, aging. Insured by Lloyds of London.

4-oz. Boudoir Bottle . . . $5.00
2-oz. Flo-On Travel Size . . . $3.50

AT THESE AND OTHER FINE STORES:

- The J.L. Hudson Company/Detroit
- The Lion Store/Toledo
- The May Company/Cleveland
- The McAlpin Company/Cincinnati
- A. Polsky Company/Akron
- Rike's/Dayton
- The Wm. H. Block Co./Indianapolis
- Wurzburg's/Grand Rapids

*T.M., BEAUTY AIDS INC.
490 South San Vicente, Los Angeles, CA 90048

FACE-LIFT*
For Ageless Beauty

The most luxurious way to sleep—in one of the lushest fabrics around—Qiana® nylon. With imported lace and French ribbon.
$30. (Sug. Ret.) At fine stores. Available in Canada. Van Raalte, 417 Fifth Ave., N.Y. 10016.

Van Raalte
because you love nice things
(Subsidiary of Cluett Peabody)

DON'T LIVE WITH YOUR BULGES!

Those bulges or lumps that look like fat but do not disappear with dieting are probably caused by *cellulite.* These cushions of "fat-gone-wrong" can be found on the thighs, buttocks, abdomen and inside the knees — on 8 out of 10 women, thin or heavy — regardless of age.

First stage *cellulite* is recognized by testing for ripples formed when the skin is squeezed between thumb and index finger. Advanced *cellulite* is doughy, dimpled patches of flab that are sensitive to pressure.

For the first time in America, a firm, taut figure and the freedom of a beautiful body is possible with unique methods custom-designed for *cellulite* bulges.

AT-HOME TREATMENT

Nicole Ronsard, international consultant and body contouring expert, featured in leading magazines, is offering this exclusive body toning method through her New York salon. It has achieved permanent loss or prevention of flab and lumps. Now you can order this at-home course for just $20.00 — a fraction of the salon fee!

Just send your check or money order to the address below to receive Mme. Ronsard's 6-point program. It includes a 64 page illustrated booklet, 4 enlarged picture charts, precise easy-to-read instructions, and tips on nutrition, exercise, relaxation and massage techniques.

SALON TREATMENT

In her New York salon, Mme. Ronsard utilizes scientific and mechanical means of breaking down the *cellulite* lumps. Several European-developed machines are involved. One emits a pressure-controlled stream of warm air that is directed to areas being treated; another gives an automated suction massage. Circulation is stimulated and *cellulite* loosened for elimination. The effect is pleasant and relaxing. Mme. Ronsard finds that these *cellulite* control methods are rapidly earning the same praise and success in America that they have always had abroad. For a consultation in New York, just phone 535-8550.

Nicole Ronsard

987 Lexington Avenue,
Dept. V-11, N. Y., N. Y. 10021
Sorry, no COD

SPOTLIGHT

Movies

WHERE TO LEARN HOW TO LOOK AT MOVIES

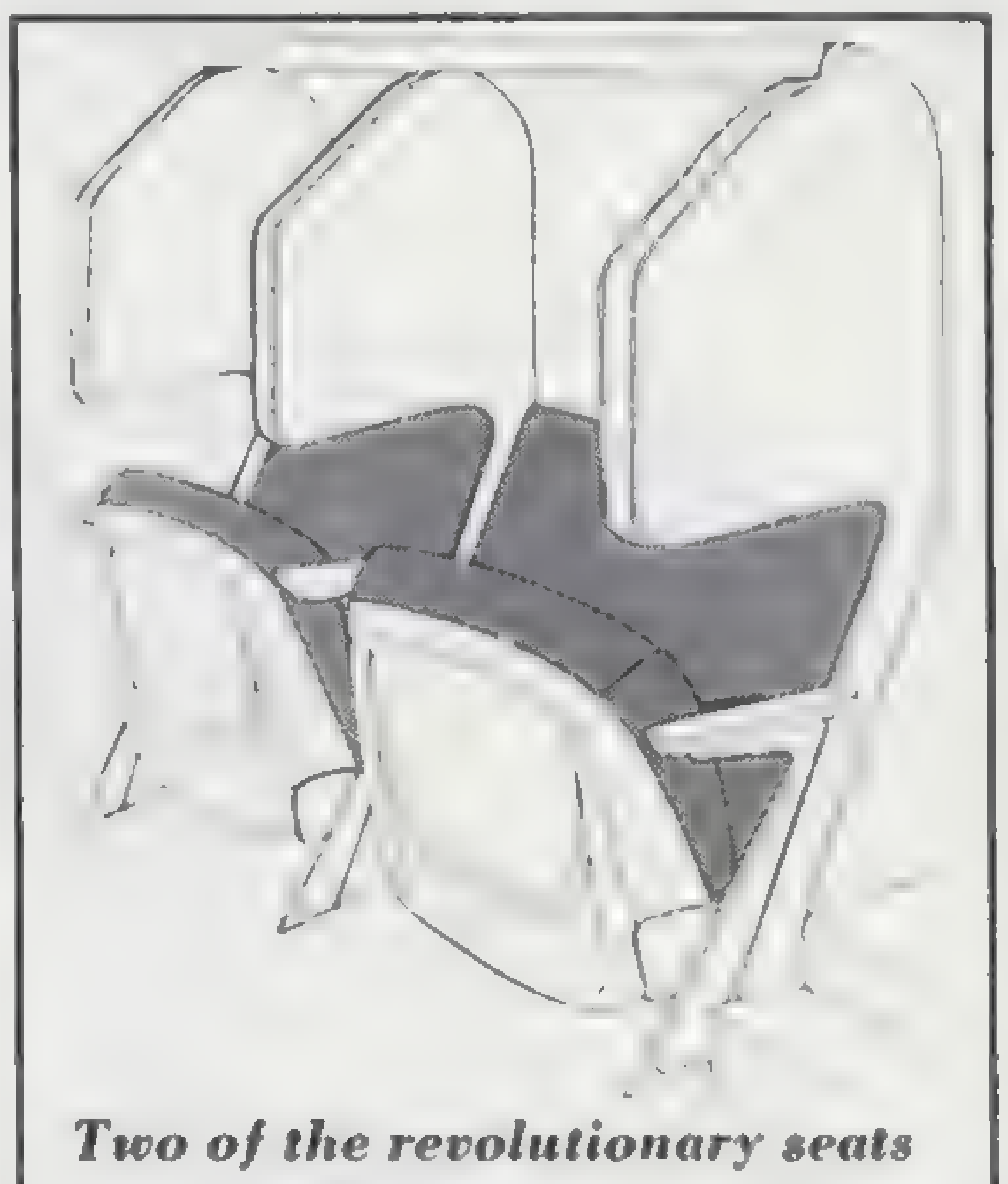
New York's new Anthology Film Archives

By Barbara Rose

The television generation is showing a new appreciation and consciousness of its elected art form: cinema. That film is a high art is the central thesis of Anthology Film Archives, the first of several *cinémathèques* or film museums to open in New York. Housed on Lafayette Street, Anthology conveniently shares the quarters of the New York Shakespeare Festival Public Theater. In many respects, Anthology represents a new maturity of American film consciousness. Dedicated to the premise that film now deserves that kind of self-awareness which distinguishes the modernist arts, Anthology shows some two hundred or so films from a permanent collection in a five- to six-week repertory cycle, permitting the serious student to re-examine a given work many times. But Anthology is more than a film museum; it is also a unique cinema with unique viewing facilities that have caused as much controversy as the highly selective group of works assembled as a kind of canon of pure film art. *Ars gratia artis* would better be Anthology's motto than M-G-M's.

Everything in the theater is black: black walls, black rugs, black velvet seats. The only light source is the screen. Each of the ninety especially constructed seats, designed by Austrian film-maker Peter Kubelka, a member of Anthology's selection committee, isolates a viewer in a hooded viewing compartment with side blinders. The unusual seating arrangement has had mixed responses, resulting in a certain apologetic tone in the Anthology brochure regarding cutting the viewer off from the "communal" film experience: "Since the communal spirit is strongest and most effective in the absence of disturbance from one's neighbors, the special features of the new Cinema are tools to this end. . . ." This is a lot of sentimental Utopian nonsense that harks back to the popular origins of film; it has little to do with Anthology's purist position that film is high art, a position which necessarily presupposes that film is as much an individualistic one-to-one communication from artist to viewer as the high arts of painting and sculpture.

I find the viewing situation at Anthology the best I have ever experienced, but that is because I can live without the communal experience of my neighbor blowing bubble gum in my face. The concentration permitted by such a seating arrangement lends a particular degree of both intensity and abstraction to the film experience that the self-conscious works shown at Anthology appear to demand. These films indeed represent, as it has been alleged by various malcontents in the film world, a narrow, partisan point of view. But that point of view is extremely coherent and consistent, which is its strength, not its weakness. Including four films by Sergei Eisenstein, seven by Carl Dreyer, and six by Robert Bresson, the collection virtually ignores the entire tradition of the Hollywood or narrative film (D. W. Griffith's *Intolerance* and Orson Welles's *Citizen Kane*, hardly typical Hollywood epics, are perhaps the only exceptions). Even such storytelling films as are included are primarily involved with formal values, and the bulk of the collection consists of either classics of film history or landmark experimental films. The purpose of such a limited selection was obviously to establish a standard of film excellence, or at least excellence in the eyes of the directors of Anthology, the film critic P. Adams Sitney and the film-maker, poet, and saintly pillar of the avant-garde Jonas Mekas.



Two of the revolutionary seats for movie-viewing at the Anthology Film Archives

Actually, Anthology represents the realization of Mekas's personal vision of film as a primarily visual and formal, as opposed to narrative or theatrical, art. As film critic for *The Village Voice* and editor of *Film Culture* magazine, which he founded in 1955, Mekas has been the guiding light of American underground film for two decades. Agree or disagree with his point of view, no one can overlook his patient, self-sacrificing work to establish film in this country as a distinct, original, serious art form, with its own unique esthetic problems as well as its own historical discipline.

Defining the essence of the film experience is the ambitious task Anthology has set for itself. The theater was originally to have been called Academy. There is no doubt that Anthology now represents an academic standard, which is precisely what any mature artistic discipline needs to measure itself against, to draw from, and eventually to react against. In several respects, Anthology is to film as Katherine Dreier's Société Anonyme was to modern art in America: a collection of classics, a manifesto of a new spirit. ▼

THE FOUKE COMPANY RTE 1 BOX 98
GREENVILLE S.C. 29611

"I love the softness of Alaska fur seal. It's so right for today's rich, romantic fashions."

Fernando Sanchez

Sanchez for Revillon at Saks Fifth Avenue

Sol Schulman, Inc.
New York

Alaska Fur Seal
in Matara® with collar
and border in natural
Canadian cat lynx.

SPOTLIGHT

Arts

FLASH FROM EUROPE

What to see, What to think about

By Richard Orrick

Barcelona: The two palaces renovated for Picasso's painting and sculpture hold treasures ranging from school books he embellished eighty years ago to a series of fifty-eight variations on Velásquez's "Las Meninas" completed in 1957. . . .

Berlin: Traditionally, the Berlin Festival is opened by the Berlin Philharmonic and its lifetime conductor, Herbert von Karajan. This year, it was opened by the Israel Philharmonic and its extraordinary cluster of young talent: Zubin Mehta, its young conductor; Daniel Barenboim and Jacqueline Du Pré, close friends of the conductor, who with Pinchas Zukerman make up a brilliant trio. Miss Du Pré was ill, but Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau's recital of Mahler songs with Barenboim at the piano went ahead. Perhaps, the highlight of the 1971-1972 musical season in Europe. . . .

Brussels: The survey "Rembrandt and His Age," with 120 paintings, shows the remarkable artistic exchange of the Lowland countries. . . .

Dublin: "Rosc 1971," Ireland's second international art exhibition at the Royal Dublin Society with 150 works by fifty artists including Claes Oldenburg, Max Ernst, Frank Stella, Mark Rothko, and René Magritte. *Rosc* is an ancient Gaelic word meaning "poetry of vision.". . .

Düsseldorf: "Prospect" is a series of works by artists on film, organized by young German art dealer Konrad Fischer (see page 68 of this issue). . . .

Genoa: Italians have a historical interest in the esthetics of city planning, a major concern of Italian architects and engineers now with the galloping industrialization of the Italian countryside. "Art and Environment: The City" at the Palazzo dell'Academia is the most challenging exhibition of Italian city-planning ideas this season. . . .

Leningrad: The soaring new male star of the Kirov Ballet, a thirty-two-year-old dancer named Valery Panov, is famous for his version of Harlequin, a favorite role of Nijinsky's. Panov joined the Kirov after Nureyev defected. . . .

London: The erotic complexities of "Tantra, the Indian Cults and Extasy" is an exhibition at the Hayward Gallery. . . .

London: Victorian pieties have always been an embarrassment to the British. Even Pre-Raphaelite church art has been a subject of scorn. Now, the Victoria and Albert Museum has undertaken to resurrect the mixed glories of Victorian stained glass, brass, and rather exotic High Churchery in the exhibition "Victorian Church Art." The very sort of thing Prince Albert intended the Victoria and Albert for. . . .

London: Edward Bond's new extraordinary, controversial play *Lear*, which has nothing to do with Shakespeare, is at The Royal Court Theatre, a play no one knows quite what to make of. . . .

London: Jonathan Miller directs the new production of Georg Büchner's *Danton's Death* at The Old Vic theater. Büchner's early nineteenth-century play about the French Revolution is an apocalyptic vision not only of the history that followed but also of the most radical theatrical styles. Miller has a heyday. . . .

London: The sculpture exhibition by Tony Caro, just completed at the Kasmin Gallery, marks his return to a substantial, monumental mode, like his earlier work influenced by David Smith. . . .

London: The simultaneous publication of writers here and in New York is a commonplace occurrence, but the appearance of Graham Greene's *A Sort of Life* has had a rather lopsided reception. In New York, Greene is admired as a good but not truly great novelist whose autobiography is skillful but somehow elusive. In England, where his conversion to Catholicism has made him a figure of a somewhat subdued fascination, Greene is the famous writer who has refused to go on television, to "tell his story." This book tells very little indeed. In fact, it is almost as if Greene has made a fictional character of himself. About that character, there is constantly

Furs by Roberts,
Detroit, Michigan

N. H. Rosenthal,
Chicago, Illinois

Matara® Alaska Fur Seal
with collar
and cuffs of natural
ranched mink

lurking the threat of terrible ennui: "Boredom seemed to swell like a balloon in my head; it became a pressure inside the skull: sometimes I feared the balloon would burst and I would lose my reason." This boredom is more the battleground of the soul for a twentieth-century religionist than any outward evil. But, all in all, Greene has little to reveal about himself. "A writer's knowledge of himself, unrealistic and unromantic, is like a store of energy on which he must draw for a lifetime." A kind of getting and spending. . . .

London: John Osborne's new play *West of Suez* seems to float up out of Chekhov, "the passing of empire" seen in terms of one family. Osborne has a lessening taste for either plot or action, and the talk is often tiring. Sir Ralph Richardson, as the son of a diplomat, the last of the empire, is brilliant—"a pontificating old English buffer." But his death on the bright terrace as the natives rebel is both stunning and absurd. . . .

London: The Harold Pinter adaptation of James Joyce's *Exiles* is at the Aldwych Theatre, with Vivian Merchant and John Wood. Joyce's play is strange, Ibsenesque, with one of the most compelling portraits of a woman in the theater. . . .

Milan: The furniture fair has taken on the character of a rather brilliant art exhibition with the furniture as well displayed as if it were sculpture. Italian designers make an inventive use of plastics, in fact, of all industrially produced synthetics; and this year their ideas are remarkably stark, a return to the stiff experimentalism of the 'twenties with few relieving curves. . . .

Moscow: The Russian film of the season is *Uncle Vanya,* adapted from Chekhov's play, starring Sergei Bondarchuk who directed the Russian *War and Peace,* with its plaintive suggestive beauty. . . .

Munich: The furor over Wolf Biermann's play *The Dra-Dra,* a satirical attack on East German totalitarianism, involves its program with a list of West German "dragons" and their faces, notably writer Günter Grass, who didn't like the joke. . . .

Nuremberg: The Nuremberg celebration of the five hundredth anniversary of Albrecht Dürer's birth continues with "Paintings and Engravings by Dürer's Contemporaries" and "Dürer's Landscapes Today." . . .

Swanson's on the Plaza,
Kansas City, Mo.

J. P. Allen & Co.,
Atlanta, Ga.

Black dyed Alaska
Fur Seal in matching
combination. Coat and hat
designed by
The Brothers Christie.

Paris: The Pavillon de Flore, the newly remodeled wing of the Louvre that once housed the Ministry of Finance, provides a simple setting for the museum's eighteenth-century sculpture and, notably, an exhibition just completed, of paintings by François Boucher whose fleshy exuberance has always been somewhat of an embarrassment to art critics. His women are beautiful, his skies blue, but he seems to lack conviction. With the reopening of this wing, the Louvre clearly intends to revive the status of the eighteenth century, at once too academic and too frivolous. . . .

Paris: The topic of publishing-world gossip in Paris is the $800,000 Gallimard has spent on producing Louis Aragon's *Henri Matisse, Roman,* a biography of the painter written to read like a novel. The sizable volume includes many Matisse sketches that have never been seen before. . . .

Paris: The celebration at La Bibliothèque Nationale of the hundredth anniversary of the birth of Paul Valéry follows on the heels of the Proust centenary. Valéry was also an enthusiast for painting but his own taste moved back into the nineteenth century for his inspiration. A classicist, Valéry saw little in common between himself and his contemporaries. This magnificent exhibition includes not only his manuscripts and memorabilia but also many of the paintings that drew his imagination on. His poem "Le Cimetière Marin" with its glistening symbols of eternity and change is a poetic landmark, more deeply indebted to Valéry's artistic awareness than even he admitted. . . .

Paris: *C'était hier,* Harold Pinter's play, opens simultaneously in New York as *Old Times;* with Delphine Seyrig. . . .

Paris: Fernand Léger was fascinated by the esthetics of the machine; and his work, along with that of Picasso and Gris, was a vital part of the French art scene, between the wars. A huge retrospective of his work at the Grand Palais. . . .

Paris: The Monets at the Marmottan are among the most startling and beautiful of the year's sights, strangely imprisoned for all of their *en plein air* in a handsomely done basement gallery that doubles as a vault. . . .

Paris: Venice in the 1700's was perhaps the ultimate Romantic symbol of sensuality and decay, in (Continued on page 74)

Holt Renfrew of Canada

Christian Dior Furs,
New York

Black dyed Alaska
fur seal outlined in
black dyed ostrich feathers.
By Christian Dior.

Alixandre
New York

Givenchy for Alixandre
in Matara® Alaska Fur Seal
with natural Canadian otter

EUROPE

(Continued from page 73)

a tradition that was begun in part by the Venetian artists, Tiepolo, Canaletto, Guardi, Piranesi, all in "Venice in the Eighteenth Century" at Le Musée de l'Orangerie. . . .

Paris: The retrospective of works by Naum Gabo at the Musée National d'Art Moderne is part of the revival of interest in the Constructivists. One of the first to use plastics, Gabo had a great influence on the experimental artists of his generation, especially the architects, who saw in his understanding of space and respect for materials a kindred feeling. . . .

Paris: One of the more arresting glimpses of Red China are the shops run by the Compagnie Française de l'Orient et de la Chine. The shops' chief trader, François Dantresme, has been drawn to China ever since he visited there as a tourist in 1963. His best-selling objects are the most simple—bamboo furniture, pots, brooms. At first, the Chinese didn't want to ship the items in quantity—they seemed too ordinary.

Paris: Jean-Paul Sartre's massive, unmercifully difficult two-volume study of Gustave Flaubert *L'Idiot de la famille* remains the literary event of the year—a sequel perhaps to his own volume of intellectual memoirs *The Words. The Words,* however, was only 284 pages long; *L'Idiot* a staggering, complex 2,136 pages. The theme, Sartre says in his preface, is "What can we know of one man today?" but the question is asked in the much larger terms psychoanalysis and philosophy have been developing since the Second World War with man as an isolated and now-heroic figure. Flaubert, the major French nineteenth-century novelist who was rather ironically devoted to a sort of art for art's sake, is seen by Sartre as a victim of his family: the unrelenting father, the unloving mother, the adored older brother. Sartre examines the bourgeois family with the care others have lavished on whole civilizations. Over six hundred pages are devoted to Flaubert's infancy. The value and structures of the Flaubert family are internalized in the writer, the family idiot, and externalized in what he made of his life, perhaps even more notably than in his writing, in a passive, reluctant sexuality that tied him inevitably to his mother. The reverberations of Sartre on Flaubert are endless and this book in two volumes, like *Being and Nothingness,* will assume its true importance in retrospect, the sort of ratiocination the French love. . . .

Rome: Over one hundred films are underway here or are scheduled for release in what has become the world's most active movie center. Federico Fellini has just finished filming *Roma,* a portrait of Rome and a self-portrait of the young man who came seeking the Rome of Julius Caesar and Nero in 1938 at the age of eighteen. To achieve his dreamlike effects, Fellini filmed in the middle of the night, suddenly filling the Piazza Navona with hordes of hippies: "I wanted to show a city I no longer know filled with people I don't know." . . .

Rotterdam: The first major traveling retrospective of Mark Rothko in Europe. . . .

Salzburg: The famous Mozart Week begins January 23 and will include a performance of what many critics consider the best of Mozart's wind instrument compositions, "Serenade," Köchel 361. . . .

Vienna: At the Albertina Museum, perhaps Europe's finest collection of graphics and drawings, an excellent survey of Rembrandt's graphics. . . .

Vienna: The event of the season is the revival by the Burg Theater of the plays of Franz Grillparzer, the early nineteenth-century playwright who studied law and became a functionary in the civil service of the Austro-Hungarian Empire. His tragedies, shot through with failed Romanticism, signal much of what was to follow in the German theater. Switching styles, the company premieres a new production of Mayakovsky's *The Bedbug.* . . .

Zurich: Centre Le Corbusier in the city park on the shores of the Zürichsee is one of the Swiss architect and painter Le Corbusier's most interesting last buildings, painted boldly on the outer walls in primary colors, very much like a huge, cubed sculpture. At the edge of the park are kiosks that hold posters and other graphics so that pedestrians are provided a sort of sidewalk museum, bringing art directly into the everyday environment. A first-rate experiment in urban planning. ▼

Goldwaters
Phoenix, Arizona

Designed by
James Galanos in black
dyed or Matara®
Alaska Fur Seal

HOUBIGANT

Chantilly
HOUBIGANT
CRÈME
de
Chantilly
HOUBIGANT
PARIS-NEW YORK
HOUBIGANT
Chantilly
EMOLLIENT
BATH CRYSTALS
NET WT. 19.5 OZ.

The Beautiful Bath.

CHANTILLY PERFUME FROM $10. CREME DE CHANTILLY, $5. EMOLLIENT BATH CRYSTALS, $5. DUSTING POWDER, $5.

Advertisement

The Scientific Approach to Beauty

AMINO-PON BEAUTY BAR

THE DELICIOUS TREAT FOR YOUR SKIN...FROM REDKEN

Your skin is far too tender, too precious to be continually exposed to harsh, abrasive alkaline soaps.

And that, is precisely why Redken formulated the Amino-Pon Beauty Bar. It's pure. It's blended of nature's own rich beauty and cleansing ingredients—protein, wheat and vitamins.

It's acid-balanced, too. Unlike common soap and cleansers that are highly alkaline, the Beauty Bar's healthful 5.5 pH gently conforms to the skin's delicate acid mantle.

After your skin is bathed with the Beauty Bar it will feel, look, BE sensationally smooth, sensually soft. And, oh-so delicious to touch!

Redken's Beauty Bar has been the favorite of some of the world's most beautiful women—that's probably how they stay that way.

For the ultimate treat in skin care, try this exclusive Amino-Pon Beauty Bar facial.

BEAUTY BAR EGG-CREAM FACIAL

First cleanse your face thoroughly with the Amino-Pon Beauty Bar and rinse with tepid water. For a second sudsing, rub the Beauty Bar briskly between your hands to create a rich lather. Massage onto the face—the lather will soon begin to disappear, depositing all the Beauty Bar's beautiful ingredients.

Now, in a small bowl combine the white of one egg and one tablespoon whipping cream. Apply generously to your face and neck. As the mixture begins to dry, you will feel the drawing effect. After it has completely dried into the masque (about 20 minutes), rinse with hot water—making certain to remove all the mixture. Finally, splash vigorously with icy-cold water, at least 10 times.

Redken's Amino-Pon Beauty Bar is sold exclusively through professional beauty salons. For the name of the salon in your area using and selling Redken beauty products, write (zip code must be included) to: Redken Laboratories, Inc., Dept. B, 14721 Califa St., Van Nuys, Calif. 91401.

Or, look for the salon displaying the emblem below!

R

MEMBER—HAIR RESEARCH DIVISION
REDKEN
The Scientific Approach to Hairdressing

REDKEN

The Scientific Approach

©1971 REDKEN LABORATORIES, INC., VAN NUYS, CALIF. 91401

Ready Beauty

Extra Sensitive Perception

That oracle who used to advise so wisely, "nothing in excess," couldn't have known there are some excesses nearly impossible to avoid. Too much wind, or sun, or steam heat, or cold dry air having their way with a delicate complexion are examples. Scandia knows the need of the sensitive-skinned for protection from such harsh abundances, and the company's cosmetic collection, For The Sensitive Skin, is doing nice things for these types. Now there are two additions: a rich, emollient throat cream to help deter any tendency to puckering in that area; and an allover body treatment cream for silkening skin that may be having it rough. Like the incumbent benefactors for the sensitive skin, the new items are fragrance-free, pure as newly-fallen snow, and packed into elegant little jars the color of wine.

Wigged Victory

There is a kind of timing in even the most organized life that finds a girl's wig more dripping than drying just when unexpected developments decree she needs it most. It's a problem that Northern Electric Company has met head on, and solved, with Wiggy. A little dryer enclosed in a wig form, Wiggy releases gentle warmth to dry a freshly laundered hairpiece, from inside out, in minutes instead of hours. It also provides a perfect spot to pop a wig for combing and styling, and—current switched off—for storage too. Professional pins, a care and styling booklet, and carrying case are included.

The bathier bath

There are days when the most confirmed shower person will take to the tub for a therapeutic, soothing soaking away of fidgets or blues or even prosaic grime. Lucky indeed the one whose bath is drawn full force over a few drops of Jean D'Albret's Body Oil, one of the goodies in the Bodylove collection of bath and post-bath cosmetics. The rain-washed, mixed-bouquet scent encourages positive thinking, while the oil-softened water soothes every immersed inch of skin. Other Bodylove bathables include a hard-milled soap on a bracelet cord, powdered soap, cologne, powder. Especially snappy is a moisturizer called Body Meringue. It foams out of its aerosol container—so crisp and fresh it actually crackles as you massage it into elbows, heels, knees, and other greedy areas. It's fun.

Scalp help

High on the list of Things We Can Live Without is that botherer of pretty heads called dandruff. So far, no one has come up with a formula for an immunity capsule, but there *is* a way of coping with the excess dead skin cells which can collect, uninvited, on anyone's head. Breck One, Breck's newest shampoo, incorporates what it takes to wash those flakes right out of our hair—specifically, zinc pyrithione, a compound proven in laboratory tests to be the enemy of dandruff. Used once a week, Breck One continues to work between washings, inhibiting the various factors that produce the unwanted. It can be shared with your near and dear, even those not afflicted with dandruff. Rich in the renowned Breck lotion and cream conditioners, it keeps all kinds of hair healthy and lustrous.

The truth about underwires.

There are two kinds of bras.

Soft cup bras and underwire bras.

An underwire bra has a curved piece of wire under each cup. And for some reason, this innocent little piece of wire has gotten a bad reputation.

Some women have all sorts of ideas about underwires that simply aren't true. But now you can forget all the bad things you've heard about underwires.

Because Bali is going to tell you the truth.

Underwires are uncomfortable. True or False?

Any bra can be uncomfortable if it doesn't fit properly. In the right bra, you won't feel the underwire at all.

A good underwire bra helps to mold and support the bust, instead of making the shoulder straps dig in and do all the work.

So if your underwire bra isn't comfortable, don't blame the underwire. Blame the bra.

Underwires are old-fashioned. True or False?

False. In fact, underwires are a fairly new development in brassiere history.

But say "underwire" to some women and they have visions of the whalebone and steel contraptions our grandmothers used to lace into.

If you think underwires are old-fashioned, take a look at some of the sexy underwire styles Bali has whipped up for you.

Underwires are for big-busted women. True or False?

False. Bali has underwire bras that come in a B cup size–as well as in a C, D, and DD.

All an underwire does is make it easier to shape and control the bust.

Of course, for some big-busted women an underwire bra is the only comfortable solution. Simply because a soft cup can't support them.

You should choose the bra that makes you look and feel the best.

Maybe it will have an underwire.

Maybe it won't.

Underwires are all the same. True or False?

False. There are many different kinds of underwires.

Some are heavy and stiff. Others are light and flexible. They also come in a wide range of shapes and sizes.

Which is only right, since women also come in a wide range of shapes and sizes.

What's the answer?

If you're right for an underwire, there's a very simple way to find the underwire that's right for you. Just try on some Bali brassieres. We're underwire experts. After all, we've designed and made more underwire bras than anybody else.

No matter which style of Bali brassiere you choose–underwire or soft cup–you can be sure of one thing. Comfort.

Every Bali is designed by our brassiere experts. And fitted on live models, just to be sure that all you'll ever feel in a Bali is beautiful.

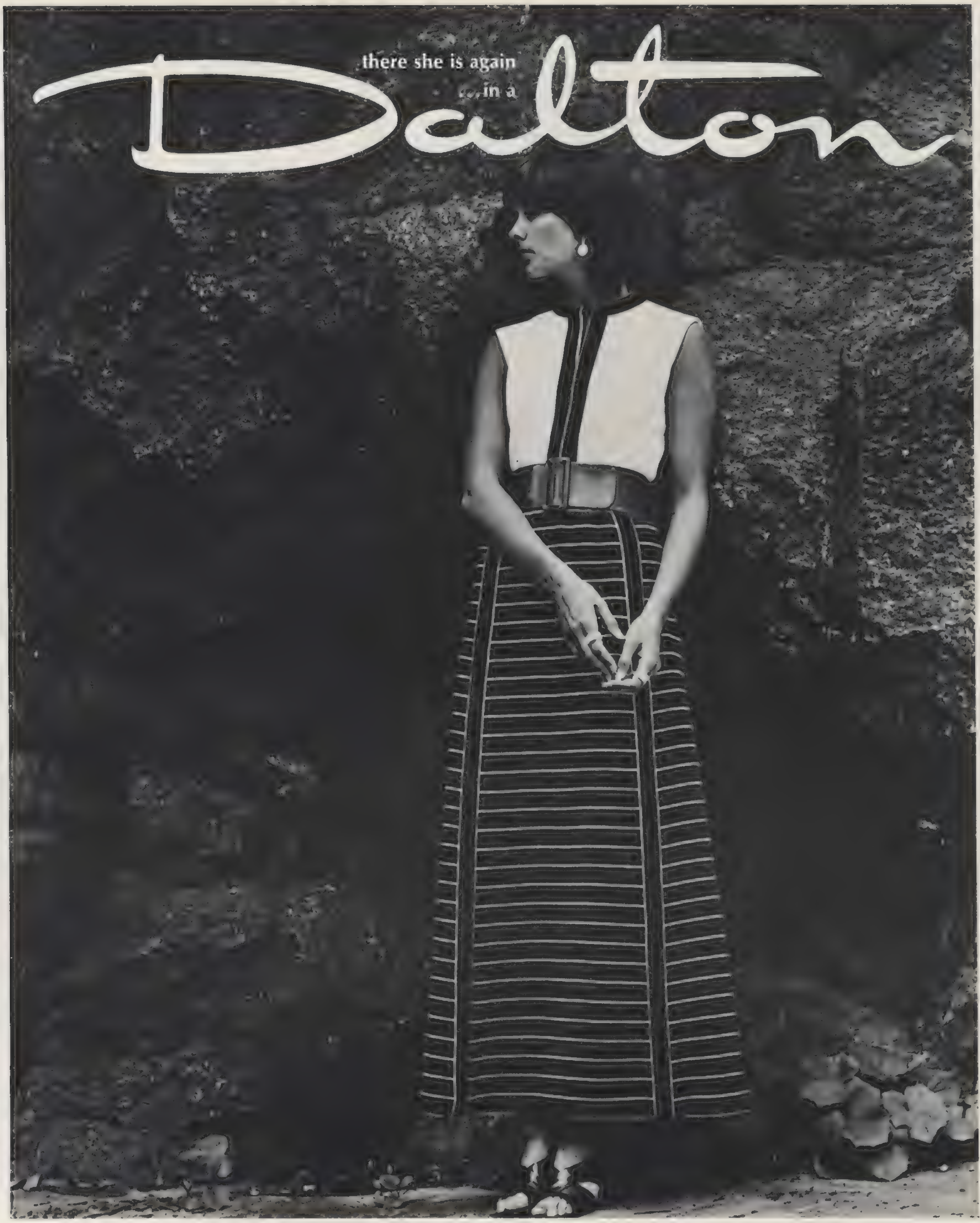
And that's the truth.

Bali®

Styles shown are Flower Bali® Lo, Sno-Flake® Seamless, and Sno-Flake® Wired Bandeau.

We think you'll like this perfume. We named it after you.

PARFUMS MARCEL ROCHAS PARIS/NEW YORK



Something striking for all the exciting occasions coming up. Dalton's architectural dress fashioning of double knit Trevira Star® polyester. Navy and white with red belt or red and white with navy belt, sizes 6 to 14, about $75 Slightly higher in the West.

Featured at Bonwit Teller, Montaldo's, Jacobson's-Michigan, Carson Pirie Scott, Bullock's, and other fine stores everywhere.

DALTON OF AMERICA, NEW YORK CITY OR WILLOUGHBY, OHIO. ALSO MAKERS OF JAMES KENROB SPORTSWEAR.

SPOTLIGHT
Books

THE AFFAIR OF GABRIELLE RUSSIER

For loving a younger man, Gabrielle Russier was persecuted to death in France

By Judith Peabody

The letters, most of them written from prison, that make up *The Affair of Gabrielle Russier* (Alfred A. Knopf), a deeply troubling book, are the letters of a thirty-one-year-old Frenchwoman, a highly respected professor in a French *lycée*, divorced, with two children, who had a brief affair in the summer of 1968 with one of her students, a boy then sixteen years old. Gabrielle Russier was brought to court by the student's family (also professors), judged, and subsequently imprisoned twice on the charge of *détournement de mineur*, "deviation of a minor." Within four months after her release in June 1969, she was found dead in her apartment in Marseilles, a suicide from inhalation of gas.

Gabrielle Russier's imprisonment, and, shortly after, her tragic death, caused a furor throughout France. Many French liberals were indignant that she could have been so severely punished for something so ordinary—what about *Le diable au corps, Le rouge et le noir, Chéri,* with their stories of affairs between older women and younger men? Others, a more vocal majority, wrote to newspapers and went on radio and television to express their shock at the terrible thing that Gabrielle Russier had done. After all, as a half-American French Protestant, with all that that implies in terms of puritanism and virtue, the daughter of a successful Parisian lawyer, and the granddaughter of a clergyman, she simply should have known better. But the young man she had chosen to love had not been average. Serious and temperamental, at sixteen Christian Rossi had the intelligence of someone twenty-four. Tall, husky, bearded, and with a tendency to be somewhat disheveled, he looked considerably older than his years. He was already completely immersed in left-wing politics; and, as an ardent Maoist, he considered his Communist parents—both of whom were intellectuals—stuffy, dull, and bourgeois in their attitudes. He had had other affairs with older women. Although Gabrielle Russier initiated the relationship, Christian Rossi soon became aggressive in his own right, once breaking down her door when she refused to let him in and, later in their brief affair, going to see her every weekend he could get away from the home for delinquent boys to which he had been sent as a result of their affair.

Why then did this relationship become a scandal in France? If love affairs had always been considered crimes, French prisons would have overflowed long ago. Certainly it was not the first time a teacher had had an affair with a student. Mavis Gallant notes in her informative and eloquent introduction to the book of Gabrielle Russier's letters that, in the case of a fifty-year-old dean of a university faculty and his affair with a seventeen-year-old student, there was never any mention of *détournement de mineur*. The dean's wife simply got a divorce by presenting as evidence their love letters, which she had managed to obtain. But then a Don Juan, particularly in Latin countries, is often treated with tolerance, even faint amusement. Men will be men, and their behavior with women is inevitable. Women, on the other hand, are caught in a web of conventional respectability. If they dare to break out, they must suffer the consequences—punishment and scorn. For Gabrielle Russier, the punishment and scorn were extraordinary. In no way had she corrupted Christian. During their affair, she continued to play the role of teacher by urging Christian Rossi to read the right books, see the right films, and study his Italian.

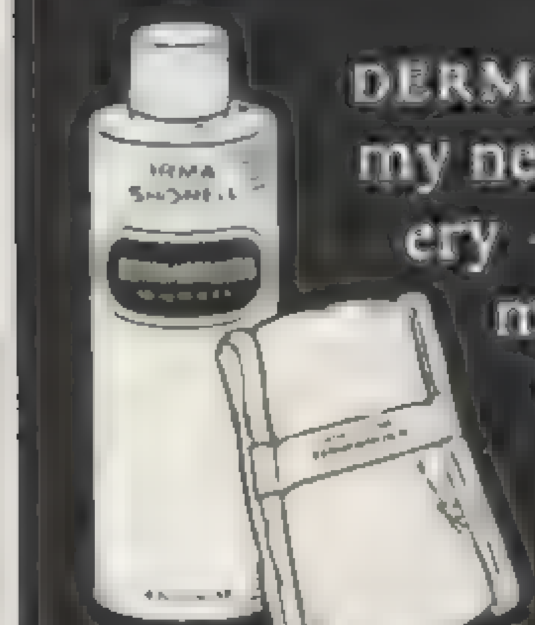
There is no question that Gabrielle Russier was persecuted not so much for what she had so openly done but very simply because she was a woman. It is heartbreaking to read time and time again in her letters: "If only what is happening to me could at least serve for something! . . . There are days when I seem slightly dead, others when the torment is so great that I suffocate. . . . I never stop asking myself what I'm doing here, why they are letting me plunge deeper and deeper into a prison worse than prison itself. . . . I no longer know where truth and justice lie. . . . Slowly, insidiously, the attempt on my life is reaching a climax."

At times Gabrielle Russier seems naïve, and her deepest needs are never made totally clear. Her affair with Christian Rossi is curious—made even stranger still by his almost complete absence from her letters. In prison, "her cause" had replaced Christian Rossi in her thoughts. Yet, although she remains an enigma in many ways, it is painfully shown in her last despair-filled letters that her death was at the hands of the most violent anti-feminism. In his moving preface to her letters, her friend Raymond Jean says, "Shrewder people will go about challenging society obliquely. Gabrielle faced it head on."

For this Gabrielle Russier was destroyed. ▼

An IRMA SHORELL discovery
DERMABRäSE/35

"It's like having A *NEW SKIN IN 7 DAYS"



DERMABRASE/35 — my new facial discovery — is one of the most remarkable breakthroughs in the care of the skin. It makes possible a clearer, younger-looking *NEW SKIN. It clarifies, stimulates, helps refine pores and brings fresh, purifying blood to the surface.

DERMABRASE/35, with its Patented Applicator, was developed in concert with a leading Dermatologist. Used as directed—it has reduced, often eliminated excess oiliness, clogged pores, skin blemishes, such as whiteheads, blackheads.

REMARKABLE RESULTS

Its dermabrasive action removed the dry, flaky, dead skin cells which form the gray lifeless veil over the *NEW LIVING SKIN in just 7 days . . . revealing the fresh, lively new skin underneath.

Non-irritating and antibacterial, it is absolutely safe for even the most sensitive skin when my regimen is followed. See for yourself—Start enjoying a clearer, glorious complexion today!

Irma Shorell

Write or phone

HENRI BENDEL
New York
GARFINCKEL'S
Washington
NEIMAN-MARCUS
Dallas • Houston • Fort Worth
Bal Harbour

VOGUE

The Exceptional Christmas Present

GIVE BEAUTIFULLY

GIVE LAVISHLY

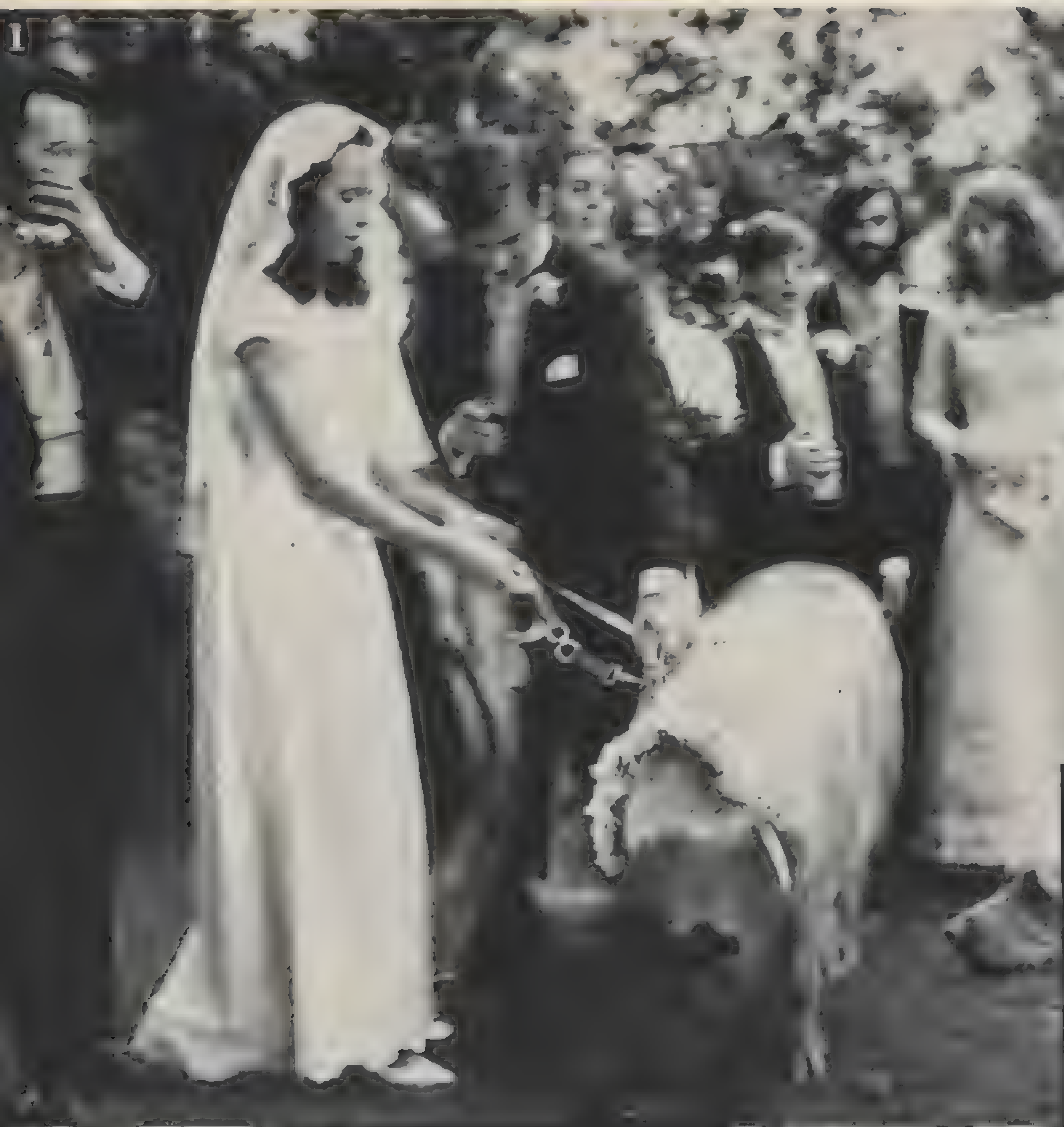
GIVE VOGUE

Use the convenient order form attached.

And Piggy came too . . .

the McGrath-Evans wedding

The wedding of Lisa Neva McGrath and Johnston Evans in Westbury, Long Island, was fresh and pretty as a daisy: a white lace family wedding dress; a sky-high wedding cake and buffet lunch under striped tents set up on rolling green lawns; a perfect, sunny day; bridesmaids in crisp, ruffled green-checked gingham dresses and big leghorn straw hats carrying bouquets of daisies; nearly five hundred guests—family and friends spanning several generations—plus one surprise guest. That was Piggy in his collar of pink carnations. Piggy started out as a tiny, living Christmas present from Mr. Evans to his fiancée. Piggy, given the run of the McGrath garden, foraged all spring for flowers, grass, roots, and berries; then, grown-up, scrubbed-up, and beflowered for the occasion, he came to the wedding and had a perfectly splendid time.

1


2

3

4

6

7

8

9

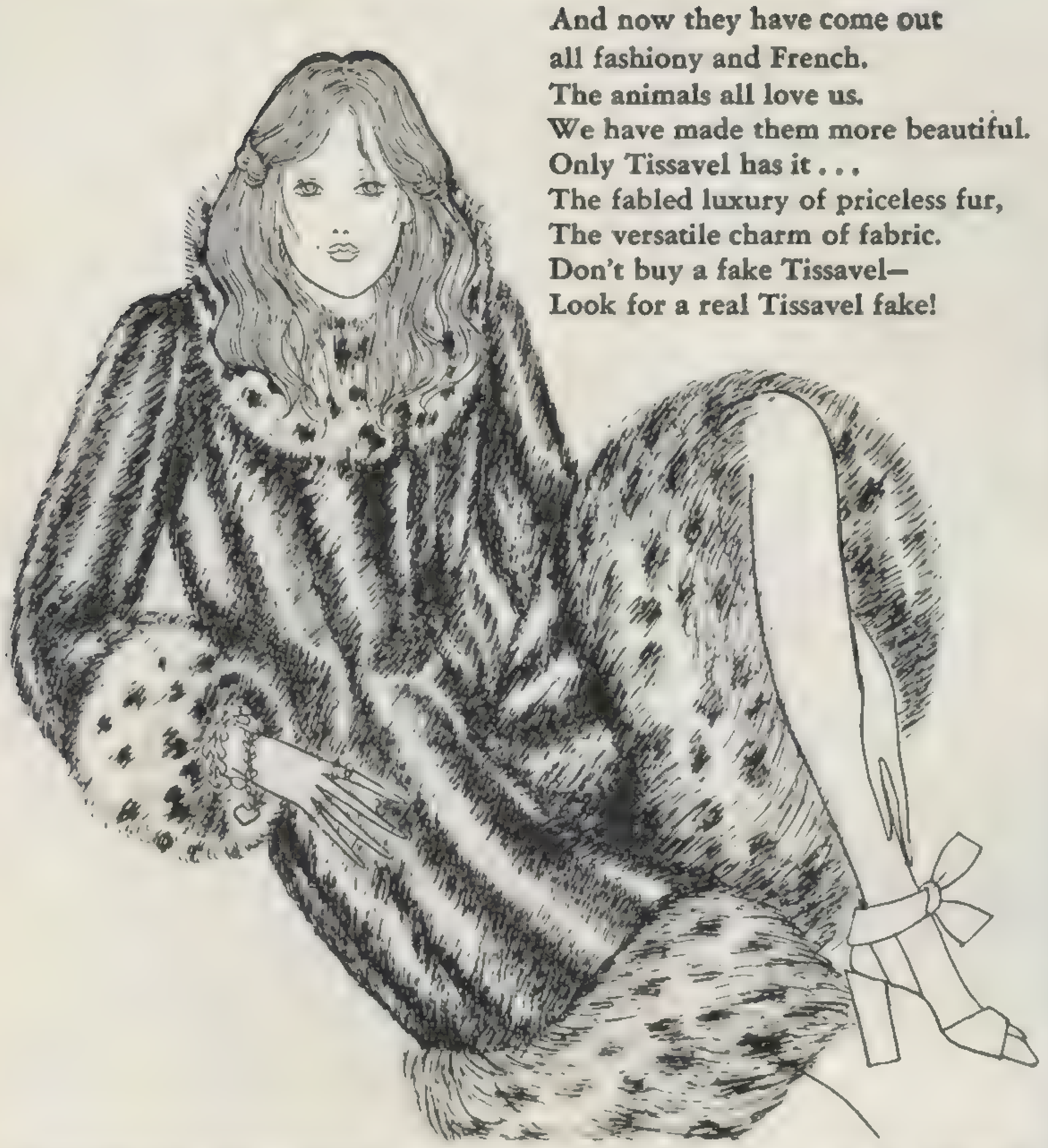
10

1. The groom, Mr. Johnston Evans, center, looks on as his bride, the former Lisa Neva McGrath, shows off Piggy in his collar of pink carnations. 2. Mrs. William Osborne. 3. Miss Becky Williams. 4. Bridesmaids Miss Sheila Rauch, Mrs. John Pope, and Miss Nini Brooke. Bridesmaids wore green-checked gingham, leghorn hats with green ribbons, and carried daisies. 5. Mrs. John Pope. 6. Miss Justine Cushing and Mr. Christopher T. Moore, junior. 7. Mrs. Allen J. Corey, Mr. Charles Leonard, and Mrs. Richard Blaine. 8. Going into the Church of the Advent in Westbury, Long Island. 9. Mr. William Steele, Miss Susanna Natti. 10. Mr. David Rockefeller arriving in his helicopter.

N°5
CHANEL
PERFUME

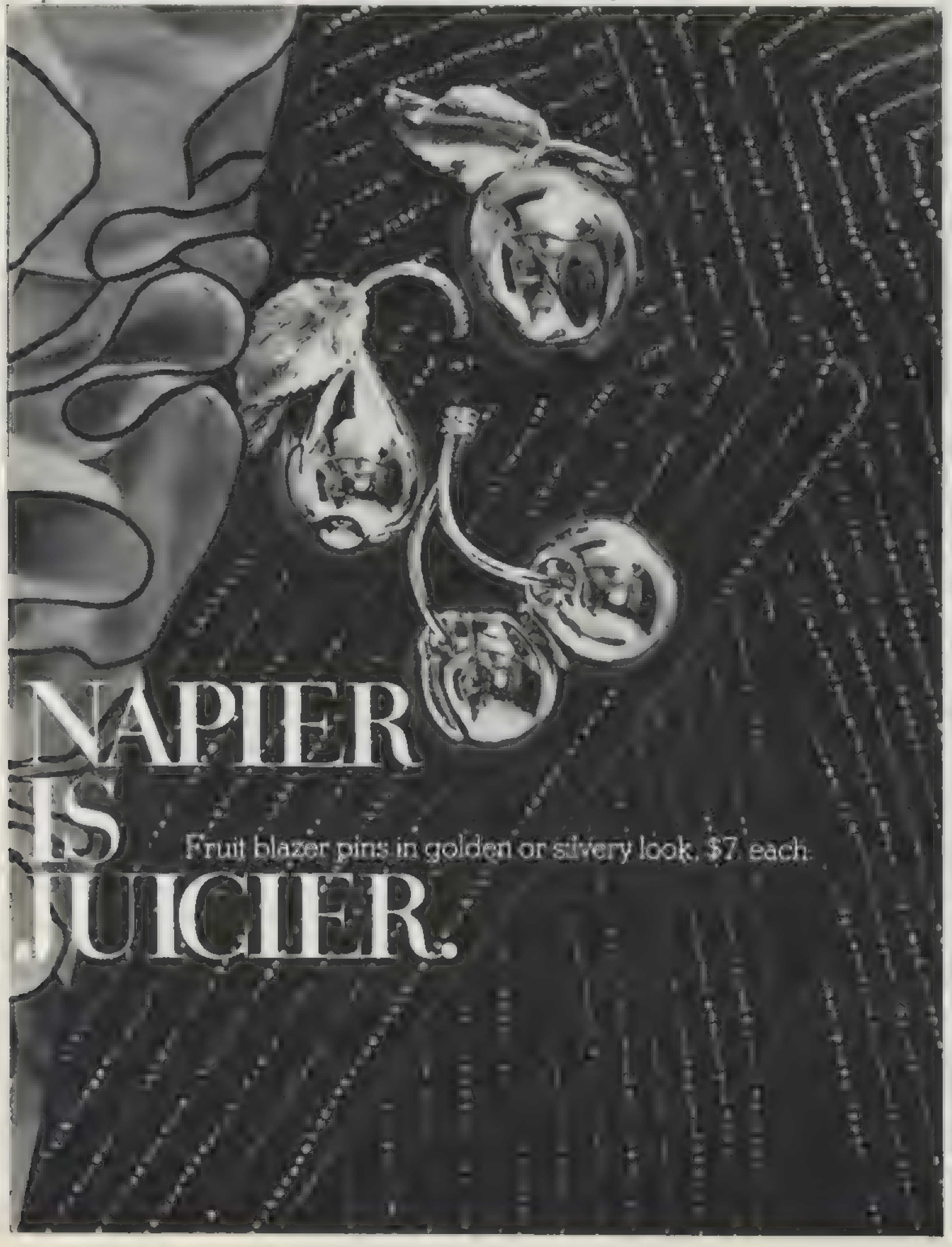
Tissavel talks to the animals with a French accent!

And now they have come out
all fashiony and French.
The animals all love us.
We have made them more beautiful.
Only Tissavel has it . . .
The fabled luxury of priceless fur,
The versatile charm of fabric.
Don't buy a fake Tissavel—
Look for a real Tissavel fake!



FOR INFORMATION WRITE: TISSAVEL SA, P.O. BOX 32, HALLUIN 59, FRANCE.

Napier 530 Fifth Avenue, NY 10036. At fine stores everywhere



Red-and-white

Riviera dazzle

They came on planes and boats and trains, they came from New York and Paris and all along the Riviera for the Raffles Club Red and White Gala at the Hotel Du Cap in Cap d'Antibes. There were dozens of pre-party parties on the twinkling yachts in the harbor and in villas perched above the sea. At half-past ten, Earl Blackwell's 400 guests (all wearing, by request, red and/or white) marched down a double row of drum majorettes for dinner and dancing at the Eden Roc Pavillon until a spectacular fireworks display climaxed the Riviera season.

5

6

JACK NISBERG

7

8

1. Miss Elvira Berndorff. 2. Duc and Duchesse de Crussol d'Uzès. 3. Mrs. Joseph Lauder, The Begum Aga Khan. 4. Signa. Sylvia Cornacchia. 5. Baron Alexis de Redé, Miss Liza Minelli watching the fireworks. 6. The Duchess of Argyll and Mrs. Guilford Dudley, junior. 7. Mrs. Charles Revson, who carried a walkie-talkie to stay in touch with the Revson yacht, chatting with Mme. Jean-Noel Grinda. 8. Mlle. Paulette Loos, Sgr. Gianfranco Santi, Mlle. Danièle de Courcelle.

BE GOOD AT BEING BAD.

MY SIN
EXTRAIT DE
LANVIN
PARIS
FRANCE

PERFUME, $6 TO $35. EAU MY SIN ATOMISEUR, $7.50. DUSTING POWDER, $5.
© 1971 LANVIN PARFUMS

First-Time Douching vs. Norforms
(Or, the new doucher's dilemma)

11:02
Today's the first time you've ever douched to stop internal odor.

11:03
You read the directions for mixing the liquid. It's 3 pages long. They're kidding!

11:07
Now you unwrap the douching apparatus. How ugly. Then you read *its* instructions. How awkward!

11:10
At last, you're properly positioned to begin douching. How uncomfortable!

11:15
Still douching. You never saw such a mess.

11:20
Still douching. What a drag!

11:25
All that mess still to clean up...

11:02
Instead, today you decide to try Norforms® *The Internal Deodorant.*™

11:03
Just insert one tiny Norforms. So easy...and safe! No mess, no fuss, no mistakes to make.

11:07
Doctor-tested Norforms quickly kill germs—stop odor. And unlike douches, they can be used as often as needed.

11:10
You'll feel clean and odor-free for hours with Norforms.

Norforms
Antiseptic · Deodorant

Stops odor in a way no douche can—easier, too!

FREE BOOKLET: "Answers to Questions Women Ask." Write: Norwich Pharmacal Co., Dept. VO-11, Norwich, N.Y. 13815.

Name__________
Street__________
City__________
State__________ Zip__________
Don't forget your zip code.

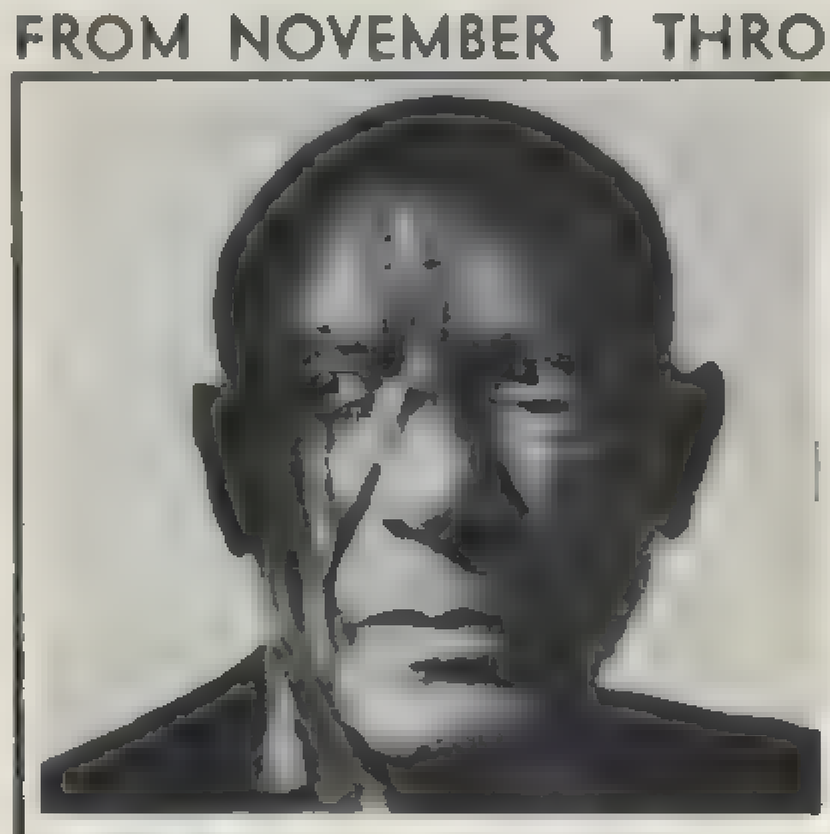
np Norwich Products Division, The Norwich Pharmacal Co.

VOGUE'S

HORO-SCOPE

BY MARIA ELISE CRUMMERE

FROM NOVEMBER 1 THROUGH NOVEMBER 15



PABLO PICASSO was born October 25, 1881, in the power-loving sign of Scorpio. On his chart, five planets (out of ten) are in Earth signs. The unique creative planet Uranus, the planet of fame, is in trine (best aspect) to an unusual array of history-makers: Pluto, Neptune, Saturn, and Jupiter—all in resolute Taurus. This shows remarkable strength and the ability to conquer any technique he may need to work in any medium. His unrelenting nature—typical of Scorpio—is fixed on attaining success through total devotion to his work. He is capable of great resourcefulness in problem-solving.

ARIES, March 21–April 20. Each sign expresses its individuality of will, according to the principles of the sign. When starting in new fields of operation, Aries employs energy and aggression. The first week of the month is the most effective for you, since your ruler, Mars, ends its transit through the Fame sign Aquarius, good to Aries. The time is right to initiate new enduring functions and to present them to the public.

TAURUS, April 21–May 21. The salient factor in Taurus's individuality is value—bartering with energy, steadily, for a material return. During the first week of the month you must concentrate on your goal. There may be contentious partners during the remainder of the period, but they should not divert your plan. Refuse to agree to a demand made by an organized power. Wait until the new moon changes the situation.

GEMINI, May 22–June 21. Gemini's first thought is for communication. Your individuality suffers if the gateway to reaction is blocked. For the first week of the month, some force balks your efforts by means of argument. Red tape prevails, and an older partner resists your proposals. Suddenly, as the period ends, the news is promising; an idea is sold at a high price; everything is moving for you.

CANCER, June 22–July 23. The self-protection urge is basic to your personality. Though you collect, you share willingly, nourishing others. To preserve the life balance—the rule of nature—suits the cosmic parent in you. The first week gives you a powerful start on consolidating a public service that you are asked to perform. Move quickly, the time is short. As the period ends, the right of way moves to the opposition.

LEO, July 24–August 23. The force and power—effected with dignity—basic to the Leo personality will be challenged during the first week of the month. If your natural extravagance is not curbed in offsetting this test, the chance (Continued on page 88)

DIANE
LOVE
for
TRIFARI®

JEWELRY DESIGNS COPYRIGHTED

A NEW ERA
...A NEW ART.

Images of ancient art, in authentic replica, become the jewelry of today...their beauty enhanced by contemporary design. Diane Love is shown wearing some of the jewels from her brilliant collection for Trifari. From about $20 to $80.

"Today's woman can create sunshine
all around her by the clothes she wears,
the fragrance that is her own
ambiance, her own atmosphere. I have created
this new parfum just for her."

—Hubert de Givenchy

GIVENCHY III
the beautiful environment

GIVENCHY III
PARIS
GIVENCHY III
PARFUM
GIVENCHY-PARIS

VOGUE'S
HOROSCOPE

(Continued from page 86)

of loss threatens. There may be two adversaries: one who argues, one who enforces the rules. If you bide your time and are magnanimous, the tide eventually will turn in your favor.

VIRGO, August 24–September 23. You seek perfection by attempting to purge others of negatives and yourself of wasteful habits. Even so, it takes soul-searching for you to make the ultimate decision about anything. The first week is a good time for resolving problems. Hurry; after that, many questions intervene, decision-making is challenged. The demands coming from many sources will require juggling.

LIBRA, September 24–October 23. Since your nature demands harmony, a state of non-action requires your total resourcefulness. You need another person to balance your energy. The first week you will need to use the efforts of others to make this time fulfilling. The pace must be kept to gain the best. The play falls to others, leaving you the spectator (which suits you), as these two weeks come to an end.

SCORPIO, October 24–November 22. You have powers of penetration, like to "dig in." The first week is tailored to your needs; you can accomplish any feat, if one associate contending against your aggression is ignored. Until all is completed, your involvement will be easy. After the first week, when you step back from the job, you will receive the benefits of others' activities—particularly in financial matters.

SAGITTARIUS, November 23–December 22. The free manner, individual to Sagittarians, that you use extravagantly is envied. This constant optimism may free you from many predicaments, could insure your final winning. The first week does not suit your program; the second week belongs to you. An old friend poses a problem. You receive good news concerning money; a dream hovering over all will be realized at a later date.

CAPRICORN, December 23–January 20. Your strongest trait: ambition. Capricorn rules the tenth house, the highest in the zodiacal wheel. In atmospheres of inertia, Capricorn feels blighted. You find fulfillment in your search for solutions to life's problems. The first week is demanding; that suits you, is applicable to your projects. Then wait; the power transits into the hands of partners, with whom you share.

AQUARIUS, January 21–February 18. Those born in Aquarius are highly intuitive, the avant-garde of the zodiac; they lean detachedly toward scientific phenomena. Lightning-like, you grasp ideas whole, are bored by detail. The first week is the end of Mars's transit through your sign, which has lasted six months, completing the most exciting experience of total involvement in new and unusual projects. That now must end.

PISCES, February 19–March 20. Impressionable, Pisces is always of two minds, in a continual search for self-resolution. The first week suits your attempts to grow, to become more single-minded. Quickly organize choices, actions, and powers suitable to your purpose. After that, the remaining period brings ideas you may not be able to implement. Mars enters your sign, energizing you to pull hard toward your goals.

It's only natural.

NATURAL MENTHOL™...
not the artificial kind. That's what gives Salem Super Kings
a taste that's never harsh or hot. You always get
an extra long taste of Springtime.

Extra long.

Salem
Salem
MENTHOL FRESH
Premium Length
Salem
Salem
Salem

21 mg. "tar", 1.5 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report NOV.'70.

[illegible]

Purse Power!

When it comes to purse power, our French Purse carries a lot of weight. It's all in the Princess "Tri-Partite"* feature—3 compartments to separate cash, coins and credit. So compact there's even room to spare. Add a lip gloss here, some papers there. Our French Purse keeps everything under control. Available in a variety of styles, colors and leathers. — From $5.00.

PRINCESS GARDNER®

*Patented Prince Gardner, St. Louis, Mo. A Division of SWANK INC

JANET SHOOK DESIGNS
Needlepoint Brochure $2.00

6700 N. New Braunfels
San Antonio, Texas 78209

Representatives in Midland, Dallas, Houston, Tex.; Baltimore, Md.; Davenport, Iowa; Atlanta, Ga.; Indianapolis, Ind.; Roanoke, Va.; Brecksville, Ohio; Omaha, Nebr.; Tequesta, Fla.; Waverly, Pa.; Jacksonville, N.C.; Tucson, Ariz.; Memphis, Tenn.; Milwaukee, Wisc.; Rochester, N.Y.; Oklahoma City, Tulsa, Okla.; Palm Desert, Glendale, Calif.

VOGUE'S FOOD GAZETTE

JILL KREMENTZ

Gabriella Canfield, left, cooks her two sauces for Maxime McKendry

Someone's in the kitchen with Maxime:

GABRIELLA CANFIELD

By Maxime McKendry

To Gabriella Canfield, cooking is a restorative, a healing ritual that lofts the spirit and firms the mind. "I'm a genius at cooking when I'm depressed . . . I invent things . . . my energy pours out from everywhere . . . then I freeze the results—sometimes for months." Friends of Gabriella and her husband—Cass Canfield, junior—are legatees of these sprees; Gabriella invites people back to their rambly apartment, hung with family-keepsake paintings and overlooking New York's Central Park, for dinner or supper after a party. Then she thaws one of her earlier inventions, and *subito* the meal is ready. Most often dinners are for twelve or fourteen, with everyone around the vast dining-room table, with service from the warming tray and sideboard and a total absence of stuffy protocol no matter how brilliant the company.

For a country home for the Canfield family (sons Temple and Lewis—called Luigi—are six and five), Gabriella, who was born in Florence, Italy, chose Fishers Island, off the coast of Connecticut, as the place most like Tuscany. Her native Italian—along with French and Spanish—helps her in reading for her husband, an American publisher, manuscripts from Europe and Latin America (where she lived as a child) and in her research for a thesis she is writing on Flemish paintings in Italy during the fifteenth century.

The Tuscan tone glints in Gabriella's walnut-brown hair and blue eyes, in her warm rosy skin and warm deep voice. On the door of the refrigerator in the roomy white-tiled kitchen of her apartment is posted this sign: BE SLIM/FITNESS IS BEAUTIFUL/BE STRONG and, below it, a copy of Vogue's Super Diet; but the diet surely cannot be much needed to maintain her tiny waist. The open shelves nearby hold a number of cookbooks including a huge volume marked *La Cucina de Casa Mia*, but most of Gabriella's Italian dishes come not from its pages but from her inspiration. Here are a few, along with her special advice.

(*Continued on page 92*)

Nothing tops ANDREA Wash 'n Wear EYELASHES...

...quite like ANDREA Wet 'n Dry EYETONES

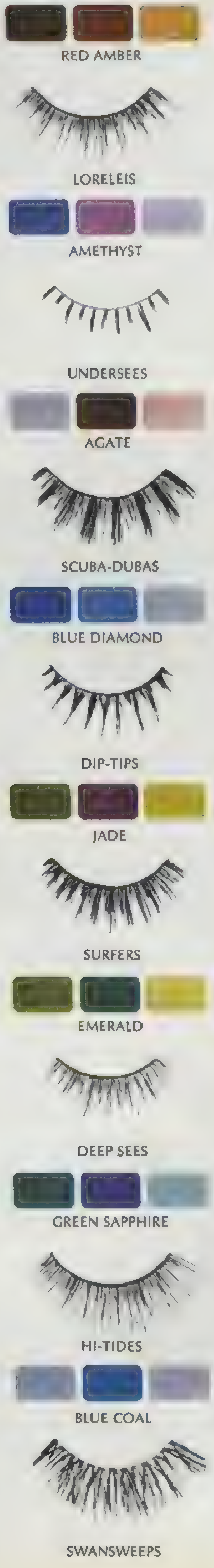
And now Andrea tunes in **The Tone-y Eye.** Intense, un-dense. Turned on as never before by richer, deeper, truer, prism-pure **multicolors** you apply wet or dry—tone on tone on tone. As different as day and night—in a crescendo of coordinated combos you can vary in intensity to match your tempo of the hour. Mix 'em mild for your daytime doings... blend 'em wild for evening excitement... mix 'n blend any mood you're in at the time. In eight electrifying **Eyetone Trios,** now appearing at fine cosmetics counters everywhere. Pick up the magic double-tipped baton (sponge-end for dry dabbing, brush-end for wet runs) and start playing.

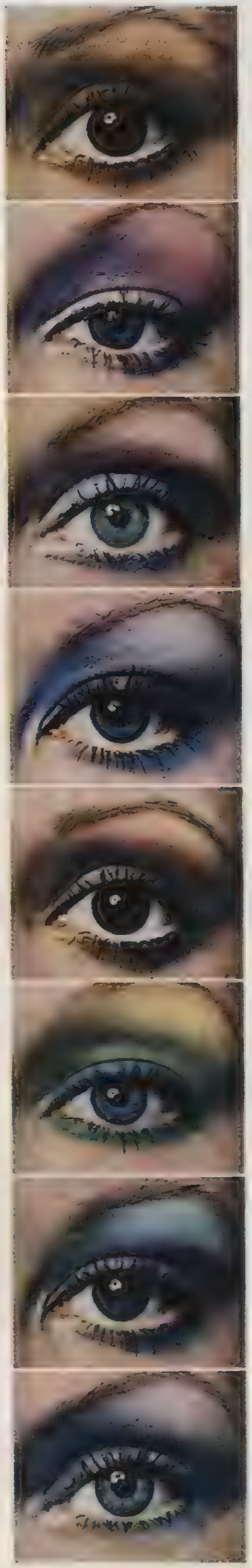
Versatility Unlimited! Find the looks you like...then choose the Trios that make them happen. Shown are not only the basic tones, but the variations you can improvise on each. Harmonize all three, any two, or play it solo...add water for a softer look, apply more tone to come on as strong as you want. EYETONE TRIOS, $3.50. WASH 'N WEAR EYELASHES, $5.00.

ANDREA

YOUR PERSONAL EYEDRESSER

ANDREA RAAB CORP., BROOKLYN, N.Y. 11234


RED AMBER
LORELEIS
AMETHYST
UNDERSEES
AGATE
SCUBA-DUBAS
BLUE DIAMOND
DIP-TIPS
JADE
SURFERS
EMERALD
DEEP SEES
GREEN SAPPHIRE
HI-TIDES
BLUE COAL
SWANSWEEPS



If you want to inspire something lasting, do it with something that lasts.

Tabu. The lasting fragrance.

Dana

PERFUME · SPRAY COLOGNE · DUSTING POWDER · SOAP · LIPSTICK

(Continued from page 90)

Salsa per spaghetti piccante

In a big pot put lots of water with salt; when it is really boiling, add some oil, then throw in the spaghetti. Boil until just tender.

Meanwhile, in a small saucepan combine tinned Italian tomatoes (drained) with fresh tomatoes, seeded and chopped. Add "enough oil and lots of basil fresh or dried," salt and pepper, and a bit of sugar. Cook briefly on a low fire. "In this country people cook tomatoes for hours, therefore they have no taste whatever. Cook them as little as possible."

In a small skillet, combine oil, crushed red pepper, lots of peeled garlic. Sauté until garlic is slightly brown, then add canned anchovy fillets, mashing with a wooden spoon until they practically melt in the oil. Then add some chopped pitted black olives.

By now the spaghetti should be cooked; throw some cold water in the pot and take it off the fire ("The cold water makes them stop cooking"); drain, put spaghetti into a nice "thing" with some butter. Serve with two sauces. Friends can choose between adding only one sauce or both the tomato and the anchovy; but do not serve grated cheese; never with fishy sauces.

Pesce all'acqua di mare

In an ovenproof dish, dress thickly cut halibut steak with lemon juice, salt, pepper, chopped parsley, and oil. Bake until just tender, add more fresh chopped parsley, and serve with fresh string-bean salad (or boiled fresh zucchini or peas).

Insalata di frutta

By dessert time, Gabriella has had enough of cooking, so she prepares something very simple, often sliced bananas and oranges, dressed with 1 part lemon juice, 2 parts orange juice, and a little sugar or liqueur.

Sugo di carne alla Toscana

"Practically at all times I have some of this sauce waiting inside the freezer to be thawed for last-minute dinners."

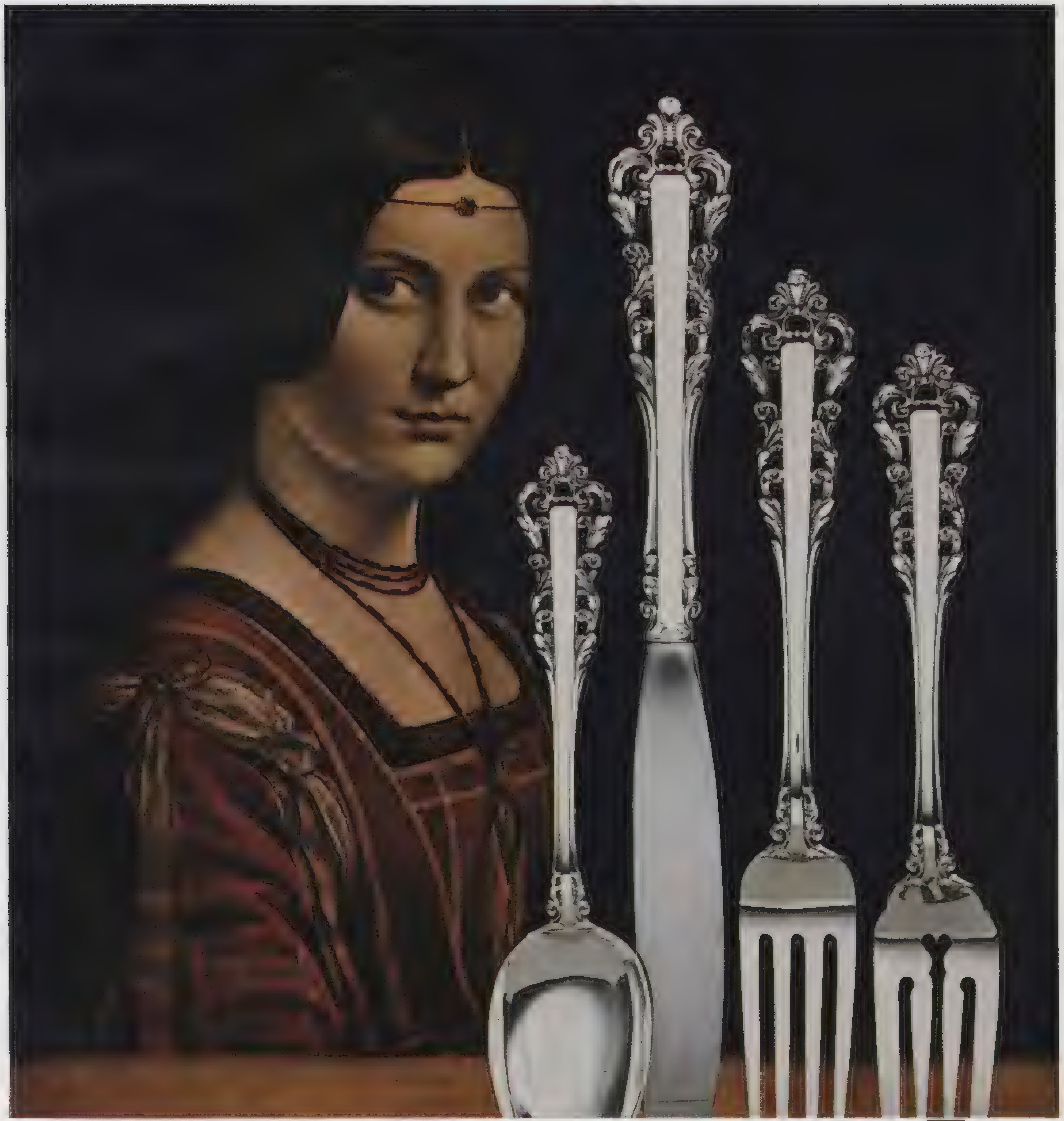
Mix chopped beef, veal, chicken (including giblets). Finely chop 2 carrots, 1 onion, a few celery stalks, and some fresh basil and sauté in oil until soft; add meat and cook at high heat until the meat loses its red color. Add a glass of red wine and simmer until wine cooks away. If needed, add some broth and let meat simmer. Soak dried mushrooms in a cup of water; chop them and add with the soaking water to the meat. Add 1 cup chopped seeded tomatoes, pepper and salt. Simmer about 15 minutes.

"If this sauce is frozen, check it when thawed and perhaps add more salt, pepper, or basil. Good for spaghetti, rigatoni, chioccioloni, penne, ziti, e gnocchi."

Medici. The newest Gorham Sterling Original.

Proud in heritage. Magnificently sculptured. Delicately pierced. A new design achievement in sterling, inspired by the legend of the Medicis—reigning family of Florence during the flourishing Renaissance. Medici Sterling. Five centuries old in inspiration. Timeless in the grand Gorham tradition.

To complement new Medici Sterling, Gorham has created the Lorenzo de' Medici design in fine, translucent China. And de' Medici Crystal; full-leaded, hand-blown and hand-cut. Both from Gorham's new collection of China and Crystal table fashions.



LEONARDO DA VINCI (1452-1519): "PORTRAIT OF UNKNOWN WOMAN." REPRINTED COURTESY OF THE LOUVRE, PARIS.

©1971 GORHAM, DIVISION OF textron PROVIDENCE, R. I.

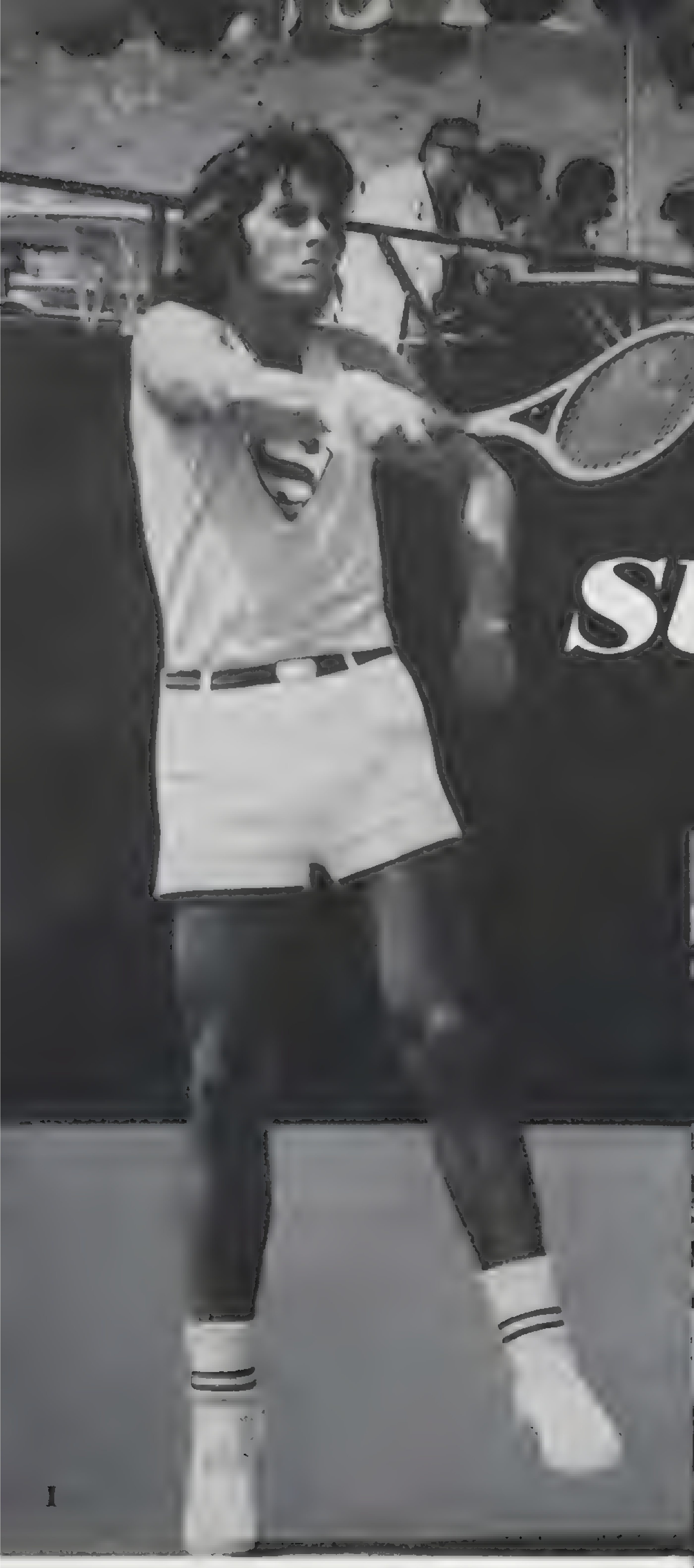
SMIRNOFF SILVER
Ste Pierre Smirnoff Fls
VODKA
90.4 PROOF
DISTILLED FROM GRAIN

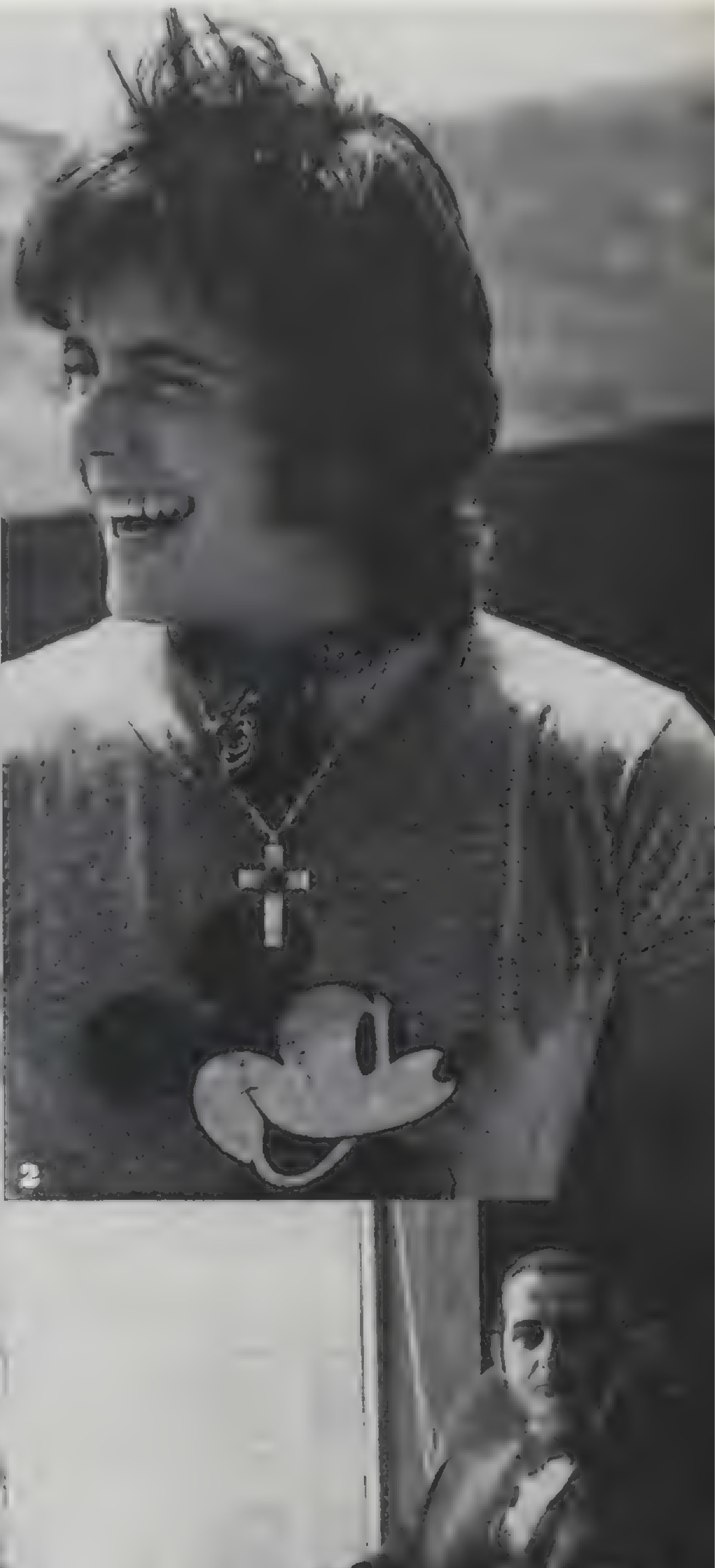
The Silver Martini.
For people who want a silver lining
without the cloud.

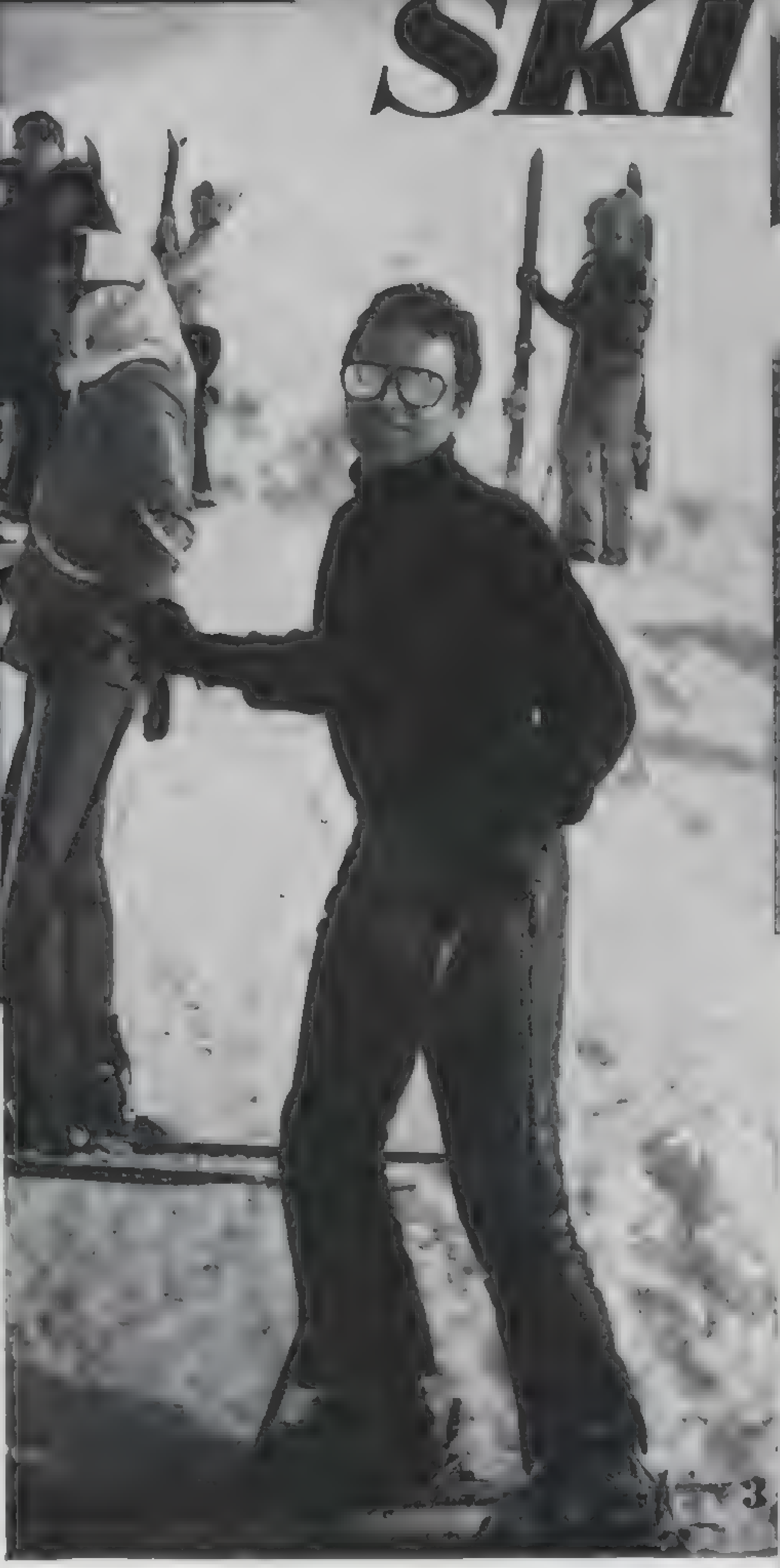
Smirnoff Silver
Ninety point four proof. Smirnoff leaves you breathless.

All over, any time, men shape the season to suit themselves

ELLEN BLUME GRAHAM







VITTORIO CAMERANA

BERRY BERENSON

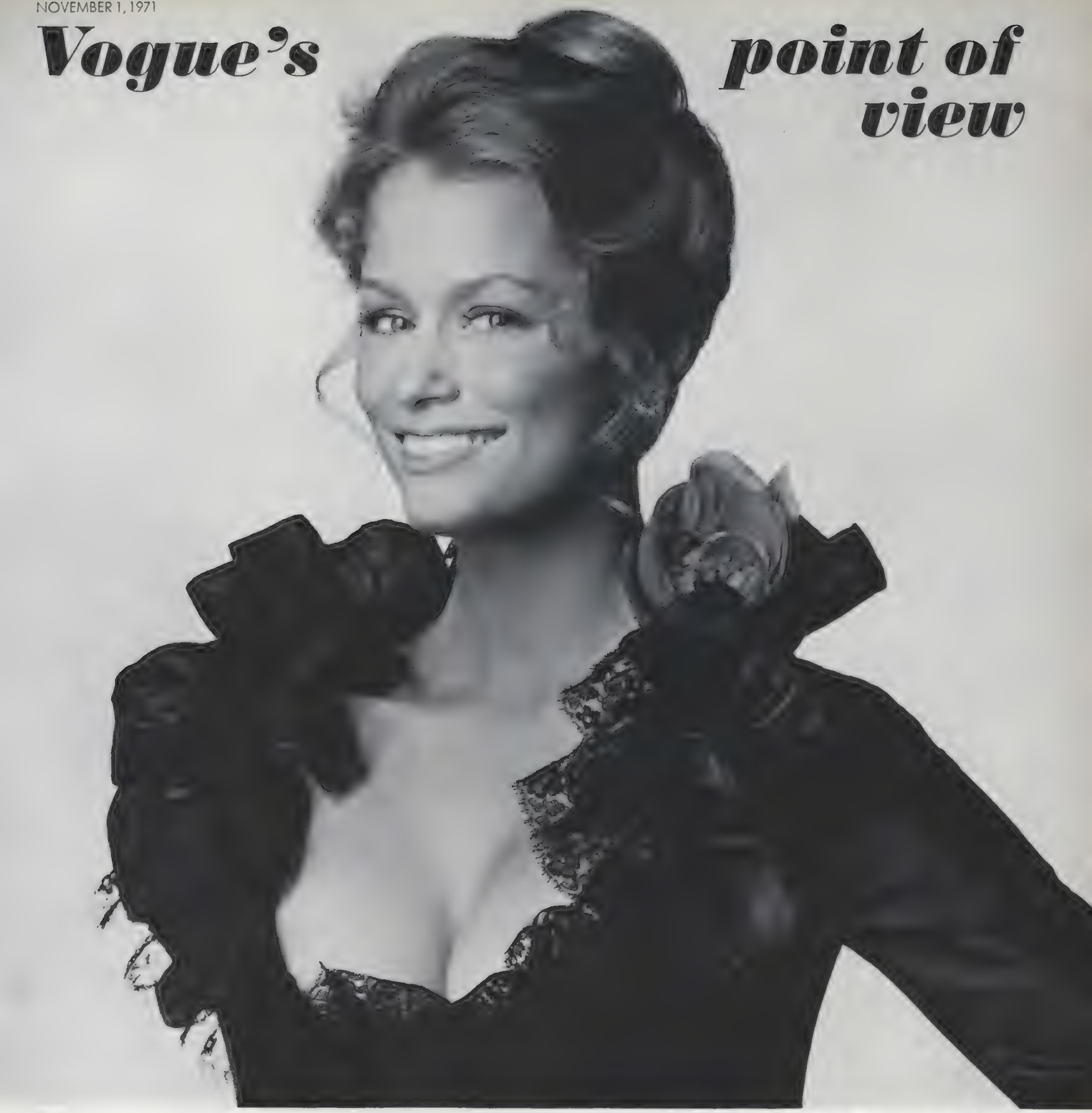
1. Desi Arnaz, Jr., gets some smash into court clothes at La Costa in California with a series of bright T-shirts—to relax but not break the tennis rule of dress. **2.** After play, Desi switches to a Mickey Mouse T-shirt, adds a Paisley scarf, jeweled silver cross and chain to snap it up. . . . **3.** Taki Theodoracopulos at Les Arcs near Gstaad, Switzerland, skis in warm-up pants, much more comfortable than stretch pants even when the weather's warm enough for a bulky turtleneck, such as he wears, rather than a parka . . . he also sports the rage of the slopes: red boots and silver glasses. . . . At Gstaad and other ski resorts this season, look for: lots of nonskid fabrics, more quilting. . . . **4.** Giancarlo Uzielli in New York, impeccably set for the nonstop stretch of black-tie evenings that starts now. His dinner suit is properly black, with new wide satin lapels and a matching waistcoat. His tailor: Di Pino, 37 West 57th Street. . . . ***News for noses:*** For any man at any season, Yves Saint Laurent has just introduced a perfectly balanced, clean and dry scent for men. Yves Saint Laurent Pour Hommes is packaged with the designer's customary distinction in crystal bottles with a carnelian-red top. Eau de Toilette, 4 oz., $7.50. After Shave, $6. Exclusively: Saint Laurent Rive Gauche for Men, 543 Madison Ave.

Your jeweler can show you many exciting diamond pieces starting as low as $100 De Beers Consolidated Mines, Ltd.

Rip-roaring-diamonds.
Obtainable.
Untamable.
If you're tired of the side show.
Take on the center ring.

A diamond is for now.

Vogue's point of view



PENN

HAVE A LITTLE DAZZLE

On the theory that one picture is sometimes worth a few thousand words, we give you—by way of rustling in the season of long nights and high spirits—the lace-ruffled, low-cut, short black taffeta dress worn by Lauren Hutton, above. As for the flirt and sexiness and gaiety of it—we do not underestimate our readers. . . . The only thing this dress doesn't say for itself is: Don Breitinger designed it for Harold Levine, of silk taffeta; and it's about $230, at Bergdorf Goodman; Jacobson's, Michigan; Swanson's; May D & F. With it: a little dazzle at the ears, by William de Lillo; and a rose that's a rose forever—red organza from Flower Modes. Suga coif.

HAVE A LITTLE DAZZLE IN YOUR LIFE RIGHT NOW

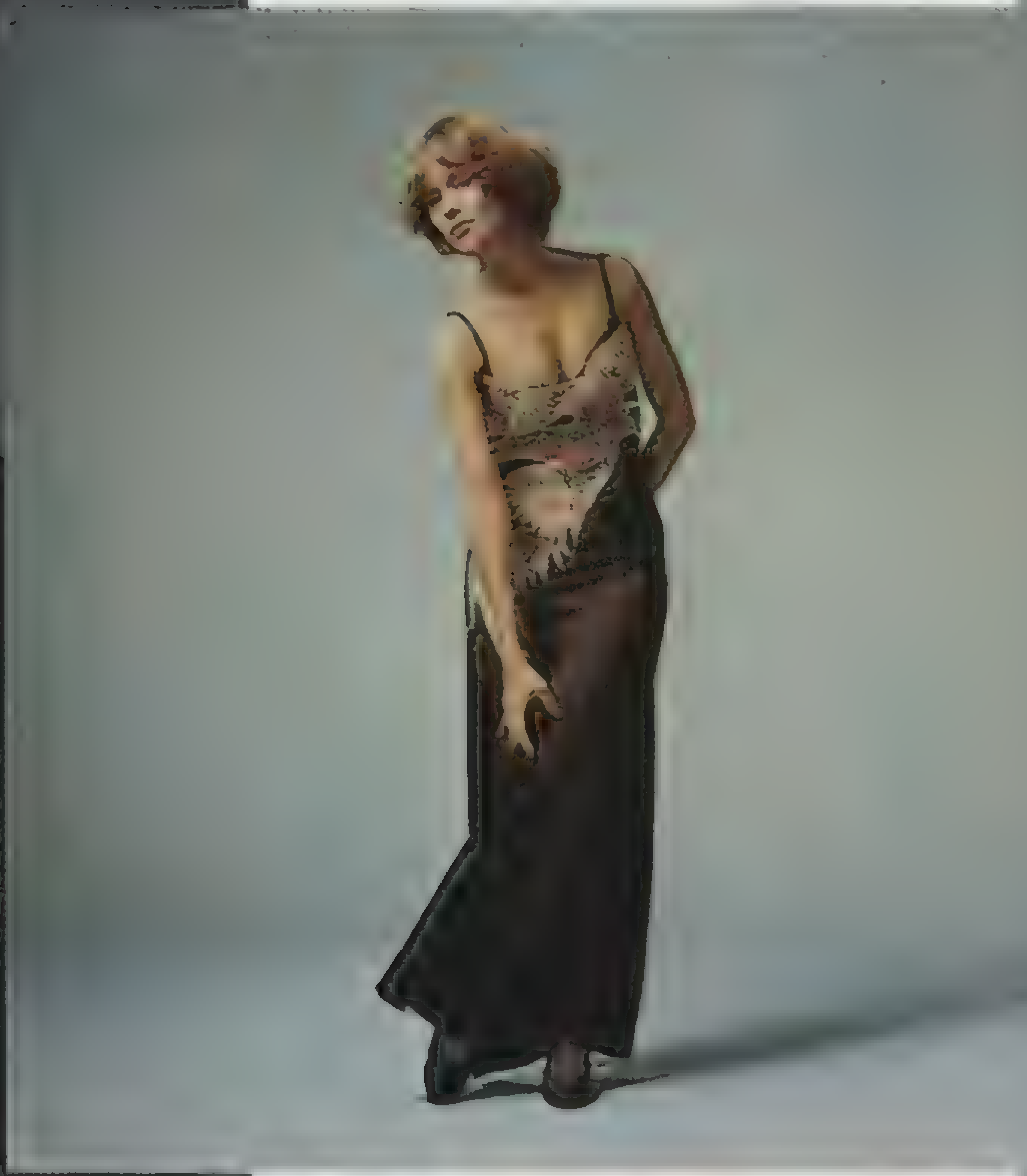
GET THINGS OFF TO A FLYING START WITH A LITTLE WHOOSH... LOTS OF LEG— IT'S THE SEASON

Blaze and feathers from Norell.... If this isn't dazzle, what is? Chorus-girl legs, whirring brown-and-white ostrich, short bob and bangs, and then—little brown sequin you, smoldering under all that sensational fluff. ...Leave a little of your dazzle in the car...the elevator...the hallway...the night; with a perfume like Norell, who can resist picking up the scent....A perfect furor of dazzle....The dazzler, here and on the next four pages, Lauren Hutton. Coat and dress, Bonwit Teller; Nan Duskin; I. Magnin. The saucy flip to Lauren's hair, by Suga. Accessory details, next to last page.

BERT STERN

HAVE A LITTLE DAZZLE

A LITTLE CLEAVAGE . . . A MOUCHE OR TWO ON GLEAMY SHOULDERS, DARK SEXY STOCKINGS



Galanos makes a lot of your bare skin. Of you, period. With him, it's not only what you put on, it's what you put into it—skin like the inside of a camellia petal . . . glistening shoulders . . . legs veiled in sheer darkness. . . . The firebird blaze, above and right—a real siren of a dress coasting down one side, slit up the other. . . . When you turn the page, you'll see more of the other dress, the navy one left—lots more of irresistible Lauren Hutton, too.
Firebird dress, of brown Agnona wool crêpe. Bergdorf Goodman; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin.
The coiffure, all flip and fling by Suga. . . .
Have a little dazzle everywhere from head to toe—where it doesn't show and where it does—with Polly Bergen's misty pink foam that does such a beautiful allover dewing job.

BERT STERN

HAVE A LITTLE DAZZLE

A LITTLE FRAGRANCE JUST ABOUT EVERYWHERE . . . LOTS OF SHINING SKIN . . . HAIR WITH SHINE AND LINE

Bareness from Galanos: Mmm-m-m. A long low whistle of a dress, left, in navy wool jersey, panel flying; its shape, your shape—Lauren Hutton's here. . . . Bare color, right and above: the slashed halter dress in nude wool crêpe, a smidgen deeper on one side, slashed down to the waist and from there to the floor—open seduction as you walk, sit, dance. . . . Navy dress, of Racine wool. Martha; Montaldo's; I. Magnin. Halter dress of Bucol wool. Bonwit Teller; Jacobson's, Michigan; I. Magnin. David Webb jewels. Coiffures by Suga. . . . Now, what about a little dazzle in your makeup? With Polly Bergen's mix of shine and color and moisture that's makeup and so much more, your skin takes on a delicious shimmery sheen—the way Lauren's does on these and the preceding pages, each a shining instance of makeup-man Jurgen's soft palette and deft hand.

BERT STERN

PENN

THE DAZZLE TO HAVE

The flirt of a ruffle. The swish of taffeta. The seductiveness of bare skin...bare shoulders...a beautiful back...cleavage. It's not just going out at night, it's going *all* out. Spending hours on your makeup. And putting some artifice into it...red moist lips and smoky eyes and a mauve mouche behind a tantalizing little veil. Hair with real line and polish...and a big, marvelous pow of an earring...or ropes of emeralds wrapped at the throat. Dancing till you drop...in the sexiest little sandals and sheer black point d'esprit stockings. Wrapping yourself up in a wonderful shawl...sable tails ...red feathers over a red taffeta dress...a length of cashmere just thrown around and clinging. A suggestion of mystery. The coquetry of a huge fur muff...a bright fur boa...the way you use them as you come into a room. All these are part of the new mood of evening...a way of seeing yourself as you want other people to see you. Dazzling.

BARE AND RUFFLED DAZZLE

A halter-back dress in brilliant poppy-and-black organza print...with ruffles...more poppies... and the surprise of huge turquoise-y drops flashed with fake diamonds. The skin shines, the lips gleam—with Shady Lady Red lipstick from Frances Denney. Dress by George Samen for Kiki Hart, of silk organza (C. M. Gourdon). About $240. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Swanson's. Coiffure by François of Kenneth. Accessory details, next to last page this issue.

RUFFLED DAZZLE

BLACK AND COVERED,

left: a simple matte jersey turtleneck and rustling black organza skirt with ribbons of ruffles—completely feminine, pretty, easy. A great way to go to dinner at a friend's.... Along with a huge fur muff —don't forget the muff. And bare sandals and black patterned stockings thin as veils. Dress by Bill Blass, of jersey by Jasco Fabrics. About $450. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Dayton's; Swanson's. Coiffure by Suga.

BLACK AND BARE,

right: the halter dress, ruffles circling the back—a taffeta dress that's as delicious as it sounds. And your own red rose at the nape. Dress by Oscar de la Renta, in silk taffeta (Peter Griffin). About $445. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Dayton's; Swanson's; Sakowitz; El Palacio de Hierro, Mexico City. Coiffure, François of Kenneth. Accessories, both pages, next to last page this issue.

PENN

PENN

BARE DAZZLE

THE STRAPLESS DRESS,

left: bare shoulders, bare arms—and a look that shows them off like nothing on earth. Black matte jersey wrapped at the waist, ropes of rubies wrapped at the throat. Dress by Donald Brooks, in jersey (Jasco Fabrics). About $425. Bonwit Teller; Kaufmann's; Dayton's; Swanson's; I. Magnin. Van Cleef & Arpels necklace. Coif, François of Kenneth.

THE OFF-THE-SHOULDER DRESS,

right: long shirred sleeves, tiny shirred bodice—a cling of black jersey cut to make the most of a pretty décolletage.... With sheer black dotted stockings and bare little sandals to do the same for feet and legs....With Everywhere Color that's good everywhere—Clinique's new flowing makeup you can use on every inch of you, over, under, or instead of other makeup and, like everything Clinique, allergy-tested and fragrance-free (it's everywhere, *at left*, too, in a shade called Pure Sunlight). Ban-Lon dress by S.S.H. for Mr. Mort, of Antron nylon (Maxwell fabric); about $46. At Lord & Taylor; Neiman-Marcus. Suga coif. Accessories, both pages, next to last page this issue.

BLACK DAZZLE

BLACK SABLE,

right, wrapped and strapped over
a classic white crêpe shirt . . . black worsted
pants . . . black-dotted legs . . . black
satin ankle straps. Simple, luxurious, perfect.
Coat by Emeric Partos,
of dyed black Russian sable.
Made to order at Bergdorf Goodman.

PENN

BLACK CRÊPE,

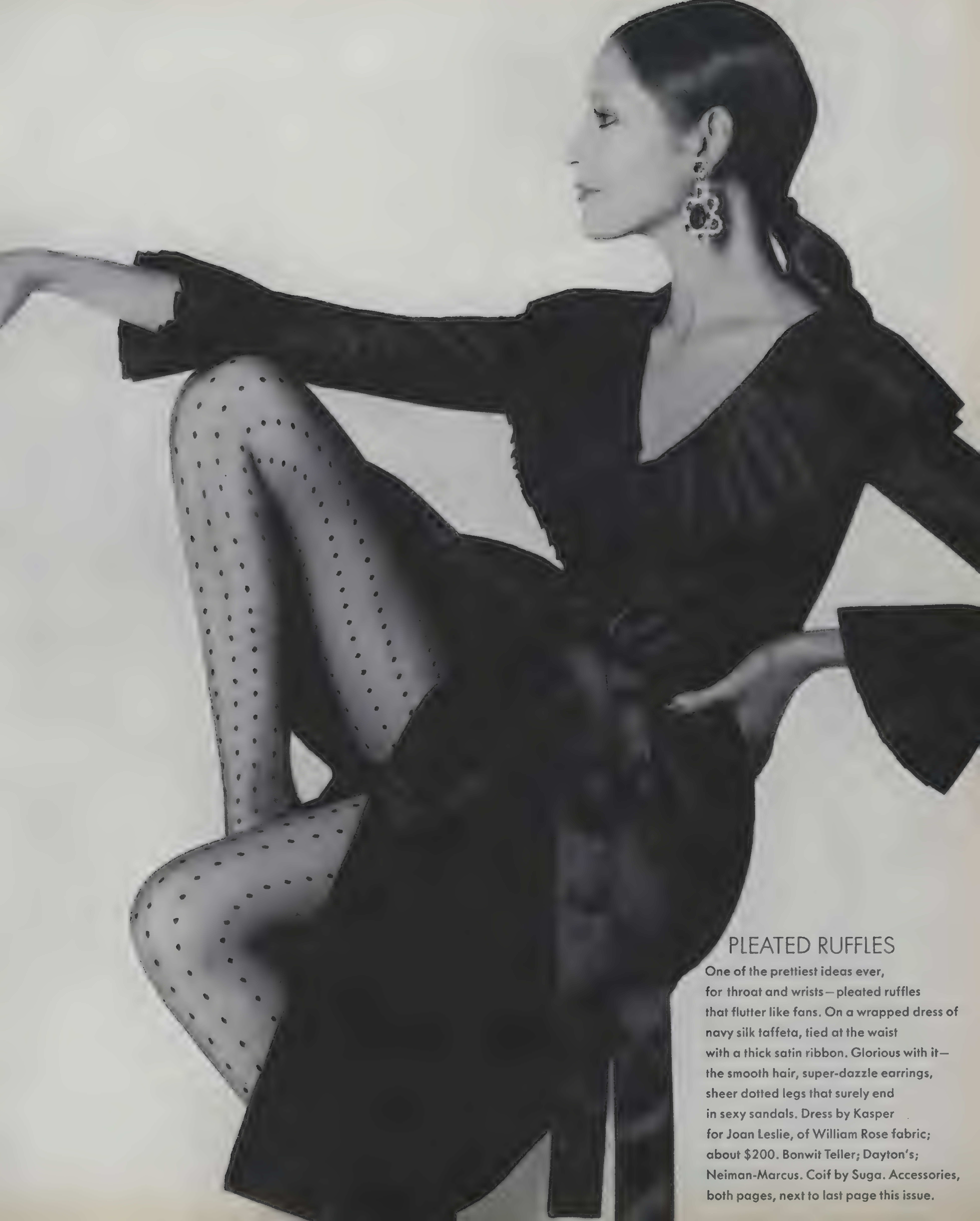
a narrow wool maillot of a dress, *directly above,*
scooped at the neck; that's all there is to it—and it's everything.
Especially with a marvelous earring, a bright fur boa.
Dress by Ole Borden for Rembrandt, in wool crêpe by Anglo Fabrics.
About $175. Martha; Hutzler's; Stanley Korshak; I. Magnin.
Black crêpe, *top of the page,* scarfed and slashed
so you almost seem to glide as you walk . . . sable muff in hand.
Dress by Nat Kaplan, in rayon and acetate. About $185. Saks Fifth Avenue;
Hutzler's; Lou Lattimore. Suga coifs. Accessories, next to last page.

TAFFETA DAZZLE

RUSTLING RUFFLES

Black silk taffeta with all the ruffles it can handle—a wraparound dress, knee-length, that ripples through an evening, flirts with everything in sight. Not just visibly—this dress has audio (think how taffeta ruffles rustle). In the same spirit, sheer dark legs and ankle-straps. Dress by Victor Joris for V & J Design, of William Rose fabric; about $315. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Sakowitz. Coif, François of Kenneth.

PENN



PLEATED RUFFLES

One of the prettiest ideas ever, for throat and wrists—pleated ruffles that flutter like fans. On a wrapped dress of navy silk taffeta, tied at the waist with a thick satin ribbon. Glorious with it—the smooth hair, super-dazzle earrings, sheer dotted legs that surely end in sexy sandals. Dress by Kasper for Joan Leslie, of William Rose fabric; about $200. Bonwit Teller; Dayton's; Neiman-Marcus. Coif by Suga. Accessories, both pages, next to last page this issue.

ALL-COVERING DAZZLE

CHINCHILLA TO THE GROUND,

left, wrapped, tied in taffeta, with a shawl collar like a big, silky pillow—the very depths of dazzle in a magnificent long coat inspired by the Czarist opulence of Columbia's new movie, *Nicholas and Alexandra.* Chinchilla coat by Fernando Sanchez for Revillon. At Saks Fifth Avenue. Coiffure by Suga.

THE ROMANTIC DRESS,

right, covered from the chin down in a deep, violet-tinged blue organza (that seems to make *any* eyes look blue) with printings like Persian-rug patterns in bright multicolors. Sheer on the arms, soft and floaty of skirt, with prim little ruffles at the neck and wrists.... Plus a big fluffy muff of silky blue fur. Dress by Chester Weinberg, of silk organza by Bianchini. Late November at Saks Fifth Avenue; Dayton's; Sakowitz. Coiffure by François of Kenneth. Accessories, both pages, next to last page.

PENN

A HAPPY MARRIAGE IS IT REAL?

"A ZIGZAG COURSE, BUT HEADED IN ONE DIRECTION: COMMITMENT TO EACH OTHER"

by Dorothy Barclay Thompson

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Dorothy Barclay Thompson, creatively scholarly, quietly authoritative, is the author of* Understanding the City Child. *She was an editor writing about marriage and family relations for* The New York Times *and won, among many awards, an honorary doctorate from Florida State University for her work in a field, she said, "too speculative still, in need of deeper, broader investigation."*

Croissants and champagne for breakfast. The annual ritual. Tradition. This is the breakfast that marks Our Day. The end of one more year of marriage. And the beginning anew. A card from a friend in Taos now. "Congratulations, old friend. Twenty-five years of Wedded Bliss—and all with the same man! Fantástico!"

Yes, to someone thrice married, thrice divorced—it must seem fantastic. A silver anniversary. In an era of paper and plastic and stainless steel, even the name seems quaint. And, in a world of rising divorce rates and never-ending change, a quarter-century together does seem phenomenal. Not to everybody, of course: "All right, so you've stayed married twenty-five years," a friend asked, "but have you been happy? *Really* happy?"

* * *

If points were given for troublemaking potential, this question—most often posed by those who are thoroughly miserable—would head the charts. Philosophers may search for the meaning of "happiness," but to many of us the word still implies lightheartedness, a carefree state, a sense of wide horizons and unlimited pleasures. Can anyone past the age of fifteen expect matrimony to provide—year in, year out, unfailingly—the elixir of such euphoria? Apparently so. The attitude is particularly strong in the very young, of course; but it also affects, at times, even those among us whose definition of "happiness" should have mellowed into something more mature. But ask us (with a piercing look) if we are "*really* happy" and, no matter how serene the moment, something inside us is liable to start wondering.

It's easy as a matter of cocktail chatter to categorize other people's marriages and the professional marriage-measurers have given us plenty of labels to play with. We can see our friends living out the "mother/son" relationship, the "master/servant girl," even the "nice guy/bitch." If our tastes are literary, we can find examples of the Ibsenian marriage ("dominant-nurturant husband/dependent wife") or, moving up a bit in time, the Thurberian ("husband inhibited in expression of feelings/wife highly expressive").

If we do our daily reading of the popular press, we can tell at twenty paces a "utilitarian marriage" (poor dears) from an "intrinsic" one. We can spot the couples who are "conflict-habituated," "devitalized," "passive-congenial" (losers all). And eyes light up, while envy gnaws, at the sight of those with a "vital, total" relationship. Those, in a word, who are "happy." If they can be so eternally blithesome, why aren't we?

Paradoxically, this concern with "happiness" in marriage is frequently strongest in those who scorn it as a value in any other aspect of life. They expect their careers to be tough and demanding. Pretty paintings, delicate ballets, novels with happy endings are beneath their contempt. They prefer—or so they tell us—their humor black, their music dissonant, their art with "raw impact," their movies "probing." But their marriages? Ah, well. These should be smooth as silk. Ideas, interests, physical passions—totally satisfying, totally shared. Flare-ups now and then, of course; that's part of the excitement. But nothing that really gets in the way; alters their life-style; shakes, even for a day, their faith in their own rightness; their "suitability as mates"; their attractiveness or competence as lovers; nothing that forces self-examination or a serious questioning of beliefs. This is "destructive." This (Continued on page 171)

Dominique Sanda . . . precious dazzle

First a smolder, then a dazzle—Dominique Sanda's beauty has the subtle fire of the jewels she wears here. "There's an inner content that comes alive in her eyes," said Richard Avedon, who photographed her; "an intensity that comes forward suddenly when she's acting or posing." Her acting blazed in The Conformist and in The Garden of the Finzi-Continis, next in The Master and Margarita, now being filmed in Yugoslavia. . . . Necklace: ruby beads, cabochon emeralds, diamonds; the central piece—a great cabochon emerald surrounded by diamonds—clenched by two gold-and-diamond tiger's heads. This precious dazzle from Van Cleef & Arpels. Gauzy grey lamé dress, Mohanjeet Boutique. Coiffure by Ara Gallant.

AVEDON

PROU

THE LUNCH

Who does not remember as I do those books read during vacation time, that one used to take and hide, one after another, in those hours of the day that were peaceful enough and inviolable enough to be able to give them refuge. In the morning, coming back from the park, when everybody had gone "to take a walk," I would slip into the dining room, where, until the yet distant lunch hour nobody but relatively silent old Félicie would enter, and where I would have as companions, very respectful of reading, only the painted plates hung on the wall, the calendar whose sheet of the previous day had been freshly pulled, the clock and the fire which speak without asking you to answer them, and whose peaceful talk devoid of meaning does not come, like the words of men, to substitute a different sense from that of the words you are reading. I settled on a chair near the little wood fire about which, during breakfast, the uncle, early riser and gardener, would say: "That doesn't feel bad! We can certainly stand a little heat. I assure you it was pretty cold in the vegetable garden at six o'clock. And to think that in eight days it will be Easter!" Before lunch, which, alas!, would put an end to reading, one still had two long hours left. From time to time you would hear the noise of the pump from which water was going to trickle, making you lift up your eyes toward it, and look at it through the closed window, there, nearby, on the only walk in the small garden, which edged the beds of pansies with bricks and half-moon-shaped tiles: pansies gathered, it seemed, in those skies too beautiful, those skies varicolored and as if reflected from the stained-glass windows of the church seen at times between the roofs of the village, sad skies which appeared before the storms, or afterwards, too late, as the day was about to end.

Unfortunately the cook used to come long in advance to set the table; if only she had set it without speaking! But she thought she had to say: "You're not comfortable like that; what if I brought you a table?" And just to answer, "No, thank you," you had to stop short and bring back from afar your voice which from within your lips was repeating noiselessly, hurriedly, all the words your eyes had read; one had to stop it, make it be heard, and in order to say properly, "No, thank you," give it an appearance of ordinary life, the intonation of an answer, which it had lost.

The hour went by. Often, long before lunch, those who were tired and had shortened their walk, had "gone by Méséglise," or those who did not go out that morning, "having to write," began to arrive in the dining room. They would all say, "I don't want to disturb you," but began at once to come near the fire, to look at the time, to declare that lunch would not be unwelcome. He or she who had "stayed to write" was the object of a particular deference, and was told, "You have attended to your little correspondence," with a smile in which there was respect, mystery, prurience, and discretion, as if this "little correspondence" had been at the same time a state secret, a prerogative, a piece of good fortune, and an ailment. Some, without waiting longer, would sit ahead of time at table, at their places. That was real desolation, for it would be a bad incentive to those who would arrive to make believe that it was already noon, and for my parents to pronounce too soon the fatal words: "Come, close your book, we are going to have lunch."

Everything was ready, the lunch was all set on the tablecloth where only that which was brought at the end of the meal was missing —the glass apparatus in which the horticulturist and uncle-cook made the coffee himself at the table, a tubular apparatus complicated like an instrument of physics that might have smelled good, and in which it was so pleasant to see climbing in the glass bell the sudden ebullition which afterwards left on the misty walls a fragrant, brown ash; and also the cream and the strawberries which the same uncle mixed in always identical proportions, stopping, with the experience of a colorist and the divination of a gourmand, just at the required pink color.

How long lunch seemed to last for me! My great-aunt would taste the dishes only to give her opinion with a sweetness that stood but did not admit contradiction. For a novel, for verses, things of which she was a good judge, she would always, with the humility of a woman, leave it to the advice of more competent people. She thought that this was the wavering domain of fancy, where the taste of one single person cannot settle the truth. But on things whose rules and principles had been taught to her by her mother, on the way to prepare certain dishes, to play the Beethoven sonatas, and to entertain graciously, she was sure to have a just idea of perfection and to discern whether others came more or less close. For those three things, moreover, perfection was almost the same: it was a kind of simplicity in the means, a kind of sobriety and charm. She rejected with horror the idea that one would put spices in dishes that did not absolutely require them, that one would play the pedals with affectation and excess, that "when receiving" one would depart from perfect lack of affectation, and speak of oneself with exaggeration. At the first mouthful, at the first notes, on receiving a simple message, she would claim to know whether she had to do with a good cook, a true musician, a well-bred woman. "She may have quicker fingers than I have, but she lacks taste, playing with so much emphasis this andante that is so simple." "She may be brilliant, and full of qualities, but it is a lack of tact to speak of oneself in that way." "It may be that she is a very learned cook, but she cannot fix a beefsteak with potatoes." Beefsteak with potatoes! ideal competition piece, difficult by its very simplicity, a kind of "Sonate Pathétique" of cookery, a gastronomical equivalent of what in social life is the visit of a lady who comes to make inquiries of you about a servant, and who by so simple an act can to such a degree show proof of, or lack, tact and good manners.

After lunch, my reading would resume immediately; above all, if the day was rather warm, one went up "to retire to one's room," which permitted me, by the little staircase with steps close together, to reach mine immediately, on the only upper story, so low that from the windows with but one child's jump you would have found yourself in the street. I went and closed my window without being able to avoid the greeting of the gunsmith across the street, who, under pretext of lowering the screen, used to come every day after lunch to smoke his cigarette in front of his door and say good afternoon to passers-by, who, sometimes, stopped to talk. ▼

ST

ON THE HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY OF HIS BIRTH, TWO EARLY, VIRTUALLY UNKNOWN ESSAYS BY MARCEL PROUST, THE SUPREME FRENCH PSYCHOLOGIST-NOVELIST, ANNOUNCING HIS VOCATION AS A WRITER

ON READING

I had not been reading very long in my room before we had to go to the park, a kilometer from the village. But after the compulsory playtime, I cut short the afternoon snack brought in baskets and distributed to the children at the river's edge, on the grass where the book had been put down with instructions not to pick it up yet. A little farther, in certain rather wild and mysterious depths of the park, the river ceased to be a straight and artificial line, covered with swans and bordered with walks where statues were smiling, and, suddenly leaping with carp, rushed forward, went at a rapid pace beyond the enclosure of the park, became a river in the geographic sense of the word—a river which must have had a name—and soon spread itself (was it really the same as the one between the statues and beneath the swans?) amidst pastures where oxen were sleeping and where it drowned the buttercups—kinds of meadows it made rather swampy, and which, connecting on one side with the village by shapeless towers, remnants it was said of the Middle Ages, joined the other side through climbing roads of sweetbriar and hawthorn, that "nature" which spread infinitely, to villages with other names, to the unknown.

I would let the others finish eating at the lower end of the park near the swans, and I would run up the labyrinth as far as some hedge where I would sit, not to be found, leaning against the trimmed hazels, discovering the asparagus bed, the strawberry edgings, the pond where on certain days the horses hitched to a wheel would bring up water, the white door which was the "end of the park" above, and, beyond, the fields of cornflowers and poppies. In this hedge, silence was profound, the risk of being discovered was almost nil, safety was made sweeter by the distant voices which from below called me in vain, sometimes even came nearer, climbed the first banks, searching everywhere, then returned, having found nothing. Then no more noise, only from time to time the golden sound of the bells, which in the distance, beyond the plains, seeming to toll behind the blue sky, could have warned me of the passing hour; but surprised by its sweetness and disturbed by the profounder silence, emptied of the last sounds which followed it, I was never sure of the number of strokes. It was not the thundering bells that one heard on returning to the village—as one approached the church which nearby had again taken on its high and stiff size, rearing against the blue of the evening its slate roof punctuated with crows—shattering the sound over the square "for the good of the earth." Their sound reached but feebly and sweetly to the end of the park, and not addressing me but the whole countryside, all the villages, the peasants isolated in their fields, they did not make me raise my head, they passed by near me, carrying the hour to distant lands, without being aware of me or disturbing me.

And sometimes at home in my bed, long after dinner, the last hours of the evening also sheltered my reading, but then only on the days when I had reached the last chapters of a book, when there was not much more to read to arrive at the end. Then, at the risk of being punished if I were discovered, and of the insomnia which, once the book was finished, would perhaps be prolonged throughout the whole night, as soon as my parents had gone to bed, I would light my candle again; while in the street quite nearby, between the gunsmith's house and the post office, bathed in silence, the dark and yet blue sky was full of stars; and while to the left, on the raised path where, curving, its elevated ascent began, one felt watching, monstrous and black, the apse of the church whose sculptures did not sleep at night—the provincial and yet historical church, magic abode of the Bon Dieu, of the blessed bread, of the multicolored saints and the ladies of the neighboring castles who on feast days, as they crossed the market, made the hens squall and the gossiping women stare, who came to Mass in their carriages, not without buying, on their way back, at the pastrycook's on the square, just after having left the shade of the porch where the congregation pushing the revolving door strewed the wandering rubies of the nave, some of those cakes in the shape of towers, protected from the sun by a shade—"manqués," "Saint-Honorés," and "génoises"—whose lazy and sugary fragrance has remained mingled for me with the tolling of the bells for High Mass, and the gaiety of Sundays.

Then the last page was read, the book was finished. I had to stop the headlong rush of my eyes and of the voice which followed noiselessly, stopping only to regain my breath in a deep sigh. Then, in order to give the tumult, too long unleashed within me to be able to calm itself, other motions to govern, I would get up, I would start walking alongside my bed, my eyes still fixed on some point one would have vainly looked for in the room or outside, for it was situated at a soul's distance only, one of those distances that are not measured in meters and leagues like the others, and which, besides, cannot be confused with them when one looks at the "distant" eyes of those who are thinking "about something else." Then, what? This book, was it nothing but that? Those beings to whom one had given more of one's attention and tenderness than to people in real life, not always daring to admit how much one loved them, and even when our parents found us reading and appeared to smile at our emotion, so that we closed the book with affected indifference or feigned ennui; those people for whom one had panted and sobbed, one would never see again, one would no longer know anything about them. Already, for several pages, the author, in the cruel epilogue, had taken care to "space" them with an unbelievable indifference for one who knew the interest with which he had followed them step by step until then. The occupation of each hour of their lives had been narrated for us. Then suddenly: "Twenty years after these events one could meet on the streets of Fougères an elderly man still erect, etc. . . ." And the marriage, to which two volumes had been devoted to make us foresee the delicious possibility, frightening us, then delighting us with each obstacle erected, then removed—it is by an incidental

(Continued on page 176)

—Translated from the French by William S. Burford. The book On Reading, *from which these excerpts come, first written as a preface to Proust's translation of John Ruskin's* Sesame and Lilies *in 1906, will be published this month by Macmillan.*

people are TALKING about...

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . Art Buchwald's crack about the insatiable American appetite for bad news. . . . Topol, the Israeli star, in the movie version of the Broadway hit musical *Fiddler on the Roof*. . . . Lyndon Baines Johnson's side of the story, with few apologies, *The Vantage Point: Perspectives of the Presidency 1963-1969*.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . Randy Newman, blank-eyed and unintentionally sexy, singing his own songs, particularly "Tickle Me." . . . Helen Frankenthaler, the American painter, in what many feel is a major new phase, and her paintings at the André Emmerich Gallery in New York. . . . *In*, the first video-taped women's magazine shown in color in France at hairdressers; each thirty-minute segment is edited by Jeanne Moreau, the actress. The first edition included Françoise Sagan talking about her new book, and Simone de Beauvoir on abortion.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The huge Pompeian-red sculpture by Tony Smith, the breakthrough American sculptor and architect, made up of fifteen pyramid shapes at The Museum of Modern Art.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . *Old Times*, Harold Pinter's latest murky domestic tangle, a tremendous London hit, opening this month in New York. . . . "Ukiyo-e Prints and Paintings," the exhibition of paintings, prints, and books from the floating world of the Japanese early eighteenth century, opening November 6 at The Art Institute of Chicago. . . . *The Room*, the new novel by Hubert Selby, Jr., the American writer with an agonized ear for language.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The first appearance in English of Hermann Hesse's *Autobiographical Writings*. The dreamy, half-mystical German novelist, center of a cult among the young, wrote, "If I attempt to understand my youthful psyche, I find that the best . . . part of it was the ability to feel reverence. . . ." . . . Andy Warhol's remark "Fashion is art now" and Cecil Beaton's exhibition "Fashion: An Anthology by Cecil Beaton" at the Victoria and Albert Museum in London.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The hard, tough beauty of the motorcycle, seen as sculpture, in "The Architecture of Speed," opening November 4 at The New York Cultural Center in New York. . . . Duane Michals's haunting book of photographs *The Journey of the Spirit after Death*.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . Kris Kristofferson's new album, *The Silver Tongued Devil and I*, insistent, masculine, with Kristofferson's own kind of sly, sophisticated country sound. . . . The mixed-media circus put on by Yoko Ono, the wife of ex-Beatle John Lennon, an important underground artist for ten years before the headlines, just ended at the Everson Museum of Art in Syracuse, New York.

Vanessa Redgrave, supremely independent

At thirty-four, Vanessa Redgrave, tall British actress with grey-green eyes and tawny blond hair, has life pretty much the way she wants it. She is now being seen with Katharine Hepburn in the Michael Cacoyannis film version of *The Trojan Women*—a mistake. And she has just finished shooting *Mary Queen of Scots* with Glenda Jackson as Queen Elizabeth I—not a mistake. Off camera, Vanessa Redgrave lives in London with her three children: Natasha, eight; Joely Kim, six; and Carlo, her two-year-old son by Franco Nero. Perhaps, not surprisingly, a major part of her unswerving Romanticism came from her own family. At four, she gobbled up Victorian romances, sharing her Brontë-esque daydreams with her actor-father, Sir Michael Redgrave. For a woman of so many opinions, Vanessa Redgrave is amazingly susceptible to clothes, champagne, and men whom she sometimes doesn't recognize because she refuses to wear glasses.

AVEDON

BARNETT NEWMAN

AMERICAN ARTIST

The great painter and sculptor whose work and life did much to influence the art of this century, center of a major retrospective now at The Museum of Modern Art in New York.

Barnett Newman, 1905-1970, a towering figure of twentieth-century art, was a major force in the emergence of the New York School after the Second World War—a leader of a generation that included Adolph Gottlieb, Jackson Pollock, Mark Rothko, Tony Smith, and Clyfford Still. Now, until January 10, 1972, his work is being shown in an important retrospective at The Museum of Modern Art in New York City. In the text accompanying the catalogue Thomas B. Hess wrote: "[Newman] is a master of contradictions, antinomes, leaps of the imagination to inspired syntheses. . . . Contradiction structures his art and his thought. His style—his unique manner of perception, the character of his image, his metaphysical fingerprint . . . is based on contradictions he first formulated around 1948; they are so strong you would think a man's brain would explode before reconciling such a collision of sensations. Instead it opened his way to produce in twenty-two years of work some of the most influential and magnificent pictures of the century: grand, strong, profoundly moving." With his monocle and cap, Barnett Newman, almost always with his wife Annalee, with whom he is seen, *opposite,* was a noble and magisterial figure. His extraordinary command, his torrent of words, joined a complexity of extremes—baseball, Jewish mysticism, the Concord Transcendentalists. He was the first, since the eighteenth century, to use the word "sublime" with awe; and there was in his vertically striped paintings and powerful sculpture a tragic, classic grandeur. On the pages that follow are photographs never before published of Newman's apartment, studio, and last painting, and excerpts from the catalogue essay on his work and life by Thomas B. Hess, the well-known critic and editor of *Art News.*

CONTINUED ON THE NEXT SIX PAGES

"Outcry."
1958 painting
by Newman

Barnett and Annalee Newman

ALEXANDER LIBERMAN

BARNETT NEWMAN
AMERICAN ARTIST

excerpts from an essay by
THOMAS B. HESS

His life

Newman's personality accepted—even welcomed—the coexistence of extremes that seem mutually exclusive. He was a down-to-earth complete American, as well as a cosmopolitan, sophisticated intellectual. He enjoyed going to prizefights, hockey matches, and of course the races, as much as to chamber-music recitals, lectures by his friend Meyer Schapiro, dances by Merce Cunningham. He could recite passages from Corneille and, with equal élan, from Yiddish comedies. Dark suits, jaunty ties and hats, impeccably dressed with such details as silver watch fobs and monocle, trimmed moustache (which reminded the writer Pierre Schneider of Maréchal Joffre), you thought of such adjectives as fastidious and elegant—a dandy—but stolid, tough. And he always seemed deeply rooted in the American soil and the New York asphalt. He took baseball seriously, and thought about it and spun theories around it. Because it is "America's pastime," it uniquely expressed an aspect of Americanness and thus to study it was also to study himself. He catalogued the repertory of tragic waves and shrugs by the pitcher who has been pulled out of a game and starts the long walk to the showers; he saw the bases as an allegory of Everyman's struggle, a kind of *Pilgrim's Progress,* and the home run as a revolutionary act—a direct appeal to The People. These fantasies were only partly whimsical. Baseball was real to Newman, a part of his life, and the pitcher's mound had its place among his *Sefiroth* [the ten emanations by means of which God manifests His existence in the universe].

— • —

Newman was a quintessential American. His passion to move with pragmatic curiosity and idealist self-confidence into the modern experience came . . . not only from living an experiment of freedom and independence in a new country but also from holding onto connections with a tradition, with Europe, with that Poland which, Martin Buber wrote, "had a solid Jewish community, strengthened in itself by the alien, disdainful environment, where unfolded a life of activity [with] values of its own, an indigent and frail, yet independent culture."

— • —

In the 1950's, there was an anecdote about Newman that became an anthology piece: Franz Kline and Elaine de Kooning were sitting at the Cedar Bar when a collector Franz knew came up to them in a state of fury. He had just come from Newman's first one-man show. "How simple can an artist be and get away with it?" he sputtered. "There was nothing, absolutely nothing there!"

"Nothing?" asked Franz, beaming. "How many canvases were in the show?"

"Oh, maybe ten or twelve—but all exactly the same—just one stripe down the center, that's all!"

"All the same size?" Franz asked.

"Well, no; there were different sizes; you know, from about three to seven feet."

"Oh, three to seven feet, I see; and all the same color?" Franz went on.

"No, different colors, you know; red and yellow and green . . . but each picture painted one flat color—you know, like a house painter would do it, and then this stripe down the center."

"All the stripes the same color?"

"No."

"Were they the same width?"

The man began to think a little. "Let's see. No. I guess not. Some were maybe an inch wide and some maybe four inches, and some in between."

"And all upright pictures?"

"Oh, no; there were some horizontals."

"With vertical stripes?"

"Uh, no, I think there were some horizontal stripes, maybe."

"And were the stripes darker or lighter than the background?"

"Well, I guess they were darker, but there was one white stripe, or maybe more. . . ."

"Was the stripe painted on top of the background color or was the background color painted around the stripe?"

The man began to get a bit uneasy. "I'm not sure," he said, "I think it might have been done either way, or both ways maybe. . . ."

"Well, I don't know," said Franz. "It all sounds damned complicated to me."

— • —

Newman studied nature with passion—botany, geology, ornithology—and from such fascinations did he arrive, in Thomas Mann's phrase, at "the mystical or intuitive half-mystical into which human thinking in pursuit of nature is almost of necessity led."

And from this attitude did he turn to the poetry of his heritage for a source of images, colors, and insights into the structure of the universe? And, as he moved his art to the sphere of "world thought"—where he felt modern painting must act—did he transcend the poetry of the Kabbalists, just as he transcended the geometric shapes of decorative abstract art?

His paintings and sculptures are beyond symbols.

I have no answer to the questions posed in his subject matter; I can only suggest a few, first words.

Barnett Newman died on the first day of the month of *Tammuz,* in the first hours of morning—a new moon—going from deep night to deepest night. It was the Fourth of July, 1970.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The major phase of Barnett Newman's work began in 1948 with a breakthrough painting that foreshadowed much of what was to follow in American art. Among the first to make monumental abstract paintings, Newman filled his canvases with color, used a vertical stripe that became his mythic theme. His heroic independence and his philosophical purity were unique in their effect.*

His work

In the studio, there are rolls of canvas, shelves of paint, buckets to mix it in, rows of paintbrushes hanging hairs-down, attached by rubber bands to the sides of ladders and the pipes of scaffolding. On a table there are piles of rubber gloves, for there is a ritual that demands that brushes be washed in plenty of water for about an hour and half at the end of every working day. And there are visors against the sun, paint scrapers, rollers, solvents, mediums, hand tools, power tools of every description, in an abundance that can be understood only by an artist who has had to pawn his wife's wristwatch in order to keep at work.

This is the New York artist at work, in a loft space that used to contain light industry, set among streets still lined with the factories where dolls' heads are manufactured or TV parts assembled or books printed.

Here is where the artist makes the paintings and the paintings make the artist. Other artists move in and out of the highly charged field. There are the figures from history—Michelangelo (whose masterpiece also interpreted the moment of genesis), Géricault, Cézanne, Matisse, and Newman's friends Pollock, Gorky, and Hofmann. And there are his colleagues and his younger friends—all artists. This is enough material for any artist—his own work, plus the works he knows. The studio is filled with it.

And the studio is where he is most at ease, most himself, facing his finished pictures, everybody else's pictures, his works-in-progress.

—— • ——

Barnett Newman said, "Everybody says that painting is a space art. The story of modern painting is always told as a struggle for and against space—deep space, shallow space, flat space, positive and negative space, cube space, the space of 'infinity,' etc. What is all the clamor over space? It is all too esoteric for me, as if the crucial essence in music was the fact that composers, that Mozart wrote in 3/4, 2/4, or in no specific rhythm; or that poetry really depends on whether it is written in Alexandrian, blank verse, or free verse. Is painting crawling over a canvas in a great paroxysm of intoxicated improvisation like a collection of hot jazz players?

"My paintings are concerned neither with the manipulation of space nor with the image, but with the sensation of time. Not the *sense* of time, which has been the underlying subject matter of painting, which involves feelings of nostalgia or high drama; it is always associative and historical. . . ."

—— • ——

On his birthday, January 29, 1948, Newman prepared a small canvas with a surface of cadmium red dark (a deep mineral color which looks like an earth pigment—like Indian red or a sienna) and fixed a piece of tape down the center. Then he quickly smeared a coat of cadmium red light over the tape, to test the color. He looked at the picture for a long time. Indeed he studied it for some eight months. He had finished questing. [The painting was "Onement I," his 1948 breakthrough work.]

—— • ——

The idea of a tapering, vertical beamlike shape [in the painting "Onement I"] could have come from his readings in Jewish mysticism. A passage from a hymn to "Zoharariel, Adonai, God of Israel" in the *Greater Hekhaloth* runs:

> "With a gleam of His ray he encompasses the sky
> and His splendor radiates from the heights."

And the symbol in which the life of the Creator and that of creation become one is—to use Creuzer's words—"a beam of light which, from the dark and abysmal depths of existence and cognition, falls into our eyes and penetrates our whole being."

And the dark-red painting with an orange stripe painted down its middle, which was to provide a starting point for almost all Newman's later work, was titled "Onement," a word which suggests wholeness, harmony, but also, as Newman himself pointed out, refers to At-onement, Atonement, the event of *Yom Kippur,* which is a day of remembrance of the dead but for the Kabbalists also was the ideal moment for meditation on the Messianic secrets, on rebirth, new life—in a word, creation.

—— • ——

Newman titled the series of fourteen paintings, his major work, "The Stations of the Cross" with the subtitle *Lema Sabachthani:*

Of this he said: "*Lema Sabachthani*—why? Why did you forsake me? Why forsake me? To what purpose? Why?

"This is the Passion. This outcry of Jesus. Not the terrible walk up the Via Dolorosa, but the question that has no answer.

"This overwhelming question that does not complain, makes today's talk of alienation, as if alienation were a modern invention, an embarrassment. The question that has no answer has been with us so long—since Jesus—since Abraham—since Adam—the original question.

"*Lema?* To what purpose—is the unanswerable question of human suffering.

"Can the Passion be expressed by a series of anecdotes, by fourteen sentimental illustrations? Do not the Stations tell of one event? . . ."

BARNETT NEWMAN: *"The Stations of the Cross," four of his great series of paintings that hung in the living room of his New York apartment*

BARNETT NEWMAN:
His last painting, opposite,
in his Prince Street studio
with his worktable
in the foreground

ALEXANDER LIBERMAN

THE NATURALS

GETAROUND COTTONS

Here's a great way to look on your way to or from or under the sun . . . or knocking about Saturdays anywhere. Call them khakis, fatigues, work clothes, whatever—it's today's uniform, classic and practical as jeans. The kind of sharp, shirty gear girls love to live in—fast-moving, season-hopping, long-legged girls like MAZIE COX

BERT STERN

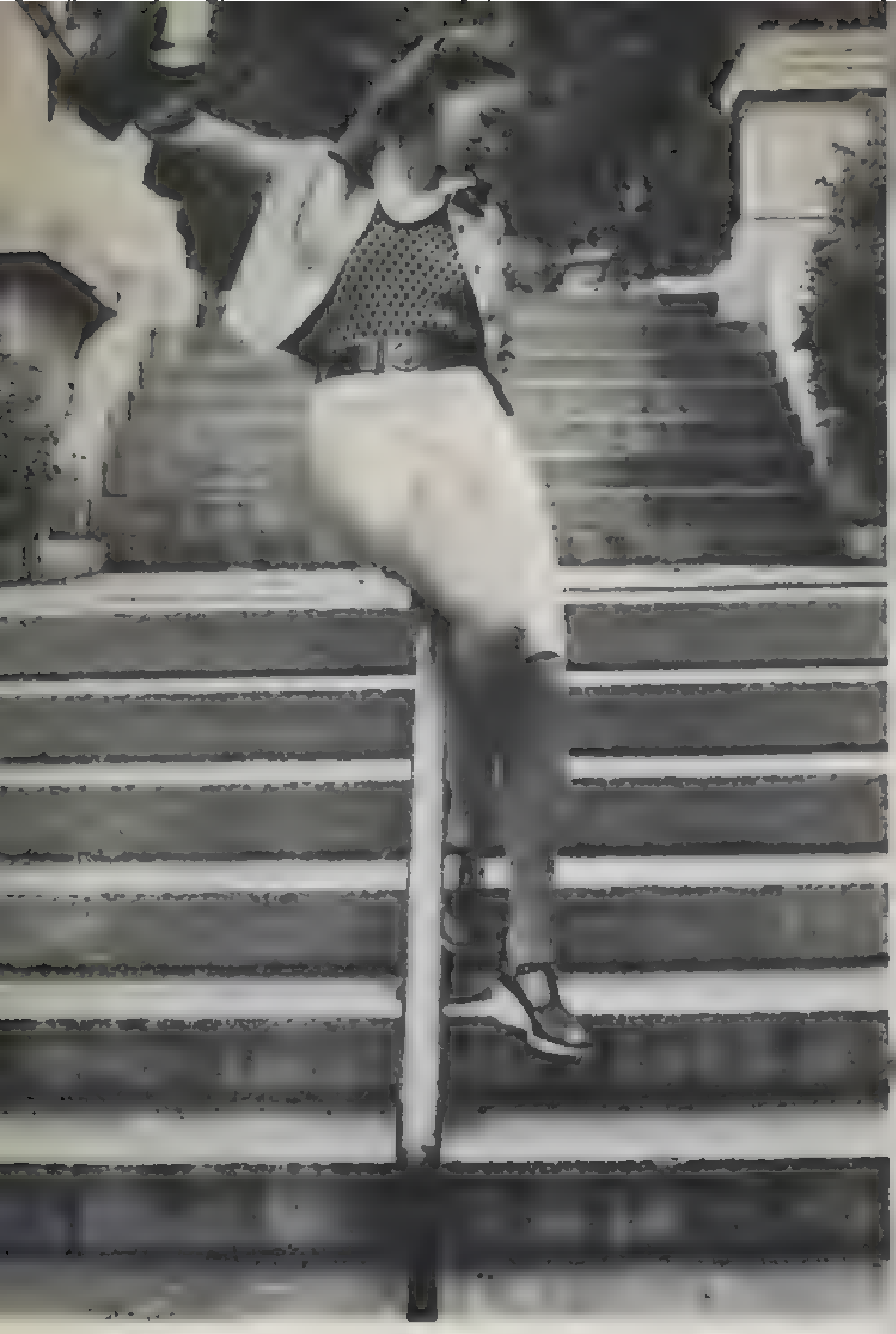
Safari-shirtdress, far left—khaki, natch; Mazie wears it belted over a workshirt-blue shirt with the cuffs flicked back, a bright scarf knotted around her neck. Khaki safari-shirt and pants, this page—a look with snap anywhere on the map. Pretty it up any way you like; a red turtleneck and head-wrapped scarf do it here. Mazie is a graduate of the Yale School of Architecture, spent September casing architecture around the U.S. solo, describes herself as an "athletic being." To her, these clothes are a Natural. . . . Both khaki turnouts by Ginori, of Dacron-and-cotton permapress (Galey & Lord fabric). Shirtdress, far left, about $75. At Bloomingdale's; Nan Duskin; Blum's Vogue; Battelstein's. This page: jacket, about $65; pants, about $32; cotton knit turtleneck, about $26. At Elizabeth Arden, New York; Nan Duskin; I. Magnin. Wheels: a new de Tomaso Pantera from Italy, sleek as the big cat it's named for. Accessory details, both pages, on the next to last page of this issue.

Everybody-happy dress, left—under a coat, out in the rain, inside a plane: a really good-looking khaki shirtdress/coatdress with yoked shoulders, white saddle stitching. Rainproofed to boot. And turned out with the kind of nifty Gucci gear that's a Natural with clothes like these—umbrella, scarf, watch, silver chains, canvas-and-leather shoulderbag. Khaki coatdress by Kay Unger for Traina Boutique, of Dacron and cotton (Klopman fabric). About $95. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Swanson's; Sakowitz.

Mechanic's coverall, right: khaki, snapped and belted over a white turtleneck, with four roomy pockets—because it's the sort of getup a getaround girl like Marisa wears, and she's apt to need a spare pocket or two. By Kasper for J. L. Sport, of Dacron and cotton (Galey & Lord fabric). About $75. Lord & Taylor, New York; Jacobson's, Michigan; Stix, Baer & Fuller; Joseph Magnin. Coiffures, both pages, Maury Hopson. Accessories, next to last page.

BERRY BERENSON

THE NATURALS really get around. And why not? These gutsy cotton-plus khakis ride easy, look super. More than fashion, it's a life style.... Lived here by MARISA BERENSON



THE NATURALS

...getaround cottons
to wear where the
climate is casual
and the going
fast and free...
worn by
MARISA BERENSON

Battle jacket and button-front skirt, above—for a coolish day in a warmish place, a fast little khaki suit to layer over a brown-and-white patterned sweater-vest and crisp white shirt, and belt well. Suit by Ilse Smith for Susan Thomas; Dacron and cotton (Galey & Lord fabric). About $44. Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman; J. W. Robinson. Into each life, right—wherever a really nifty raincoat would come in handy: this, caped and belted, in a good gutsy khaki-colored poplin would be terrific—double-breasted, full of snap. From the Givenchy Nouvelle Boutique, of cotton and polyester. About $200. At Bergdorf Goodman; Garfinckel's, Washington, D. C.; Gidding-Jenny; L. S. Ayres. Saturday uniform, opposite—great length of shirt in beige, brown, navy, and grey checks, belted over straight-legged pants—the weekend way you'd dress every day if you could, with everything but the family silver stashed in a giant canvas pouch. The works—pants, shirt, and bag—from the Givenchy Nouvelle Boutique. Pants, about $60; shirt, about $55. Of cotton and polyester. At Bergdorf Goodman; Garfinckel's, Washington, D. C.; Joseph Horne; Jacobson's, Michigan; L. S. Ayres. Coiffures by Maury Hopson. Accessory details, both pages, next to last page of this issue.

BERRY BERENSON

THE NATURALS

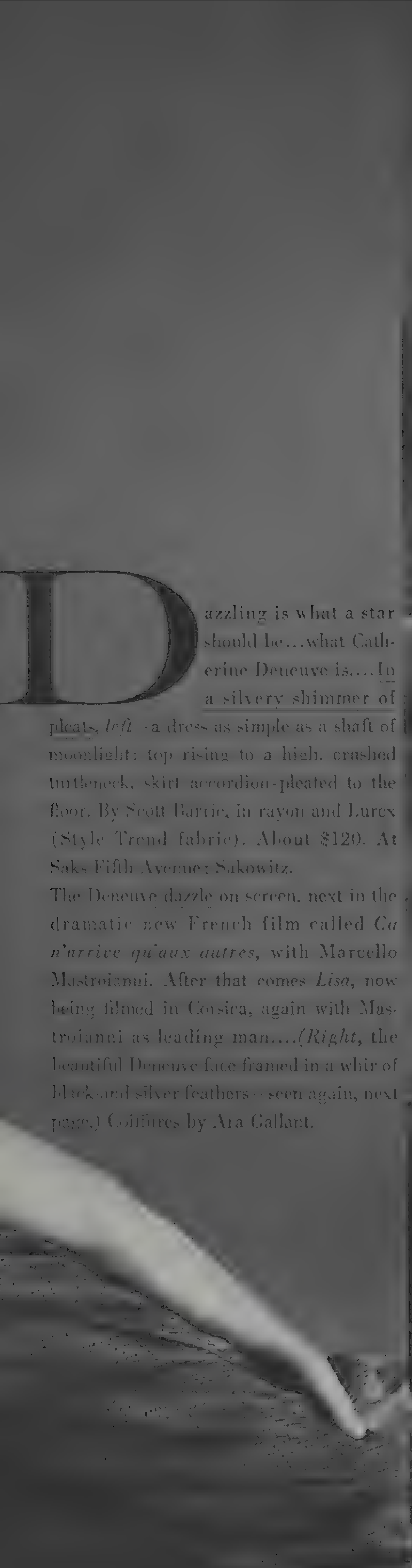
...corduroy, canvas, and seersucker—classic get-around cottons and a fast new Gucci way to get around.

Blazer in a sun-country mood, right: navy corduroy belted over a navy-and-white striped shirt, clean white canvas jodhpurs, and pulled together with Gucci gear—scarf, rings, riding boots, and the newest Gucci of all: American Motors' Gucci Sportabout station wagon, lined with the famous red-and-green stripe. Turnout by blassport. Corduroy blazer (Crompton fabric), about $106; shirt, about $34; jodhpurs, about $50. Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman; Garfinckel's, Washington, D.C.; Jacobson's, Michigan; Gus Mayer; Neiman-Marcus.

Seersucker safari, far right—rugged off-white jacket and mid-thigh shorts layered over ribby brown turtle and tights—to throw in a suitcase and pull out when you're in the sun. Everything else is Gucci: rings, watch, brown suède boots—and the racy new Gucci wagon. Cotton suit by Kasper for J.L. Sport (Wollman fabric). Jacket, about $74; shorts, about $34. Late November at Lord & Taylor, New York; Jacobson's, Michigan; Stix, Baer & Fuller; Joseph Magnin. Tights by Archer. On both pages, coiffures by François of Kenneth.

BERRY BERENSON

CATHERINE DENEUVE – DAZZLING

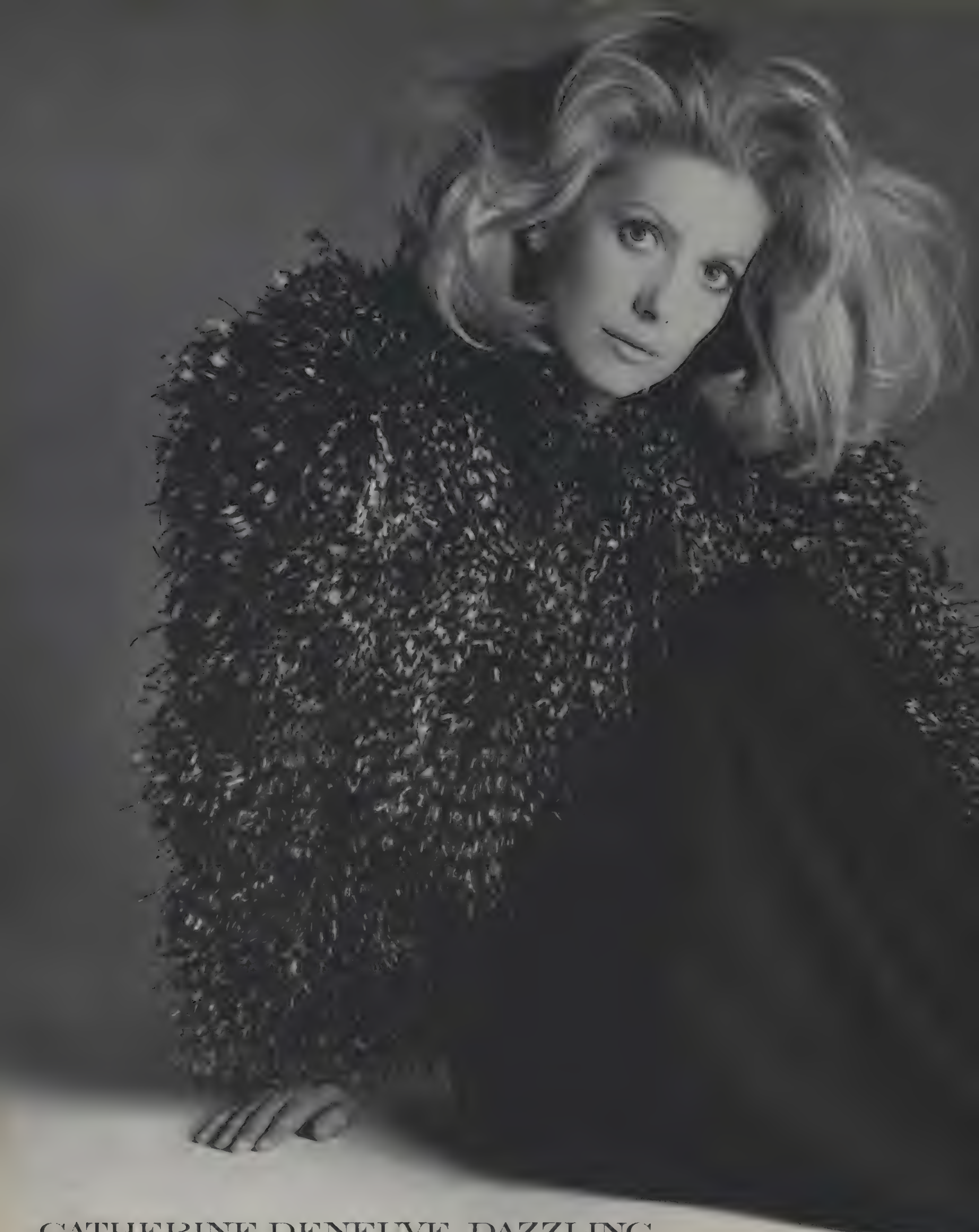


Dazzling is what a star should be...what Catherine Deneuve is....In a silvery shimmer of pleats, *left*—a dress as simple as a shaft of moonlight: top rising to a high, crushed turtleneck, skirt accordion-pleated to the floor. By Scott Barrie, in rayon and Lurex (Style Trend fabric). About $120. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Sakowitz.

The Deneuve dazzle on screen, next in the dramatic new French film called *Ca n'arrive qu'aux autres,* with Marcello Mastroianni. After that comes *Lisa,* now being filmed in Corsica, again with Mastroianni as leading man....(*Right,* the beautiful Deneuve face framed in a whir of black-and-silver feathers—seen again, next page.) Coiffures by Ara Gallant.

IN SILVER

AVEDON



CATHERINE DENEUVE–DAZZLING
IN A FLUFF OF FEATHERS, A FLING OF CAPE

The dazzle of Catherine Deneuve, set off here by two of the season's most dazzling evening looks.... The ostrich chubby, *left*: light, floaty, beautiful, of "silver fox" ostrich - the black feathers tipped and flecked with silver. Floated here over a long, sexy slink of black rayon matte jersey, bias cut. By E.B. Haire for Victoria Royal, of nylon knit (Apsco Fabrics); about $[illegible]. At Lillie Rubin.

A marvelous [illegible] of cape, *right*—drifty, pearl-grey fabric, soft as angora, cut partly on the bias to wrap sideways or hang straight and long. Wrapped here over a smoke-grey silk chiffon dress with a dazzle of silver sequin stars on the bosom. By Oscar de la Renta: cape of lamb's wool, nylon, angora (Yves Gonnet fabric). Elizabeth Arden; Ara Gallant coifs.

AVEDON

THE HE CHEMISTRY SHE OF KATHARINE HEPBURN AND SPENCER TRACY

THEIR PRIVATE, ENDURING FIGHT TO BE TOGETHER

BY GARSON KANIN

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Garson Kanin, the writer, director, and playwright, met Katharine Hepburn when he arrived in Hollywood at the end of the 'thirties, before she had begun her long friendship with Spencer Tracy who was also one of the stars in the M-G-M stable. Kanin and his wife, Ruth Gordon, the actress, some of whose recent best-selling book of memoirs,* Myself Among Others, *first appeared in these pages, were best friends of Hepburn and Tracy for the twenty-seven years they were together.* Tracy and Hepburn, *from which these excerpts are taken, will be published shortly by Viking.*

Katharine Hepburn is tall—not as tall as she thinks she is, but tall. For a long time, she owned several pairs of specially built platform shoes (has them still for all I know) that she wore whenever she felt the occasion warranted. To my eye they seemed ugly, suggesting deformity. She agreed, but was willing to go as far as to seem clubfooted, so long as she attained her impish aim: to put down —literally—the men with whom she came in professional contact.

It happened that during the time she was under contract to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, the upper-executive echelon was made up mainly of physically smallish men. Benny Thau, Eddie Mannix, Sidney Franklin, and the formidable L. de B. Mayer himself were all under, say, five foot nine inches.

This meant that even with ordinary ladies' shoes and her extraordinary posture and her hair piled high, she was, from their point of view, imposing.

With the addition of the trick shoes, which added three or four inches to her height (and caused the men to shrink a cowering inch or two), she *towered* over them. At least she felt she did and what is more important, *they* felt she did.

Someone once called them her Seven-League Boots, and she invariably put them on whenever she started climbing the Beanstalk—up, up, up into the forbidding Front Office where the Giants lived. She did not make the trip often, but, when she did, she emerged with what she wanted.

Was it her wicked sense of fun that made her choose to wear them on the day she was to meet Spencer Tracy for the first time in order to discuss *Woman of the Year*? He was a big man—in every way—but not exceptionally tall: five foot ten and a half inches.

"Hello," she said.

"How are y' ?"

She looked him over, tip to toe, as though she were considering buying him. Then she smiled her friendliest smile and said, "You're rather *short*, aren't you?"

"Don't worry, honey," he shot back without missing a beat, "I'll cut you down to my size."

With this as a beginning, it is not surprising that they went on to become one of the most celebrated teams in American film history. The leading man-leading lady Bad Beginning has been a staple of dramaturgy for as long as it has been turging. In American romantic movies, especially, we have come almost to *expect* the two leads to bite on each other in their first scene together. It may be that Tracy and Hepburn instinctively acted their opening scene the minute they met because they sensed they were meant to play together, that they were ordained to be a team.

° ° °

In Hollywood parlance, Tracy and Hepburn had what is called "he-she chemistry." It is a vague and largely meaningless phrase used to cloak a mystery. Certain pairs create interest, give off sparks, excite; others do not.

Yet, they had to make delicate adjustments to each other.

Spencer was a poor traveler. A break in his well-ordered routine was upsetting, and, in the end, he would rather stay than go. He loved to *plan* trips and journeys, but no more than one in twenty ever happened.

Conversely, Kate is a born traveler. She knows that the secret of successful travel lies in planning. Maps and timetables and air schedules and cable blanks are never far from her elbow. She moves about the world easily and makes herself perfectly at home anywhere. She has toured the country on several occasions, unusual, these days, for a great star.

Mrs. Patrick Campbell, coming round to see Lilian Braithwaite after a performance of Noël Coward's *The Vortex* said, "You have a tour de force, my dear, a tour de force! while I—well, I am forced to tour!"

Kate sees it otherwise, and finds great stimulation in new places

Katharine Hepburn and Spencer Tracy in a scene from their last film together, "Guess Who's Coming to Dinner," 1967

THE MUSEUM OF MODERN ART

and people. It is always an adventure.

She has played throughout the United States, in England, France, Africa, Spain, Australia, and her appetite for travel has only been whetted.

"Not me," said Spencer one evening. "I don't like to get too far away from my *props*."

The remark surprises me. It contradicts my understanding of his relationship to material things. I begin to see that during his years with Kate, he has begun to feel differently about possessions. He is surrounded now by imaginatively provided comforts: a great easy chair, a well-stocked, perfectly equipped kitchen, TV sets everywhere, a dream of a bath/dressing room; books, pictures, objects he has come to appreciate and understand and admire.

"I didn't know you were all that attached to stuff," I remarked.

"I'm not," he said. "I just would rather have it around than not."

"You want to watch that."

"Watch what?"

I had irritated him.

"Nothing. Forget it."

"No," he said hotly. "You've got something to say, say it."

I had stumbled into trouble and now there was no way out.

"Well, let me put it this way," I said. "And mind you, Spence, I'm talking to myself as well as to you."

"Just talk to *me*," he said. "Talk to yourself on your own time."

I went on. "I once asked René Clair to define the word 'bourgeois'—I thought I knew, but I wasn't sure. It's a French word, after all, and he's a Frenchman, so I figured he ought to know. And that René! Did he ever lay it down. He said, 'For me, the "bourgeois" is a man who does not exist without his possessions. His everythings—no, his *all* his things—are parts of him, the same as legs and kidneys and balls.'" Spencer regarded me stonily. "I thought it was very neatly put," I added.

"So I'm a *bourgeois*," said Spence, giving the word a fancy pronunciation.

"Now, come on. Did I say that?"

"Sure."

"No. What I said was that we have to be careful we don't move in that direction. Both of us. You and I."

"What are we?" he asked. "A team all of a sudden?"

"You know what I mean."

"I'm afraid I do."

I had touched a sensitive spot, invaded a private area. Could it be that he had inner misgivings about the shape his life had taken, was taking? Was it an idea he had brushed aside, and I had rudely brought forth again? I could not tell. I only knew that he was annoyed. He stuck his hand through the handle of his vibrator (I had bought it for him), clicked on the switch and began to run it over his left wrist. I suspected that he was trying to calm himself down and not make more of the moment than it warranted.

"What's the *opposite* of bourgeois?" he asked quietly. (Too quietly?)

"I'm not sure."

"Why don't you call up René Clair and ask him?"

"He's in Paris," I said, thoroughly cowed.

"That's all right. Us *bourgeoises* use the long-distance all the time."

"I think the opposite varies. Depending on who you are. To a French aristocrat, I suppose it means someone upper class, or in finance. I don't know."

"Never mind French aristocrats. What is it to *us*?"

"I guess the opposite of bourgeois to us would be artist."

"Who ever told you you were an artist?"

"Nobody. Just a figure of speech. I mean, a word."

He shut off his vibrator, threw it onto his table, and got up.

"Listen," he said. "Let me tell you what's worse than thinking you're a bourgeois—thinking you're an *artist*, for Christ's sake. I'm an *actor*—it's a job, a trade. And what *you* do is, too—or ought to be. Don't start thinking of yourself as some kind of la-di-da member of the elite or you'll wind up on your ass."

The conversation was well out of hand now. There was nothing left to do but let it die away and hope for a better next time.

Next time turned out to be worse.

Spencer is talking seriously of his insomnia. It has plagued him throughout his life. When he was engaged on a project, it was bad. He had difficulty turning off his pulsating creative machinery. When he was idle, as he had now been for some time, it was even worse.

I suggest that if, perhaps, he could cut down his enormous coffee consumption. . . ?

"That hasn't got a goddamn thing to *do* with it!" he snaps.

I had forgotten, momentarily, that in these nondrinking years, coffee was the important substitute. Whenever he and Ruth and I went out to dinner at Chasen's or Romanoff's or La Rue's, a waiter would bring him a pot of coffee as soon as he sat down.

We talk of hot milk and self-hypnosis (Continued on page 167)

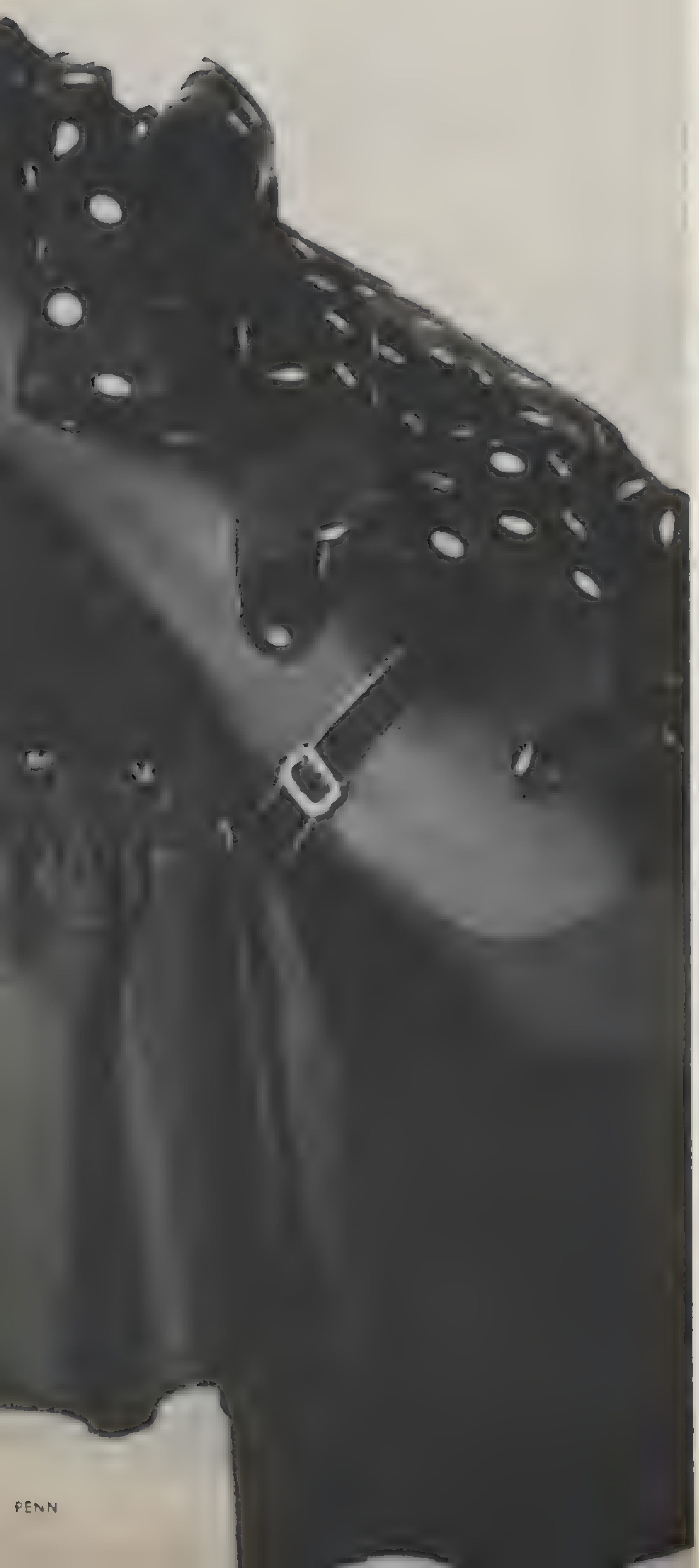
Everybody's

It's night. Be joyous. Sexy. Saucy. Ruffly taffeta polka dots rustling—black and white—catching the mood. The rest, all shine and gleam...a flip little bob glinting this way and that...skin that just shimmers, even through stockings, even when it's out of sight....

Dress by Anne Fogarty, in acetate. About $56. Lord & Taylor; Hudson's; Stix, Baer & Fuller; J. W. Robinson. Hair bobbed and flipped by Suga— and polished by the savviest of conditioners PPT S-77, from the wonderful Redken labs. Accessories, next to last page.

THE NEW NIGHT MAKEUP

doing the Shimmer



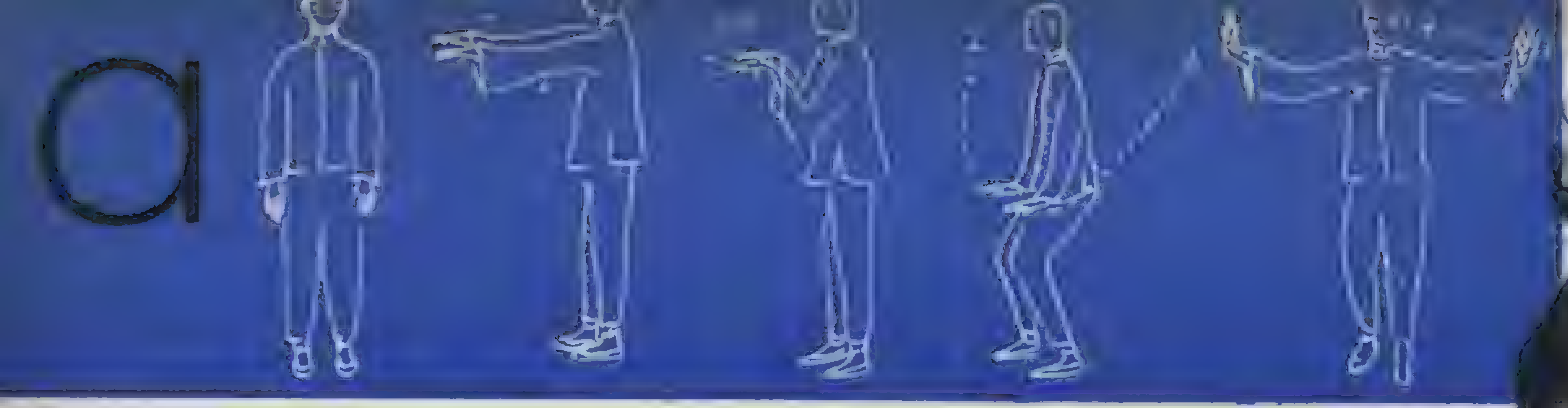
PENN

***doing it, glowing it, showing it . . .
this is the year of the spotlight face***

Nighttime is the new time for makeup. The mood changes, the light changes, everybody changes. To be out of color at night is to be out of date. Makeup is the fashion a woman puts on her face and the only fashion she can make her very own; she can be creative, inventive, daring . . . the makeup shakeup that began at the start of the year has never been felt as vividly as now when the lights go on

the beauty buffs are doing it. One Venezuelan femme fatale finds "nothing's quite as sexy as a well-painted mouth (done with a lipstick brush, of course). Rose-red with silver over it. Ripe peach shot with gold. Fuchsia on the upper lip, cyclamen on the lower—positively thrilling at night." . . . A siren who's very strong on color —and intuition—thinks "people are going back to artifice and finding it extremely seductive at night. A very white or silver face powder looks brilliant, especially with a tiny smidge of shell-pink rouge outlining each nostril, each ear lobe." . . . And here's a recipe from one delicious French dish: blend a light pearly base around the temples and eyes, cover with rosy-bisque foundation, and people will think you've been resting the entire day. (Same plat du soir has also discovered that touches of Violette de Parme under the eyes and under lipstick make one look "terribly fragile and female.") . . . A beauty for whom boredom has never held a threat, adores "a glistener to set my makeup mood. I use a gleaming base over my eyelids, up to my brows and clear out to the hairline on each side; then I put shadow over the gleam— always in a shade to match my dress. If I'm wearing black (and I often do), then I love silver. Or bright shadows, if my dress is bright (applied in mille-feuille apricot and orange, pink and yellow, or green and blue). . . ." Another beauty lightly outlines her face with a luminous almost-white foundation and blends it the length of her neck; the effect is fascinating against her dark, polished hair—like a night-blooming flower—and her only other accents are thinned brows faintly penciled in a cool green to match her lids, mauve lips, a heart-shaped mouche of the same color at the corner of her mouth.

the makeup pros are doing it. Pablo of Elizabeth Arden opts for the darker lipsticks; they make the teeth look much, much whiter—and so appealing. But, he adds, the deeper shades require careful contouring so there's no "bleeding" of color. As for evening eyes: "I love the sexy gleam of softly frosted shadow, especially off-beat colors like prune or yellow. Yellow is fabulous." . . . John Richardson, a free-lance marvel, is doing designs for the mouth—for instance, a soft round Cupid's bow ("irresistible") drawn with a maroon pencil, then filled in with lipstick. "I leave a little whitish area around the dark outline, and finish it off with a bit of shiny pearl so it gleams and reflects the light." . . . Jurgen Schmitt, one of the youngest and most innovative makeup men around town, refuses to limit himself (or his clients) to any one look: "So much depends on the woman herself, what she's like, what she does, where she is," but he's partial to a pale polished skin, a dramatic mouth. For parties: glitter—gold and silver to outline the mouth, or a vertical stripe of gold or silver (no more than ¼-inch wide) from lashes to brow. "Either/or," says Jurgen, "the accent goes to one feature and only one." . . . Imo, the Roman hairdresser and makeup wizard at Rose Reti, likes "a streak of gloss to highlight the cheekbones, brow line, lips. This is a standout under evening lights, especially if the skin remains pale as porcelain just tinged with rosy tones, suffused color about the eyes. Everything should be slightly mysterious—never too perfect or too regular." . . . Following the same imperfect line of reasoning and allure, Way Bandy of Charles of the Ritz insists it's the imperfections that give personality; if you want to improve the shape of your lips, do it subtly so it's still natural. And, with lips taking on more color, eye makeup becomes softer—given a Chinese lift for evening, pale orchid or jade-green shadow winging up and out and blanched with lots of white. . . . Another voice raised against perfection: Justine of Vidal Sassoon thinks "mouths are unconsciously sexy, especially if they are unbalanced: a crooked smile, a beauty mark or dimple at the corner of the mouth." So she's all for a pair of moist shining lips with deep color that stays within the natural contours—and for eyes that are softer, smokier, and shiny in deep tones of plum lightening to lavender towards the lashes, or navy to avocado. . . . The pros seem to be of one voice when it comes to deeper lips and softer eyes. Damon of Kenneth sums it up this way: "Too many girls spend all their effort on their eyes and forget about their mouths. Mouths are very much a part of a woman's arsenal of sex appeal; lips should be pretty, glossy, and wet."



T'AI CHI CH'UAN

THE ANCIENT CHINESE EXERCISE ART YOU CAN LEARN TODAY...FOR FITNESS, GOOD HEALTH, AND PEACE OF MIND

Beginning Form of T'ai Chi Ch'uan

On these pages, the exercise that can completely change your ideas about exercise: T'ai Chi Ch'uan. Not a rigorous huff-and-puff routine, but a long graceful orchestral composition consisting of 108 forms. When done in sequence it lasts from 22 to 25 minutes and resembles, to many observers, floating on top of the water. Every part of the body—from the eyes to the soles of the feet—comes into play as T'ai Chi Ch'uan benefits each muscle and joint, promotes good circulation, builds endurance, coordination, balance, attuned reflexes. Equally important are its nonphysical aspects—the total involvement that tranquilizes the spirit and soothes the mind, the perfect calm and relaxation it induces....Here, four of its forms starting (a) with the first series of movements and demonstrating the completion of three others and their transition steps—(b) Raise Left Leg, (c) Parting the Wild Horse's Mane, and (d) Angel Works at the Shuttle. The young exerciser, Christina Yuin, is a pupil of Sophia Delza, the only Western professional to have studied the art in China with one of its masters. A master teacher herself, as well as a performer, Miss Delza presides over classes at the U.N. and her own studio in Carnegie Hall.... While it is possible to learn T'ai Chi Ch'uan at home—Miss Delza has an excellent everything-you-need-to-know book, *Body and Mind in Harmony*—it is best to begin with a qualified teacher. And, naturally, it is necessary to practice faithfully each day. But all of Miss Delza's pupils agree, it's worth every bit of effort as they learn "to appreciate T'ai Chi Ch'uan with all aspects of their being."

Parting the Wild Horse's Mane

LINE DRAWINGS BY SOPHIA DELZA FROM **BODY AND MIND IN HARMONY**, PUBLISHED BY DAVID MC KAY.

Raise Left Leg
b
Angel Works at the Shuttle
d

PENATI

ARNAUD DE ROSNAY

Nordic skiing, *langlauf*, ski touring—whatever you want to call it, it's cross-country skiing and it's terrific. The oldest organized snow sport in North America, parent of glorious downhill, it is fast becoming the latest skiing rage everywhere—from Aspen to Zermatt. It involves lighter (in weight and in cost) equipment than downhill skiing, and its enthusiasts—many as-well-as and not instead-of downhill fans—say there's nothing so uniquely satisfying as getting onto cross-country skis and getting away from it all. Independent of lift lines and organized ski areas, it's as near as a snowy field, city park, or your own backyard. And almost anyone old—or young—enough to walk can do it: a long, gliding stride somewhere between walking and running that takes you places, quickly, quietly, safely. A champ can move along fifteen feet on one ski, swoosh. Norwegian ski pro Lisa Dobloug—now of Florida's Spa at Palm-Aire—says that "cross-country is super exercise for legs, the most complete I can think of, as well as for abdomen, midriff, arms, back, and shoulders. You are always outside, breathing fresh air. And it does as much for your mind as for your body."... Cross-country skis are longer, narrower than downhill skis, need special waxing depending on snow conditions; poles are longer with bigger baskets for grip and push-pull mobility; boots, supple and light, usually fastened only at the toe. Clothing is light and loose, in layers you can strip off; you dress so that when you walk outside, you're cold—you'll warm up quickly enough from the exercise.... And there's nothing like stopping midway for a picnic under the sun.... Just about the only precaution necessary—aside from leaving word where you're headed and when you intend to return—is to protect your skin from the moisture-stripping combination of cold, wind, and sun and/or snow glare (read more about this in Beauty Checkout, page 58). Bonne Bell's Purse & Parka collection is loaded with cold-weather helpfuls like Eye Gloss and a Tinted Lip Gloss that's medicated, sunscreening, and particularly pretty in addition to one of their new medicated lipsticks like Berries 'N Cream, Red Applecreme, or Plum Shimmer. And in winter's wickedest weather, their Weatherproofer in a tin is the slickest....

CONTESSA DANIELA SALINA IN ACTION This is it, *left*—cross-country skiing, striding across silent white snowfields at St. Moritz, exhilarated by the exercise, peace, and solitude.... Coming up on the next six pages: more ski people, places, fashion, action.

THE TOTAL EXERCISE: CROSS-COUNTRY SKIING

SIGNORA DIANA MAURI goes all out for the knitted life at Sestriere, right, Italy's super-streamlined ski heaven—turtleneck pullover and little sweatery shorts, plus long ribby socks layered over tights.

Yellow quilted poplin jacket and knickers, right, for cross-country buffs—no bulk over the layers you start with, all the warmth needed as you peel them off.

By Head Ski & Sports Wear; Trevira polyester and cotton. About $120. Bloomingdale's; Marshall Field; Nordstrom Best. Uvex goggles. Cap, At Altman's. Mittens by Grandoe. Socks by Lady Camp. Boots by Bass. Splitkein cross-country skis—longer, narrower, lighter.

THE SKI PEOPLE...DRESSED FOR ACTION

LEAN, RACY—AND NO SKIDDING

Good news, all navy, right: a quilted nylon jacket cut to fit like skin—and move like wind. And navy warm-up pants in polished gabardine—one of the non-skid fabrics turning up all over the ski map.

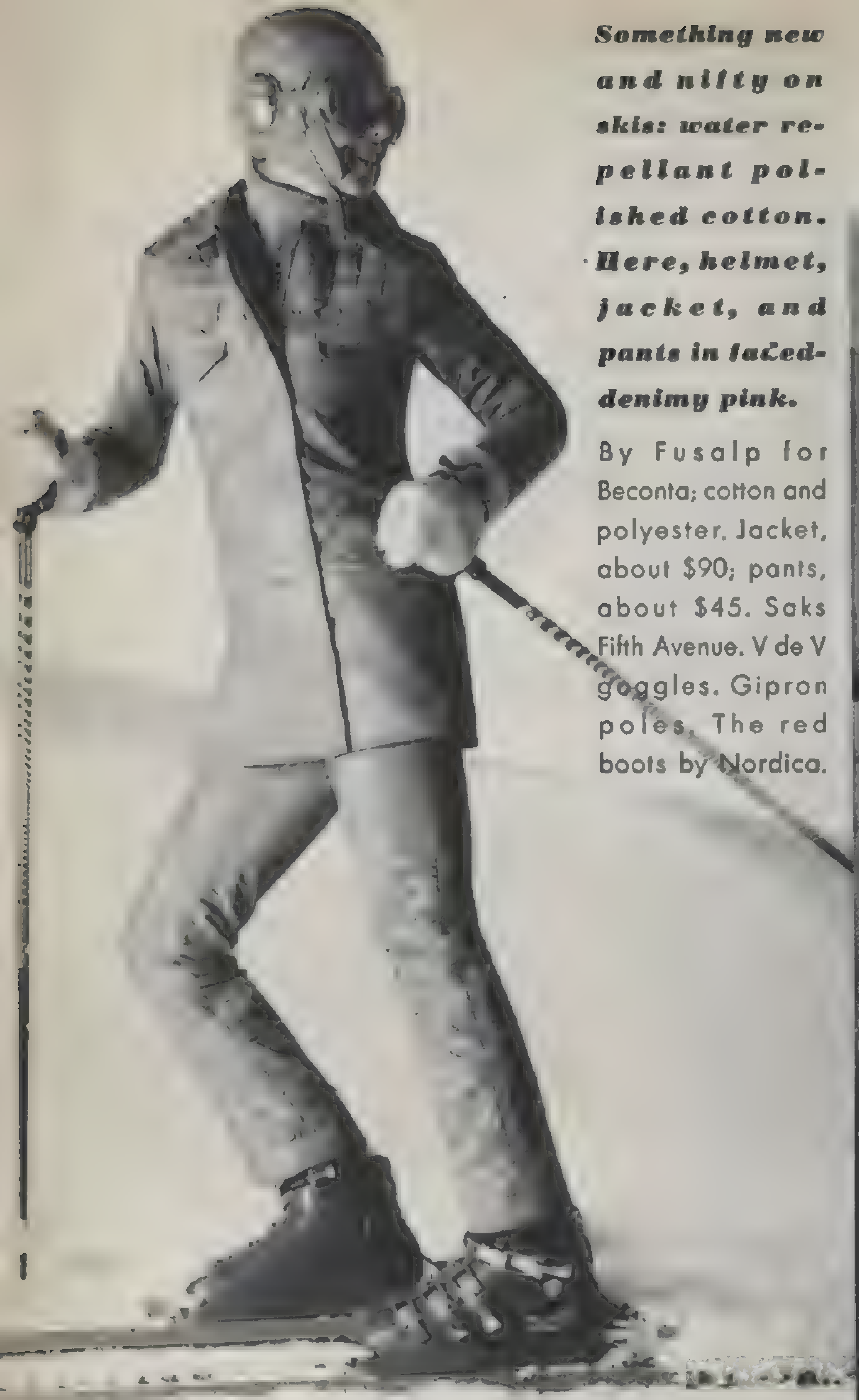
Nylon jacket, about $80; white wool turtleneck, about $44; Fortrel-and-nylon pants, about $62. All, by Anne Klein Supersport. At Bloomingdale's; Nordstrom Best. Camille Unglick sunglasses. Cap and scarf, at Altman's. Van Raalte mittens. K2 poles. Humanic navy boots.

THE CROSS-COUNTRY LOOK

To watch for: quilted cotton, ski-worthy and good-looking—like the nifty Berber Blue jacket and knickers worn by Contessa Camerana at Sestriere.

CONTESSA CHRISTINE CAMERANA

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ELISABETTA CATALANO, PENATI, VITTORIO CAMERANA

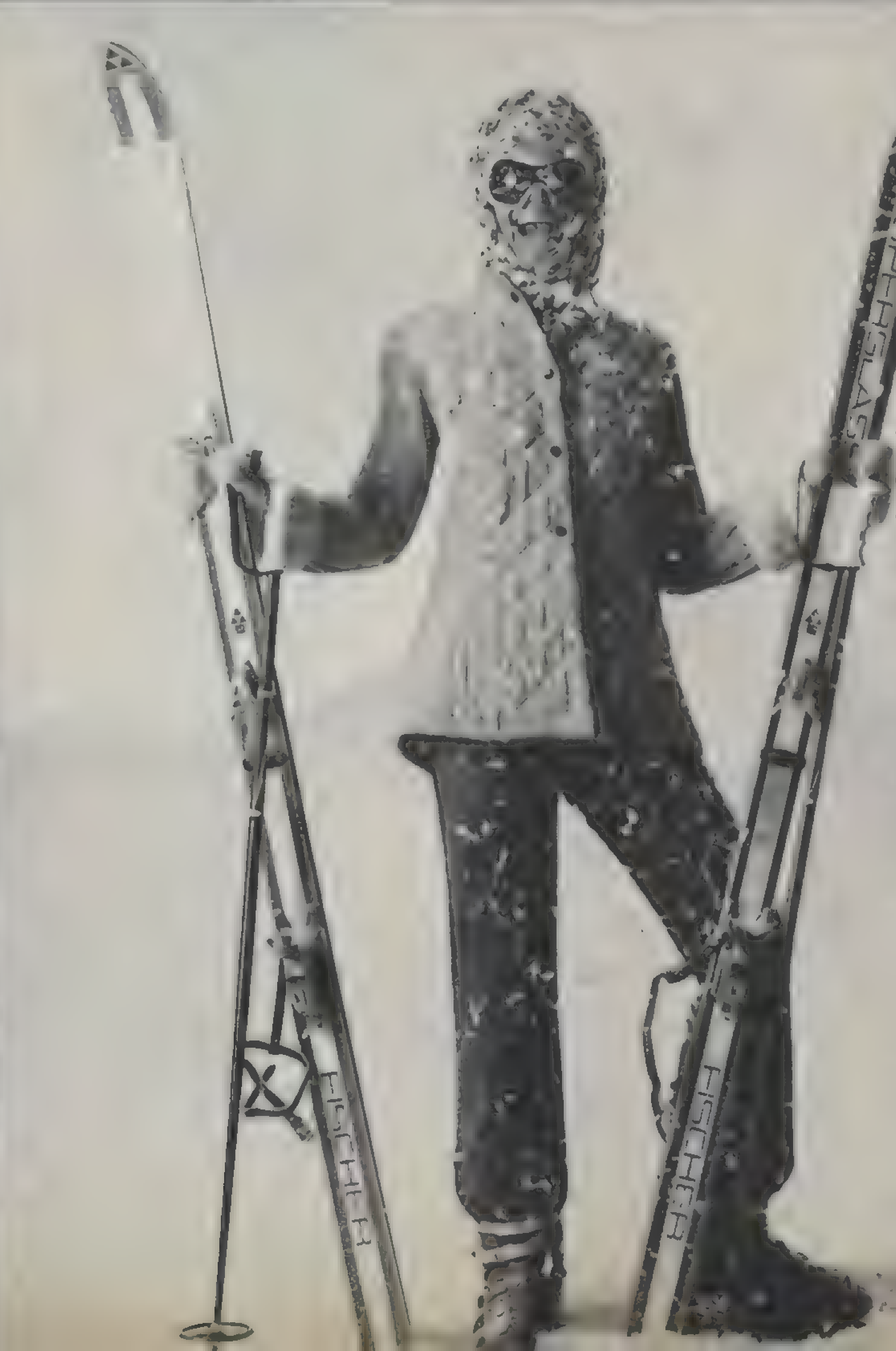


Something new and nifty on skis: water repellant polished cotton. Here, helmet, jacket, and pants in faded-denimy pink.

By Fusalp for Beconta; cotton and polyester. Jacket, about $90; pants, about $45. Saks Fifth Avenue. V de V goggles. Gipron poles. The red boots by Nordica.

MRS. CONRAD ROOKS *In Gstaad at Chalet Poppi, Janice Rooks—wife of the producer-director-writer-star of the movie Chappaqua—in comfortable after-ski turtleneck, knickers, and high-laced boots.*

JANET LYLE—WHO RUNS LONDON'S ANNACAT BOUTIQUE—WITH HUGH CHISHOLM *in the clear Swiss sunlight people-watching, favorite lunchtime activity at Gstaad or any ski place.*



New look in ski pants: bloused over the boots like a cossack's, with a velours jacket lined in challis flowers that's as pretty off skis as on.

Russet wool tweed pants by Fusalp for Beconta, about $65. At Outdoor Trader, Greenwich, Conn. Mustardy cotton velours jacket by Vous Y Êtes, about $80. At Henri Bendel. Phillipe Chavallier goggles. Allsop poles. Fischer Super-glass skis. Nordica boots.

THE SKI PEOPLE DRESSED FOR ACTION

Super way to dress after any kind of skiing—fluffy wolf jacket and boots, with chrome-yellow turtleneck and tights, head wrapped in a long wool scarf.

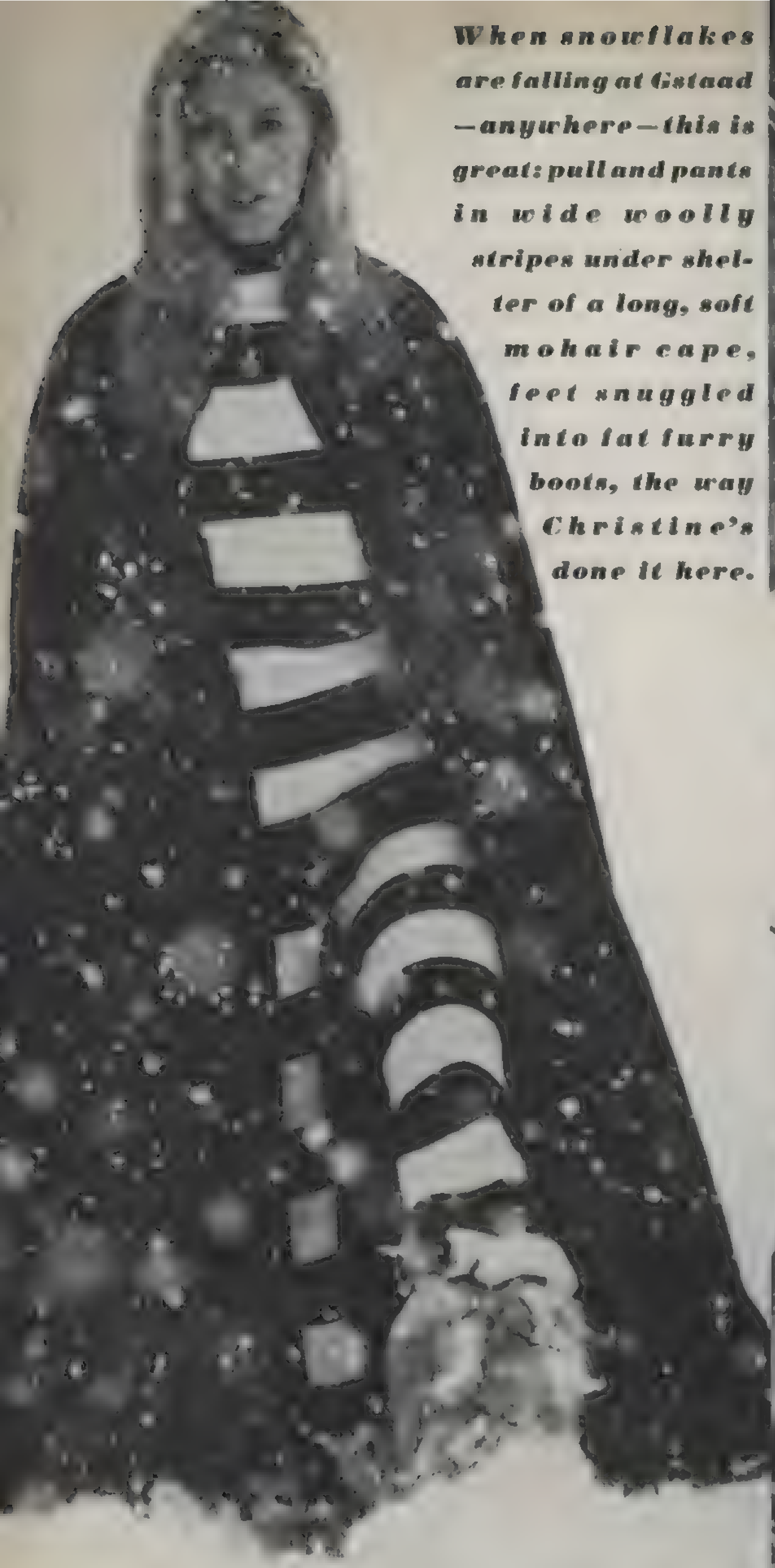
Natural Canadian wolf jacket by Bill Blass for Revillon, at Saks Fifth Avenue. Wool ribbed turnout by White Stag. Handcraft scarf. Van Raalte mittens. Pouch-belt by Fusalp for Beconta. Boots by Palizzio.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY
PENATI VITTORIO CAMERANA

The great separates life on skis: nothing matches, everything goes—like this shiny brown glacé jacket, tweedy brown sweater, patterned brown over-the-boot stretch pants ...furriest hat, mittens.

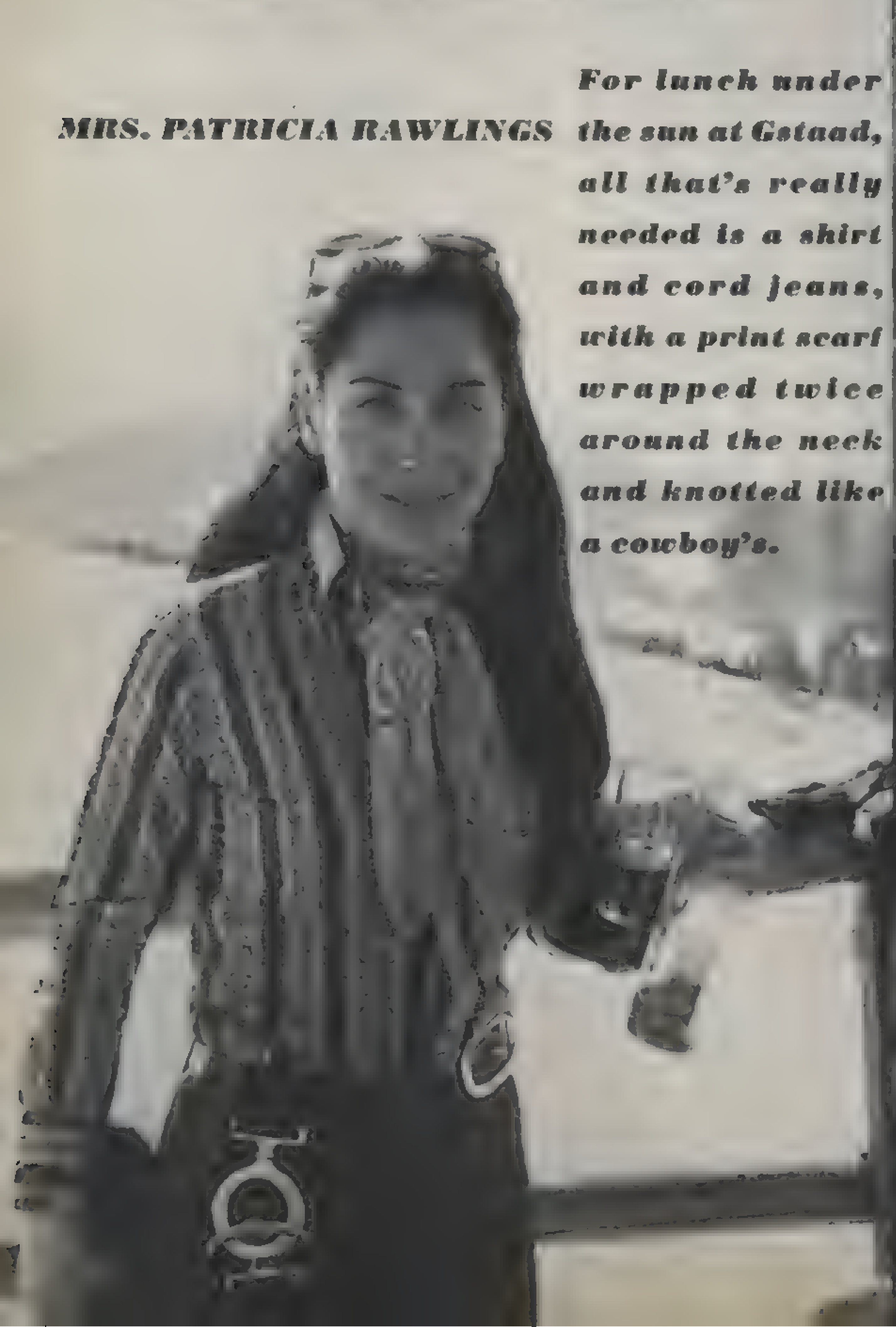
By White Stag. Nylon jacket, about $25; polyester-cotton-and-spandex pants, about $20. Altman's. Camille Unglick sunglasses. Cap and mittens by Gottesman. Poles by Gipron. Skis by Volkl. Henke boots: Princeton Ski Shop.

***MME. BERNARD CAMU AND HER SON OLIVIER** in the free and easy after-ski climate of Gstaad, both wearing turtlenecks and jeans, the international uniform.*



When snowflakes are falling at Gstaad—anywhere—this is great: pull and pants in wide woolly stripes under shelter of a long, soft mohair cape, feet snuggled into fat furry boots, the way Christine's done it here.

CONTESSA CHRISTINE CAMERANA



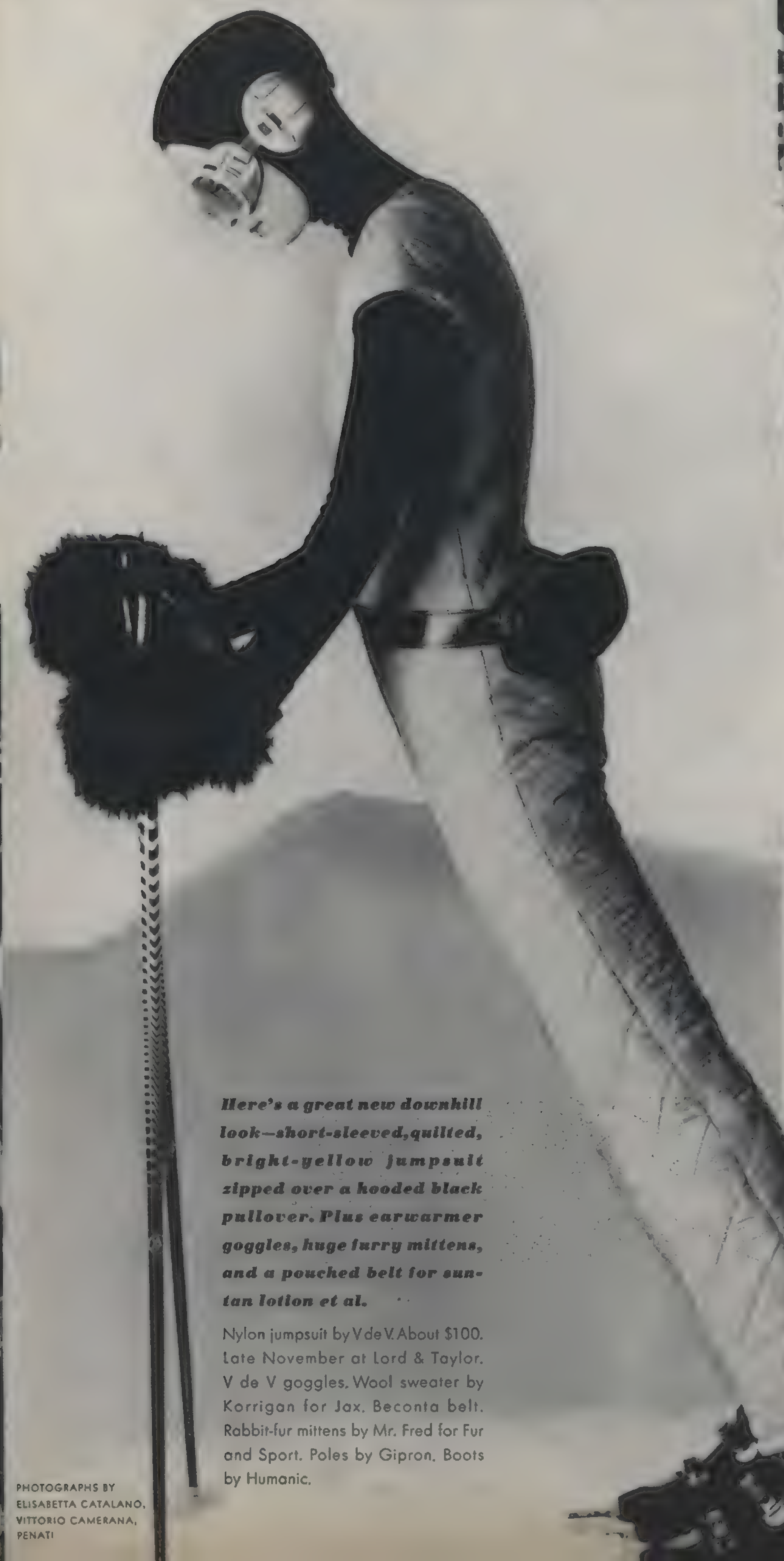
MRS. PATRICIA RAWLINGS

For lunch under the sun at Gstaad, all that's really needed is a shirt and cord jeans, with a print scarf wrapped twice around the neck and knotted like a cowboy's.

VICKY TENNANT

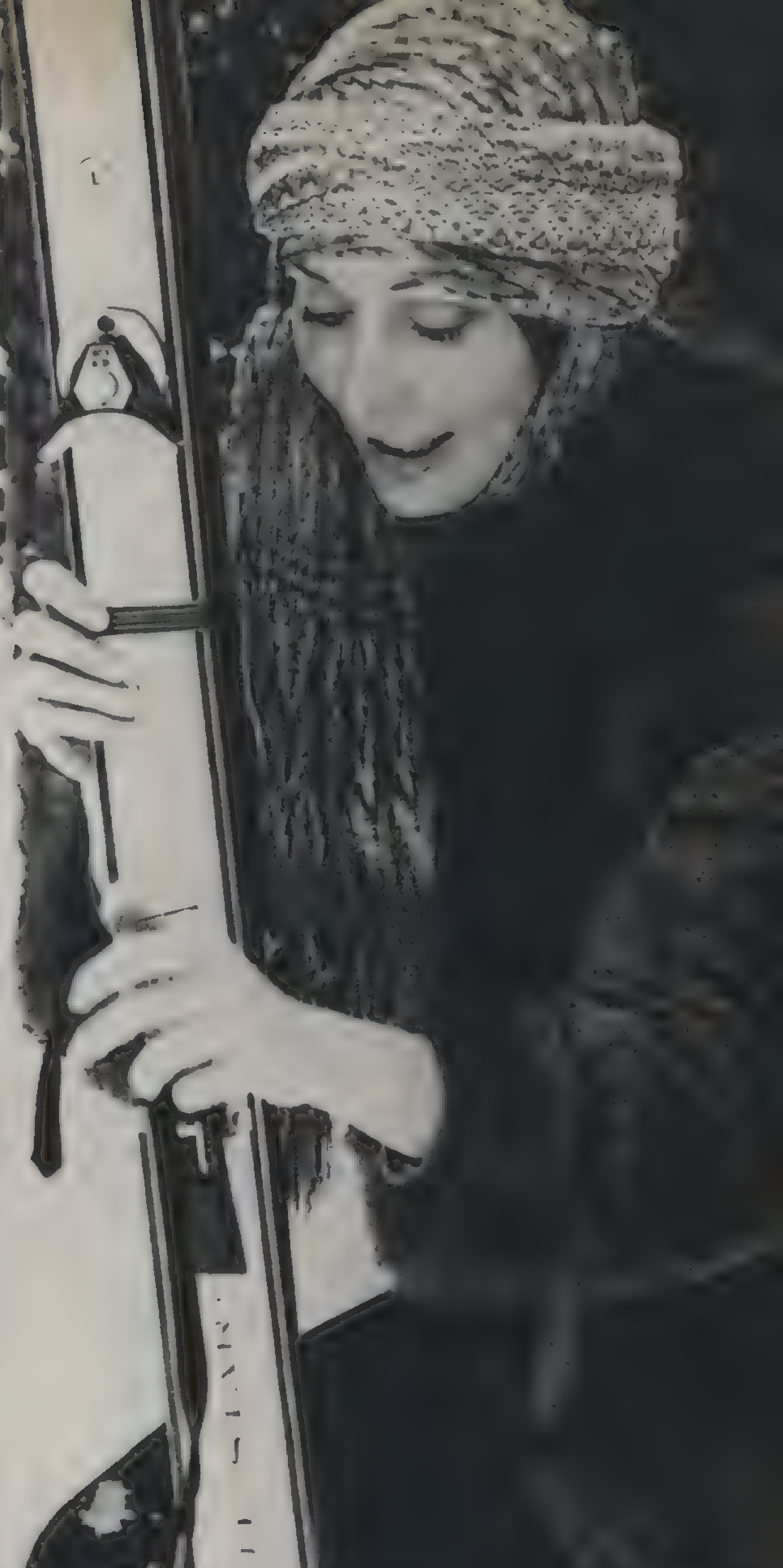
Beautiful blonde in a St. Moritz ponycart—Vicky's wearing a taupe-and-white ponyskin jacket and patchwork velvet jeans tucked into tattered suède boots that look like trapper's wrappings.

THE SKI PEOPLE DRESSED FOR ACTION



Here's a great new downhill look—short-sleeved, quilted, bright-yellow jumpsuit zipped over a hooded black pullover. Plus earwarmer goggles, huge furry mittens, and a pouched belt for suntan lotion et al.

Nylon jumpsuit by V de V. About $100. Late November at Lord & Taylor. V de V goggles. Wool sweater by Korrigan for Jax. Beconta belt. Rabbit-fur mittens by Mr. Fred for Fur and Sport. Poles by Gipron. Boots by Humanic.



MME. PHILIPPE LEROY

checking her bindings at Sestriere, in plush jeans and a short jacket of Australian opossum from Fendi in Rome ...her head wrapped like a cold-weather sultan's in a fringed scarf.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY
ELISABETTA CATALANO,
VITTORIO CAMERANA,
PENATI

Body

By Gay Gaer Luce

Editor's note: *The study of biological rhythms is one of the most important new areas of medical research. In the body, over one hundred functions and structural elements follow a biological clock that apparently alters body temperature, metabolism, mood, and alertness. What makes this clock run remains one of the great unsolved medical mysteries. Gay Gaer Luce has written one of the first studies of this fascinating complex of phenomena and the research surrounding it—this excerpt and the one to follow in the November 15 issue of* Vogue *are from her book* Body Time: Physiological Rhythms and Social Stress, *to be published this month by Pantheon Books.*

Each of us preserves a very private and complicated self-image. It is a portrait we agree to live by, and the people closest to us expect us to maintain the image and to feel and to behave today as we did yesterday and the day before. Children loudly resist such consistent expectations, yet ultimately most people grow up to accept the portrait. Who, indeed, seeing his reflected face in the morning, looks behind the geography of features to recognize the trace of a dream, to admit that the eyes are unfamiliar, hiding a sea of moods, antipodes of character, and shadows of forgotten essences in the infant face behind that in the mirror? A look in the mirror is not a trip in time. Most of us do not see a true image of ourselves, for the mirror reflects what we expect and not how we are changing. One can know oneself better from a diary, a calendar.

MEDICINE'S NEW DIRECTION: TO RESEARCH THE WAYS YOUR BODY AUTOMATICALLY TAKES CARE OF YOUR HEALTH

The calendar can mirror continuous change and also reveal the predictability of supposedly "unpredictable" changes. It may be one of our most overlooked, yet valuable, means for self-knowledge and also for medical diagnosis. Most people go through palpable undulations of mood, health, vitality, food tastes, weight, even intelligence. Some of these recurrent yet unexplained changes and moods may stem from a slight exaggeration in some normal endocrine cycle, as do the premenstrual tensions of women. However, we do not usually think of normal people as undulating in their outlook. If anything, we demand that people be consistent and are intolerant of changeableness. In our unrealistic expectation of constancy, we look for a specific cause to "explain" every change in a person's behavior. Sometimes this habit of thinking generates discord, as people blame external events and those around them for any trouble, responding blindly without looking inward to their own transformations. The mere expectation of change would be helpful.

If you know that a person becomes irascible every fourteen days, you no longer take his outbursts personally nor provoke him at the peak of irritability. It is possible to cope with alterations that are predictable, even if these are such serious changes as symptoms of periodic illness. Many people with periodic illness have simply marked off certain days on the calendar when they will be unfit to carry on their usual lives. One excellent athlete from Cambridge University had a painful swelling of the knees every nine days, so regularly that his team would schedule games months in advance, avoiding dates on which he would be incapacitated. Many such periodic ailments as this one would not be helped by surgery, yet people with such illnesses have undergone surgery and medication unnecessarily because their periodic symptoms were never properly diagnosed. Medical mistakes and a good deal of social friction and domestic turbulence might be prevented if people were to keep diaries of their own undulations of mood, appetite, symptoms, and energy. Unfortunately, in modern times the diary has gone out of fashion and our linear habits of thought make us seek an immediate cause for what may be cyclic human events.

One of the best examples of a normal cycle in which slight imbalances enlarge into a variety of symptoms is the menstrual cycle. Many other endocrine cycles are experienced by normal people, with occasional symptoms, but none are so well marked and therefore so easy to study. The approximately lunar rhythm of menstruation probably has its subtle counterpart in men, for in at least one study there have been signs of a monthly hormonal rhythm, and there are monthly mood cycles as well as monthly psychoses in men and adolescent boys. All of these other rhythms are likely to be illuminated by the study of women, for understanding symptoms and corresponding endocrine cycles in menstruation may create a model for understanding the quirks, idiosyncrasies, rashes, bursts of acne, changes in vision, and other expressions that perfectly healthy people feel as the result of other, less obvious cycles. Menstruation is just becoming a focus of study, as a cycle in which all women undergo major hormonal changes that permeate tissues throughout the body and inevitably influence the mind.

Premenstrual tension is a catchall phrase for a variety of symptoms that may occur at several phases of the cycle. Usually they happen in the four to five days just before onset of menses. It is estimated that 60 percent of all women experience some palpable change at this time; it may be just mild irritation, depression, headache, decline in attentiveness or in visual acuity. Numerous women experience a day or so of great energy, followed by lethargy that abruptly vanishes with the onset of menstrual bleeding. Some women become jittery, others weep or suffer insomnia, vertigo, and even nymphomania. Some women get respiratory ailments. Others are revisited by the symptoms of such chronic illnesses as arthritis, ulcers, or gastrointestinal ailments. For some women, this is a time when they feel a gustatory surge, a craving for sweets, while others entirely lack appetite.

Monthly changes in water retention may account for headaches and blurred vision. The high proportion of viral and bacterial infections that occur around menstruation have been postulated to be related to the effects of estrogen and progesterone on adrenal hormones. The pervasive social impact of premenstrual tension comes from psychological and behavioral change. This is the time of month in which women are most likely to be admitted to psychiatric wards. In *The Premenstrual Syndrome,* Dr. Katharina Dalton has summarized many studies of behavioral change; some have shown that a large portion of crimes (63 percent in an English study, 84 percent in a French study) are clustered in the premenstrual interval along with suicides, accidents, a decline in the quality of schoolwork and in intelligence-test scores, visual acuity, and response speed.

Dr. Oscar Janiger, a Los Angeles psychiatrist, began to notice that some of his women patients went through extraordinary spells of depression or belligerence. Sometimes, in extreme cases, even a transient psychotic was seen. The patients' reported quarrels with husbands and behavioral changes could not be explained purely psychiatrically; and when Dr. Janiger inquired, he almost always found that his patient was in the premenstrual period. It was common twenty years ago to suggest that premenstrual symptoms came from a denial of femininity or a resistance to sexual roles. It was also thought that cultures shaped attitudes toward sex and femininity, thereby enhancing or reducing menstrual symptoms. In searching the available anthropological literature, Dr. Janiger and his associates found no information that would allow a comparison of cultures, so they compiled their own questionnaire to elicit information about age, occupation, and social status with a listing of

time

NEW CLUES TO THE MYSTERIOUS CYCLES IN MEN AND WOMEN THAT CONTROL HEALTH, ENERGY, MIND

Emotional rhythms are body rhythms

symptoms from mild to severe. They inquired about parental attitudes toward discipline, home, religion, sex, and menstrual matters. They also used items that would rate each woman on emotional maturity and on a masculinity-femininity scale. Originally, they expected that they might see different symptoms in different cultural groups or even in subgroups.

There are many taboos about menstruation and the potency of menstrual blood, and menstruation is profoundly relevant to rites of passage and initiations into the adult role. In order to capture the possible differences, the questionnaires were given to extremely diverse groups of women: Turks in the American College in Beirut, Japanese students in Tokyo, Greek students, women in a Nigerian mission school, Apache Indians, and American women. The similarities were greater than the differences, and premenstrual tension seemed to be universal. These women reported a hierarchy of symptoms with abdominal bloating, irritability, nervousness, depression, fatigue, allergies, backache, headache, moodiness, and other symptoms that strongly suggested a physiological cycle rather than a cultural behavior. Premenstrual tension is a cycle also observed in primates. Dr. Janiger wrote to zookeepers and found that premenstrual symptoms of lethargy, belligerence, and irritability had been observed in rhesus monkeys, chimpanzees, and gorillas.

Dr. Janiger has assembled an enormous world literature on premenstrual symptoms for a monograph (in preparation) that will be part of a research program on the menstrual syndrome as a prototype for understanding less obvious cycles. His survey suggests why normal endocrine changes might produce physical and emotional symptoms. Roughly every four weeks an ovum is formed and dropped into the uterus where it degenerates; it is then expelled along with the uterine secretions and the process begins again. Although the pituitary gland plays a major role, the process involves the thyroid, the adrenals, and several regions of the brain.

The cycle consists of several hormonal stages. The hormone that triggers the cycle is FSH or follicle-stimulating hormone, which is secreted by the anterior lobe of the pituitary gland at the base of the brain. This hormone incites development in the tiny follicles of the ovary in which the ova develop. The follicles release estrogen to prepare the uterus for the coming ovum. FSH is sensitive to external, environmental changes, and this may be a source of irregularity with some women.

After the follicles are developed, another pituitary hormone, LH or luteinizing hormone, makes possible the final maturation of the ovum and its release through the rupture of the follicle. LH makes a rich yellow lining around the ovum. The ruptured follicle now becomes transformed into what is known as the yellow body—corpus luteum—that secretes progesterone to complete the preparation of the uterus for the coming ovum and develop the environment for the implantation of the fertilized egg.

During the cycle, estrogen rises to a peak twice, once during the midpoint at ovulation and again in the subsequent period known as the luteal phase. These estrogen peaks may have an effect on the adrenals, increasing the amount of active cortisol in the blood, although researches on this point do not agree. Cortisol is one of many hormones from the adrenal cortex that affects the nervous system, and increased levels of cortisol might be responsible for mild depression.

After ovulation, in the luteal phase, there are increased levels of progesterone. Therefore progesterone is high between five and eight days before menstruation. It is also high in early pregnancy and has been shown to have sedative effects, possibly causing depression as well as somnolence. Progesterone remains high until the first day of menstruation when it suddenly drops. But its effects are ramified. For instance, it may indirectly cause the increase of the hormone aldosterone at this time, which causes salt retention, leading to retention of fluids in the body. Among the most common premenstrual symptoms are abdominal swelling, weight gain, headaches, and problems with vision. All of these may result from increased fluids. Aldosterone reaches a peak level one to five days before menstruation and drops abruptly during onset of the period.

It would be impossible to enumerate all the important biochemical changes that occur as a result of the chain of hormones in the secretory phase just before menstruation. The hormonal cycle alters the levels and the rate at which electrolytes are excreted; these are charged metals that influence activity throughout the nervous system, thus affecting the senses, the heart, and all muscles. Changes in electrolytes have been observed by a number of researchers. Sodium retention increases before menstruation; but potassium, which helps metabolize sugar, may be lost, which may play a part in the cravings for sweets that can often be alleviated merely by adding potassium salt to the diet. Sodium salt, on the other hand, increases edema and in extreme cases may help to cause a cyclic mood imbalance so serious that it is stabilized only by such medication as lithium salts. Calcium, which appears to play a role in muscle function, drops radically with the onset of menstruation. This may be one cause of cramps, and some women have apparently prevented all discomfort by taking supplementary calcium along with vitamin D and magnesium, as indicated by nutritionist Adelle Davis.

The trace minerals, sodium, calcium, potassium, magnesium, copper, and others, all bear electric charge; and in charged form they perform many services, such as holding water within cells or helping cell metabolism. Muscle contraction may be dependent upon a stream of calcium ions. Just as the body uses and excretes these elements in a circadian rhythm, there is a monthly rhythm in the amount excreted. This means that a woman who pays attention to her monthly symptoms may be able to decrease her salt consumption before the feeling of bloat occurs or may add potassium salt or calcium to her diet in advance of her symptoms. In the very near future—because of current research—it should be possible to time treatments with hormones, dietary minerals, and other substances, so that the symptoms of the menstrual cycle are unobtrusive, imperceptible, and merely the ghostly reminders of internal change.

Clearly, slight amplifications in such important sex hormones as estrogen and progesterone have their echoes throughout the nervous system and metabolism, in body and mind. Since 60 percent of all women do feel some cyclic symptoms, these symptoms must be considered normal—except when they overmaster the woman by their severity. When one considers how many functions, chemistries, and intermeshed cycles must cooperate to produce an ovum each month, it is astonishing that the cycle proceeds as smoothly as it does.

WHAT YOU EAT CAN CHANGE YOUR MIND

The menstrual cycle is an excellent example of an almost monthly rhythm and may have a less conspicuous counterpart in men. Dr. Christian Hamburger, a Danish endocrinologist, became interested in fluctuations of adrenal hormones known as 17-ketosteroids, sex hormones that are affected by gonadal secretion and can be detected in the urine. Dr. Hamburger collected and analyzed his own urine daily for sixteen years. When later analyzed by Dr. Franz Halberg, a near-monthly rhythm appeared in the levels of 17-ketosteroids. This rhythm also has been studied by Japanese researchers who have been trying to understand psychoses that occur in adolescent boys and men in cycles of about a month.

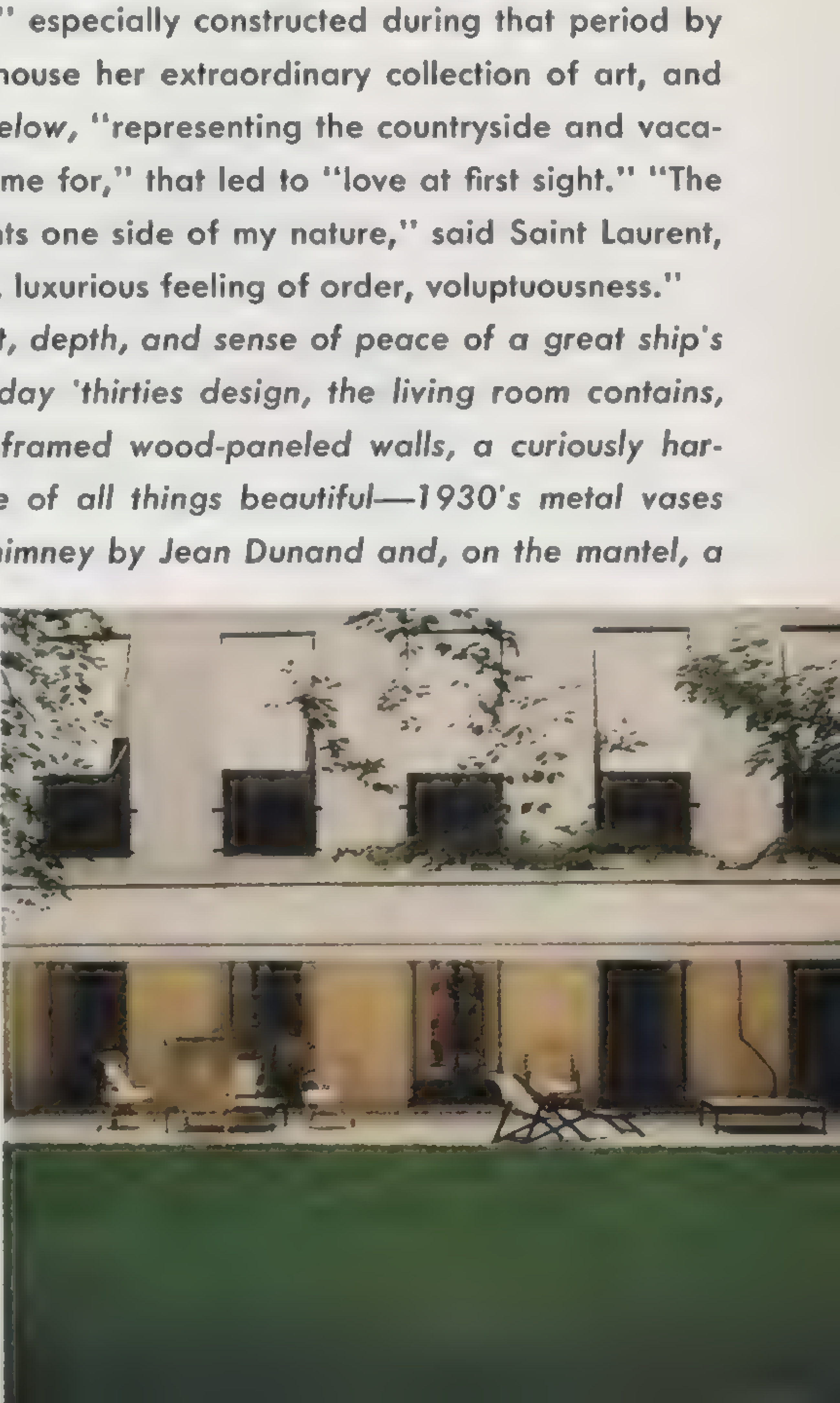
(Continued on page 172)

OASIS IN PARIS

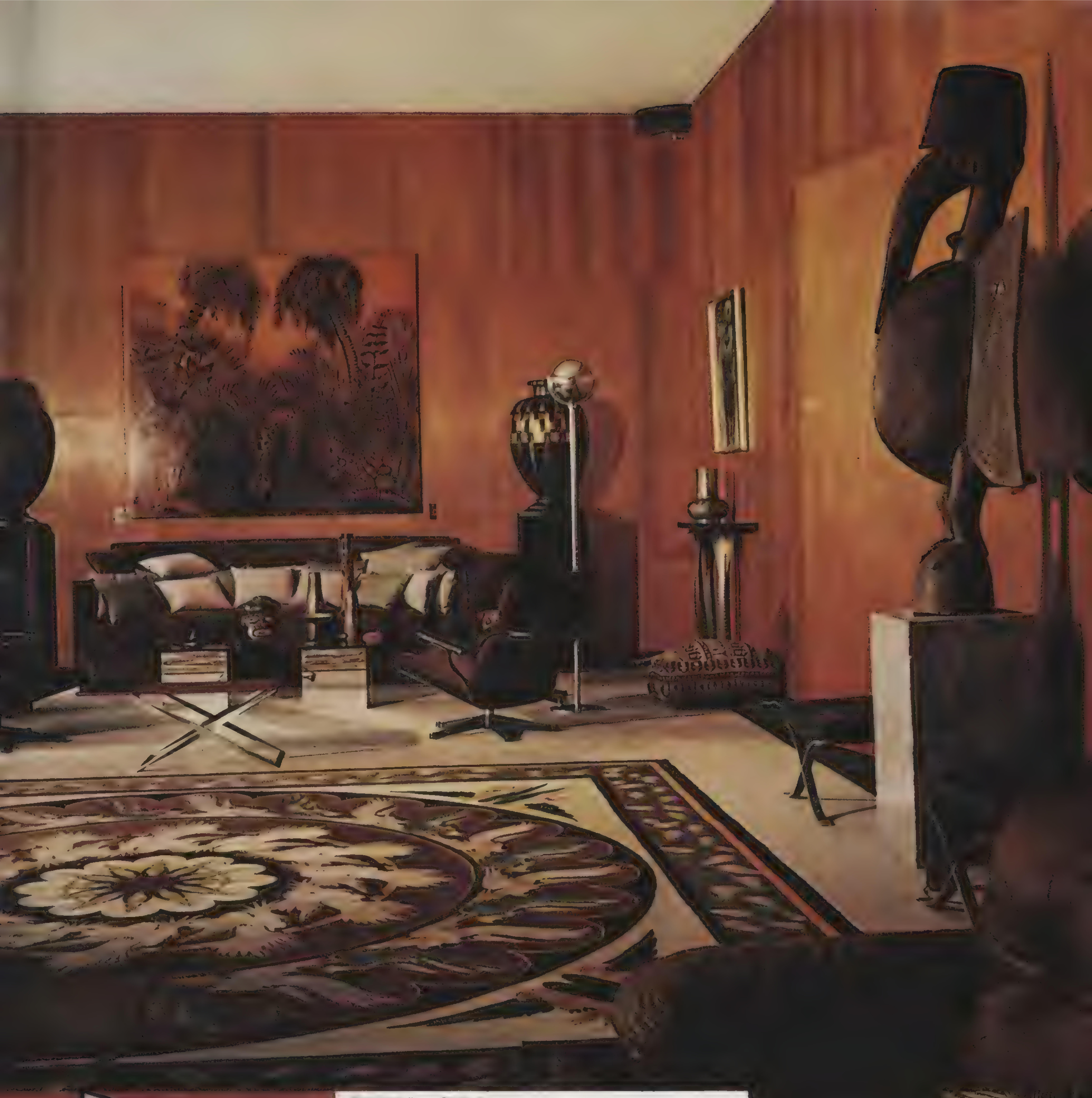
The country peace of Yves Saint Laurent's "thirties" duplex

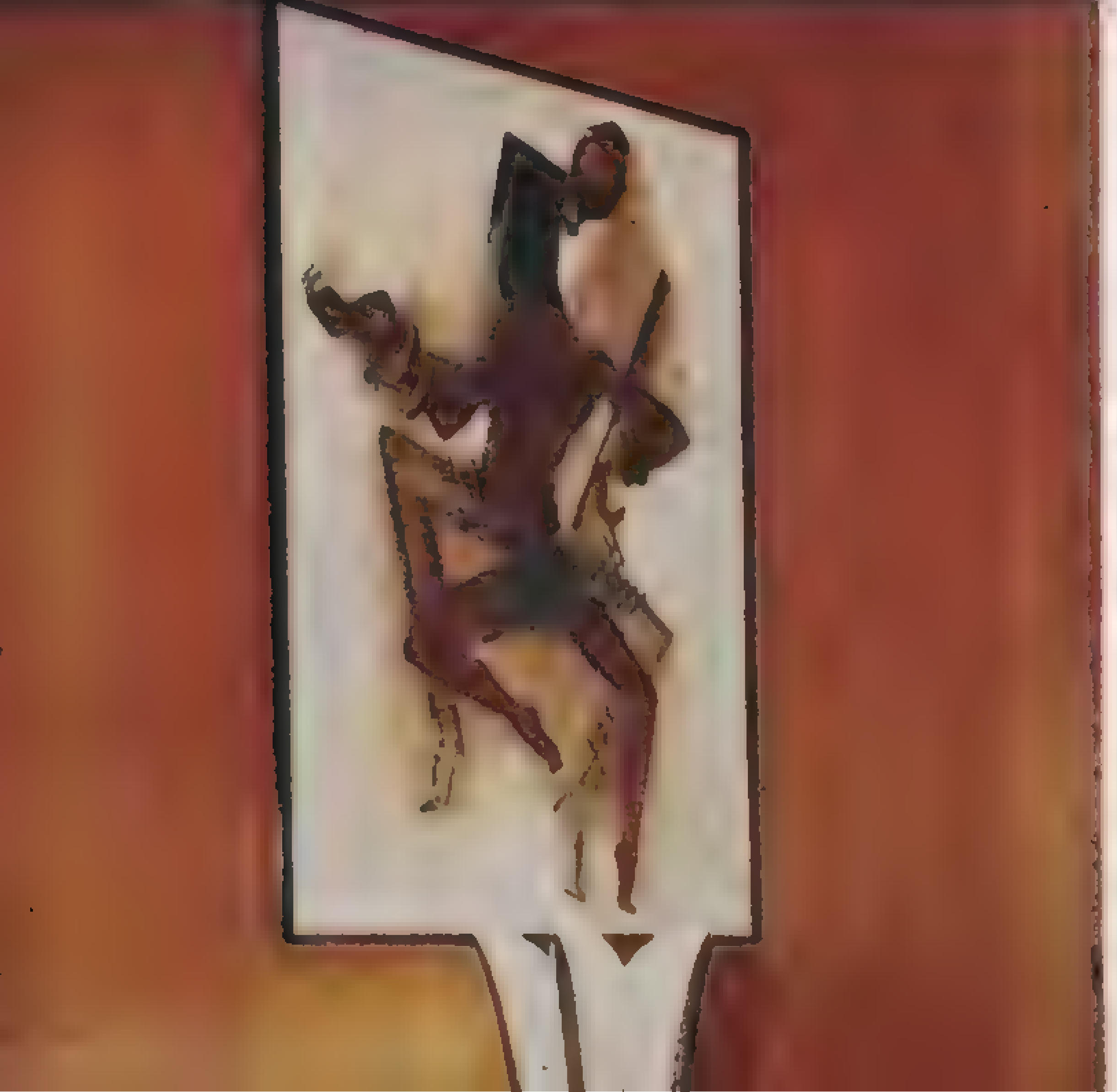
Down one of those faceless Paris streets that guard their secrets behind shutters, through a modest courtyard, and then doors swing wide on Yves Saint Laurent's stunning surprise—a country place, barreling lawn included. For the shy, witty, and enormously influential fashion designer, *above*, "it was the purity of this apartment's 1930's architecture," especially constructed during that period by Madame Cuttoli to house her extraordinary collection of art, and the garden views, *below*, "representing the countryside and vacation there is never time for," that led to "love at first sight." "The living room represents one side of my nature," said Saint Laurent, "the strict, dignified, luxurious feeling of order, voluptuousness."

Left: *With the height, depth, and sense of peace of a great ship's grand salon of heyday 'thirties design, the living room contains, within its chromium-framed wood-paneled walls, a curiously harmonious assemblage of all things beautiful—1930's metal vases either side of the chimney by Jean Dunand and, on the mantel, a seventeenth-century Chinese bronze gander, rock-crystal obelisks. There is a mineral collection and the spectacular 1930's carpet, a permanent topiary garden. "I like 'thirties styles as they represent the last days of the great artisans."*



HORST

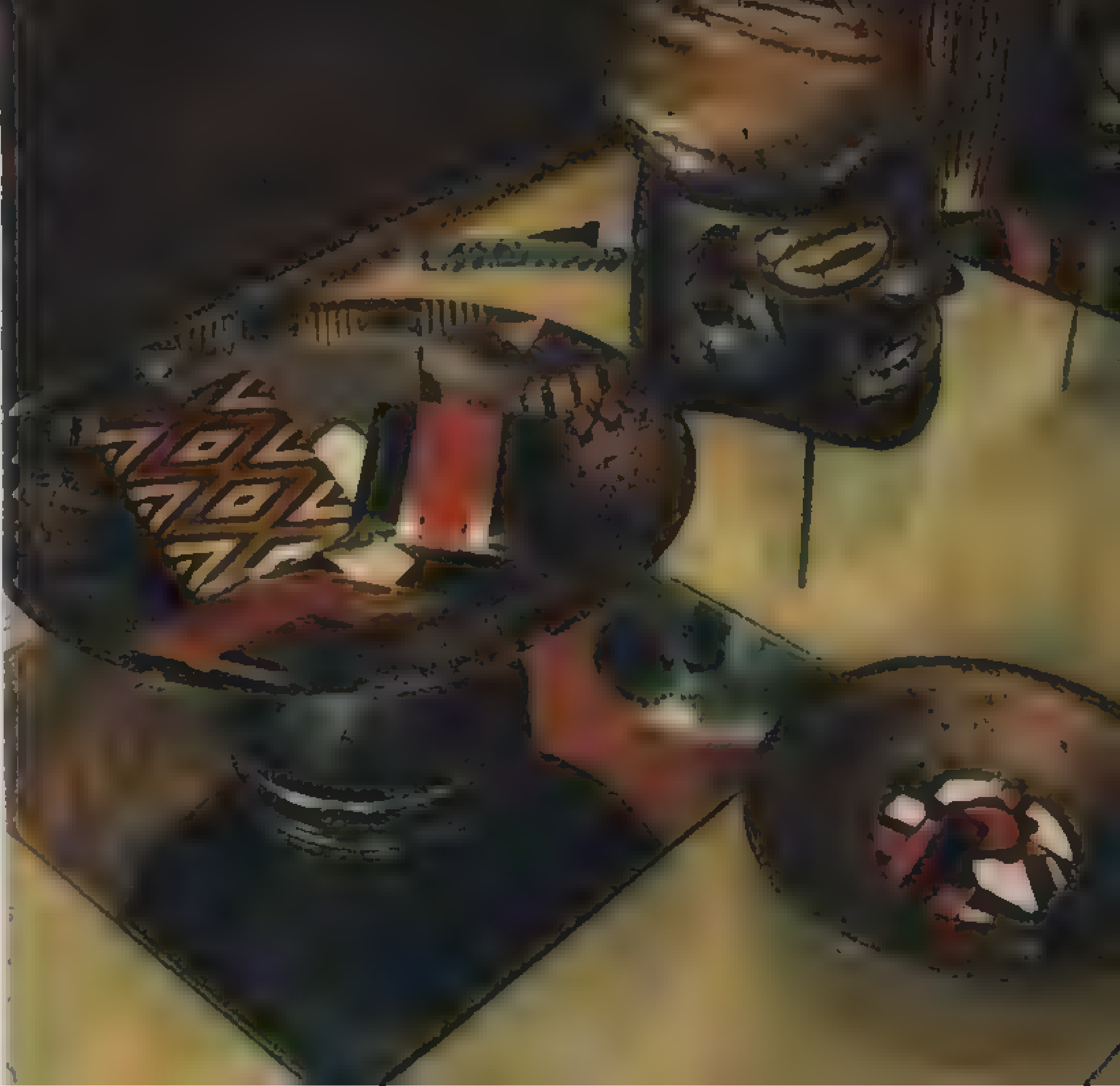


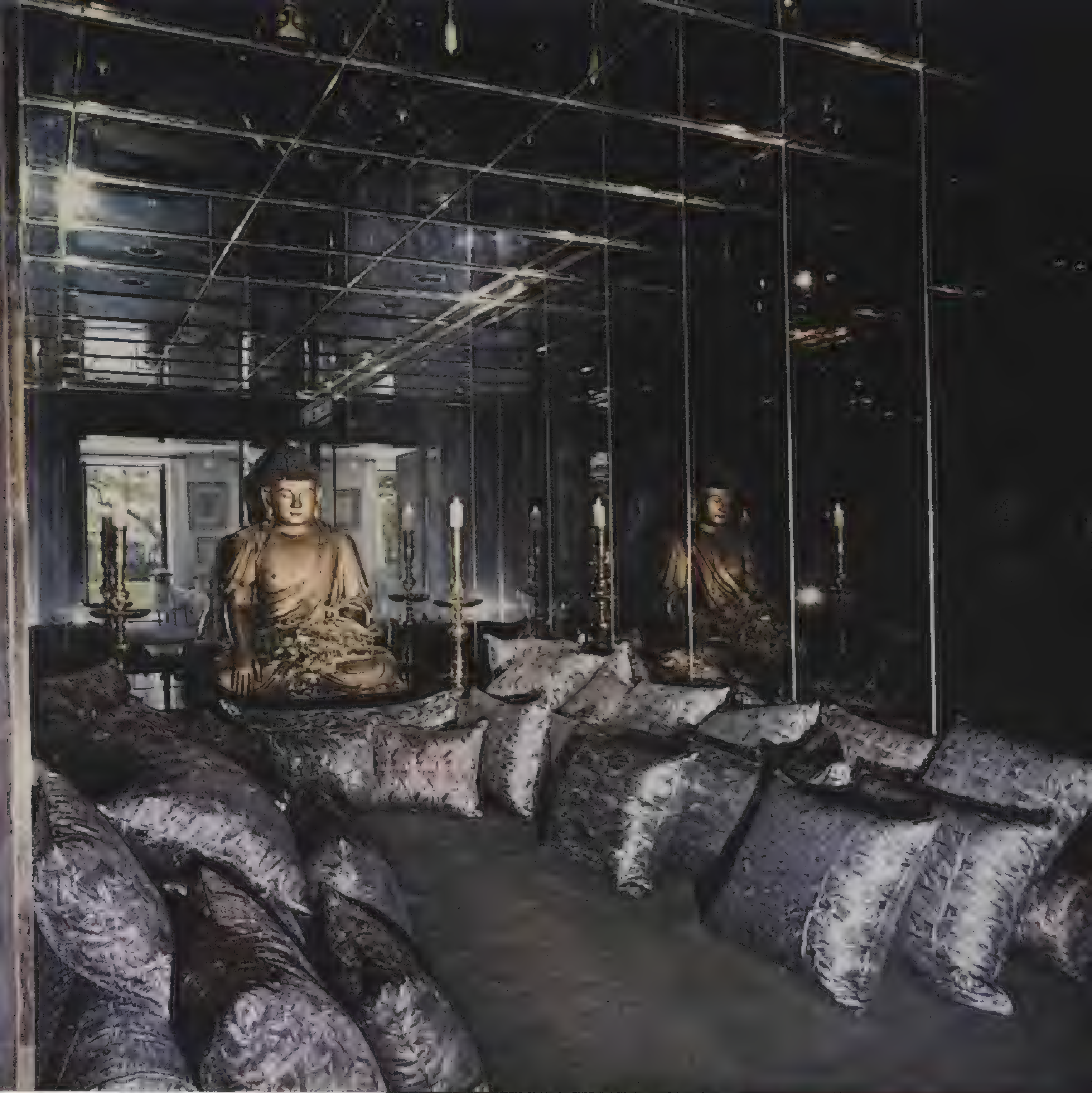


YVES SAINT LAURENT'S OASIS

The opposite end of the living room, steeped in polished leathers, above, stresses Art Deco innovations of the 'thirties—the naïve Jean Dunand painting over the sofa; the burnished metal mosaic (detail, right) of bowls, cigarette cases, and ashtrays, also by Dunand; and Paul Colin's angular portrait of Joséphine Baker, left, used as the model for the famous Revue Nègre poster. All ingeniously counterpointed with things African: the mask on the coffee table and the Senoufo-bird sculpture in the foreground.

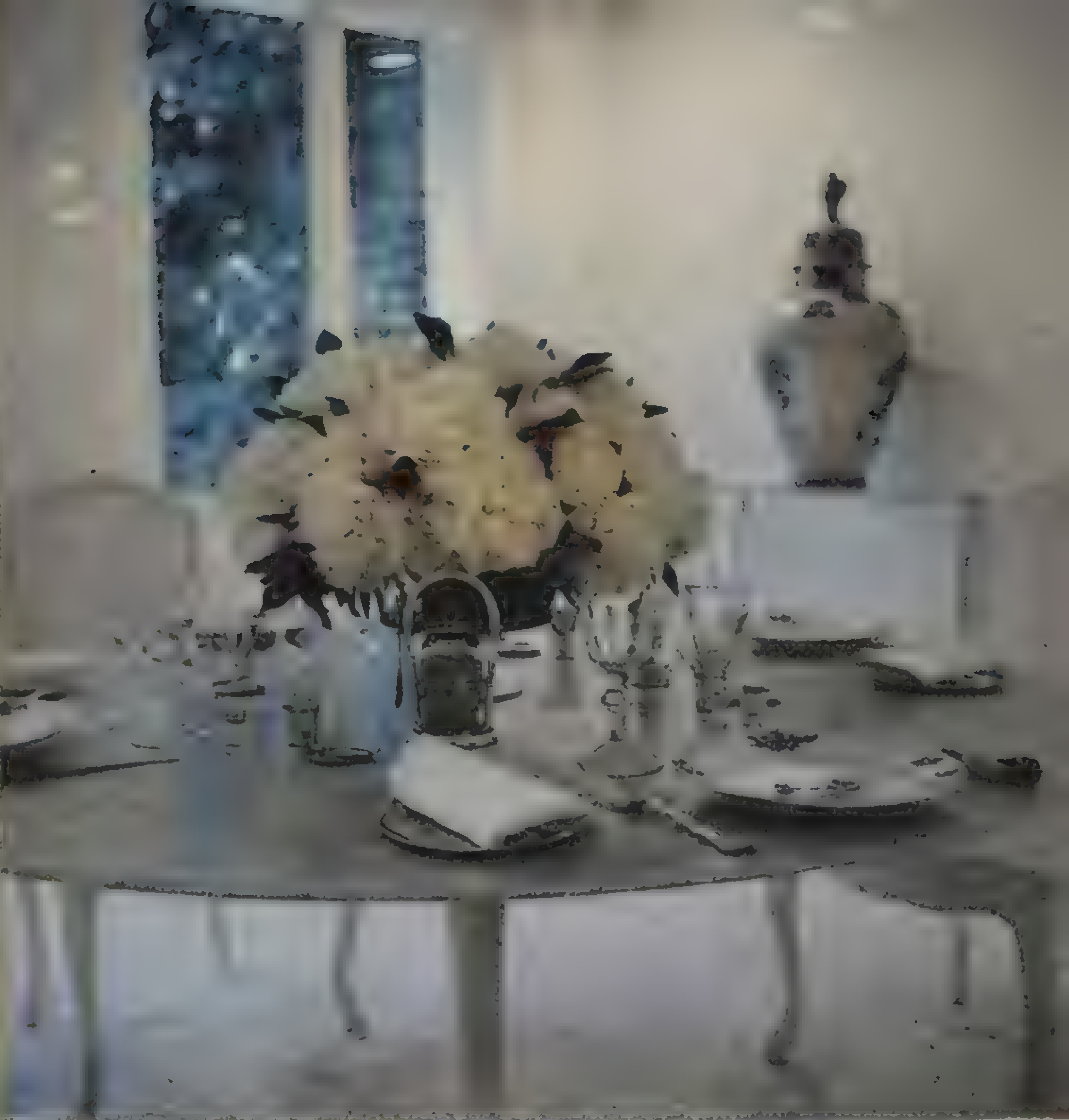
HORST





Above: *The Oriental room, a shell of smoked mirror jammed with lamé pillows of a 'thirties pattern and starring a sixteenth-century Chinese Ming gilt wood Buddha, is "the late, late night spot at the end of a long evening where there is only candlelight and intimacy."* Right: *The sheep on the lawn, François-Xavier Lalanne's woolen sculptures help the designer "pretend I am on a farm in Normandie."* Far right: *Entrance hall—like an Oriental box, lacquer-red brilliance with Chinese armchairs, a terra-cotta fish—opening on a room of aubergine color with more Lalanne faux-sheep.*

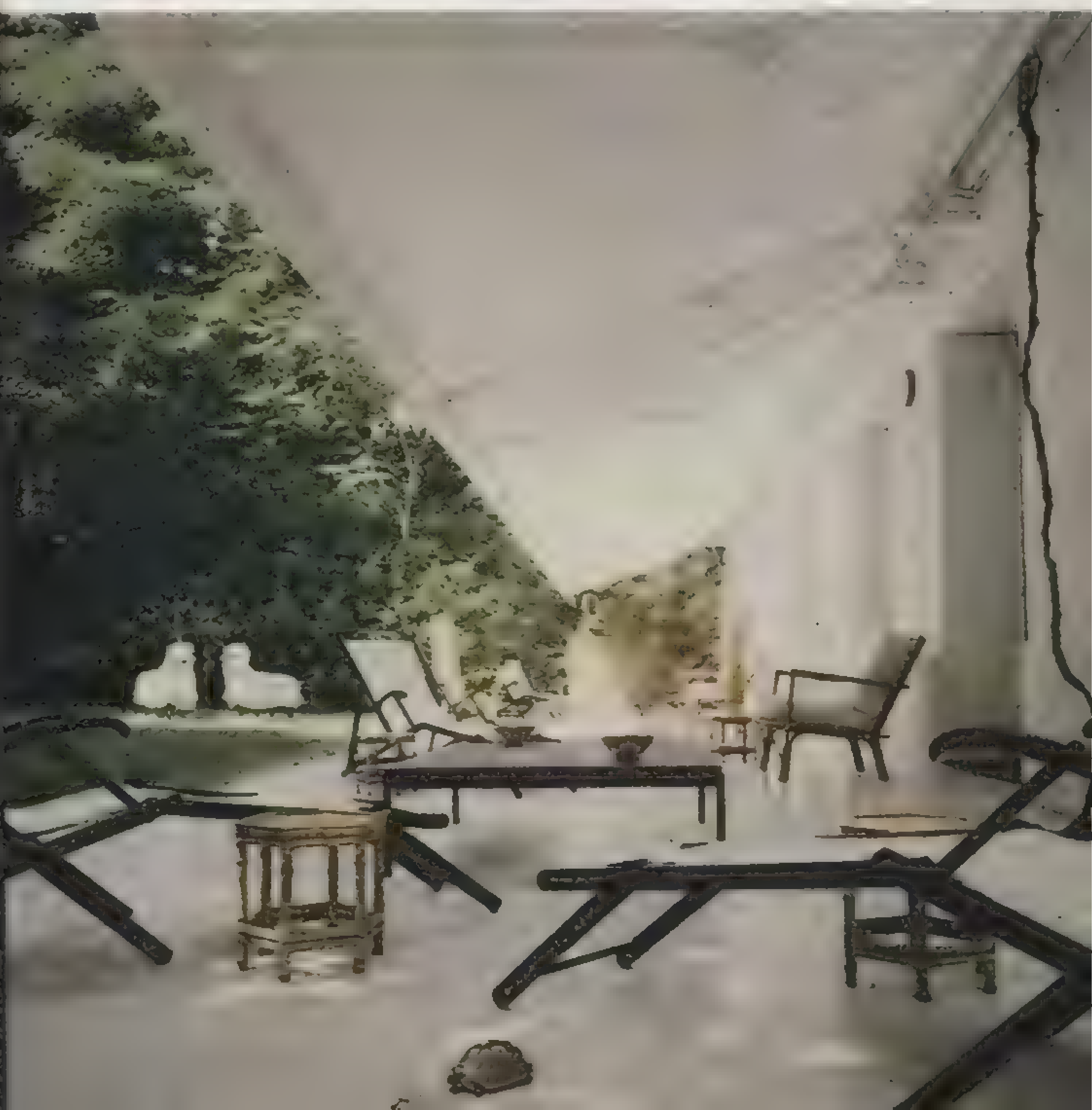
BACHMANN



YVES SAINT LAURENT'S OASIS

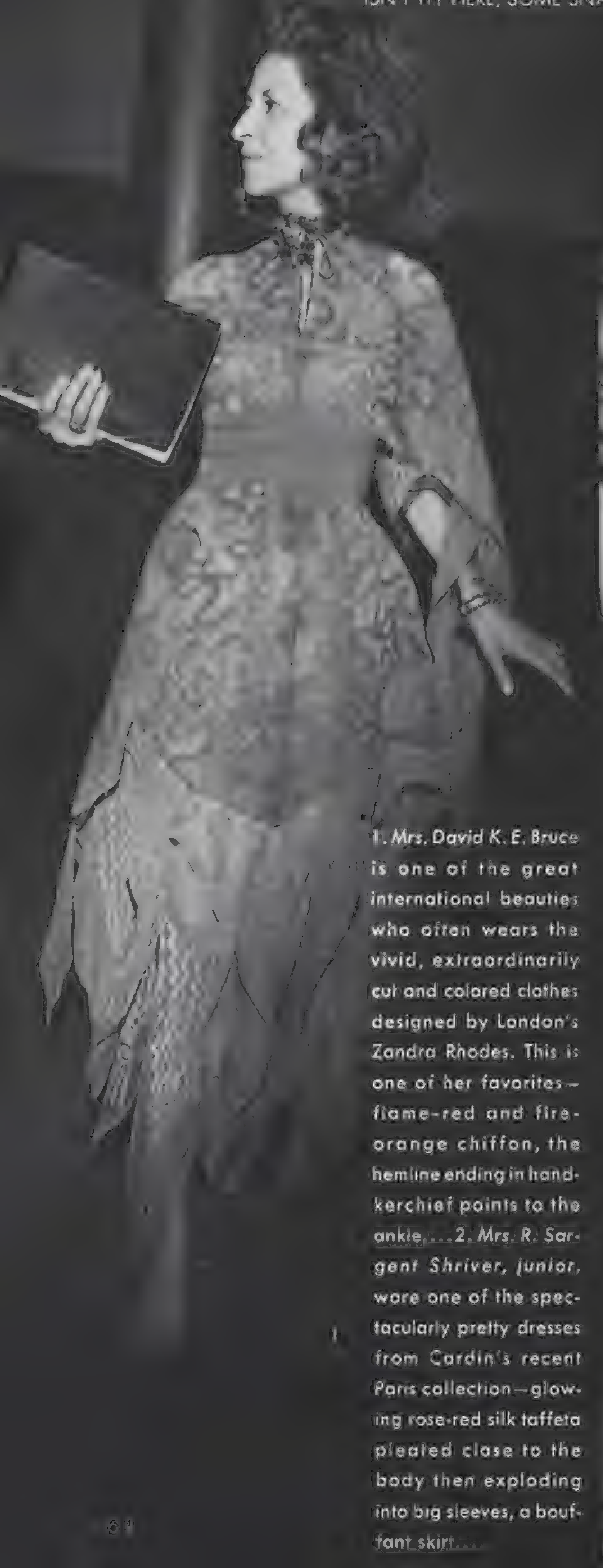
Left: A Lalique glass balustrade leads to Saint Laurent's favorite room, freesia white, colored by books, plants, seventeenth-century Chinese figures, sculptures, and drawings. This, "the downstairs," said the designer, "shows the other side of my nature and is the room I prefer in the house—where I am the most comfortable and spend most of my time." Saint Laurent loves the idea of washable white slipcovers and "the personal closeness of all the objects, some valuable, others worth nothing, my souvenirs, my photos, all of the simple barefoot things that I love." Some of the Lalanne sheep graze on the earth-colored carpet, others on the lawn, below, that stretches out from the terrace—the most coveted aspect of Saint Laurent's apartment—furnished with bamboo and pet turtles. Above: The dining room, a purity of whites with the China-blue accents of seventeenth-century vases. "I like to eat very fast around a round table so I can see everyone I am talking to and we have a feeling of closeness."

HORST

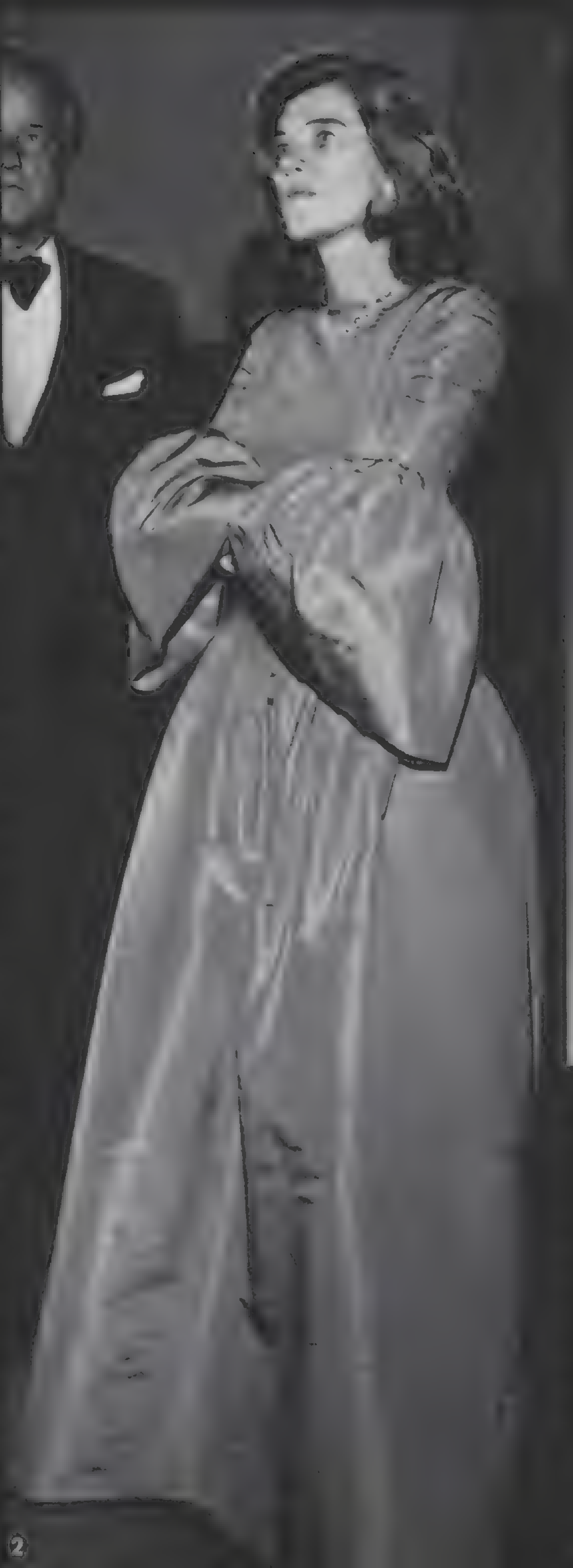


Observations

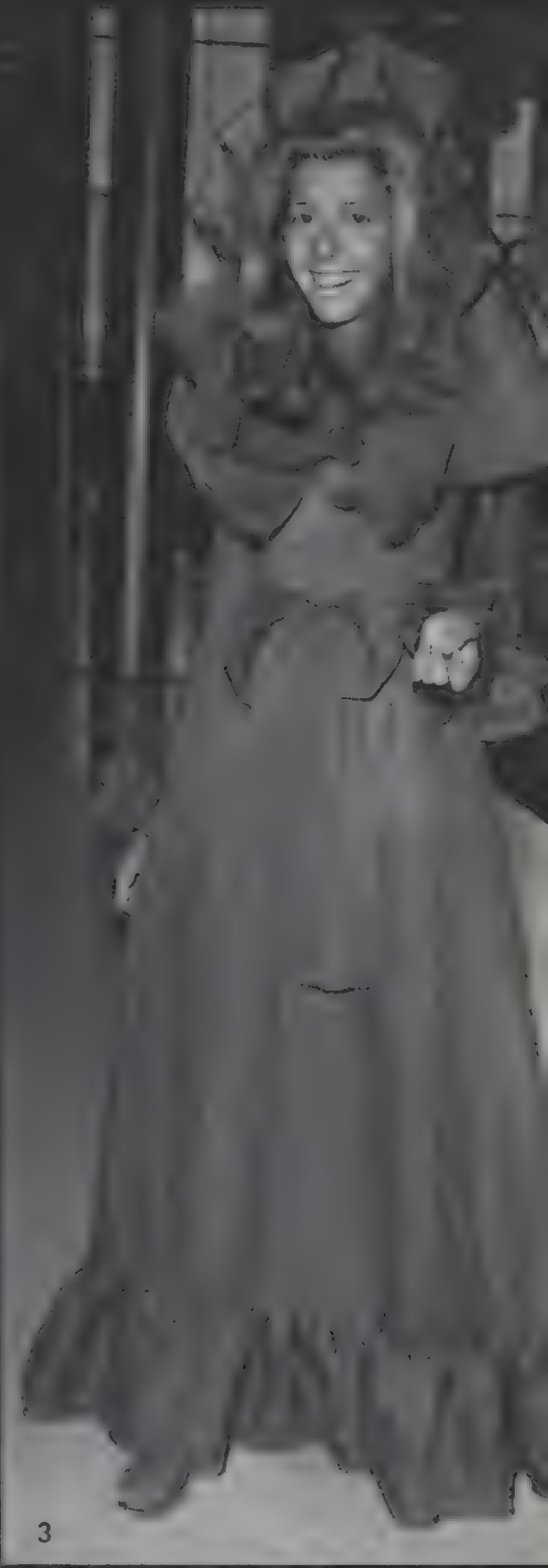
WASHINGTON, D.C.: AN INTERESTING POINT ABOUT THE NEW KENNEDY CENTER—THOUGH THE CRITICS HAVE FOUND FAULT WITH THE ARCHITECTURE ESTHETICALLY, IT'S A FABULOUS SETTING FOR FASHION. THOSE GREAT HALLS, THE REAL LUXURY OF SPACE—TO MAKE AN ENTRANCE, TO MOVE AROUND, TO PROMENADE, TO SEE BEAUTIFUL CLOTHES, TO BE SEEN WEARING BEAUTIFUL CLOTHES—THAT'S A GOOD PART OF WHAT FASHION'S ALL ABOUT, ISN'T IT? HERE, SOME SNAPSHOTS TAKEN DURING THE WEEK OF GALA OPENINGS....



1



2

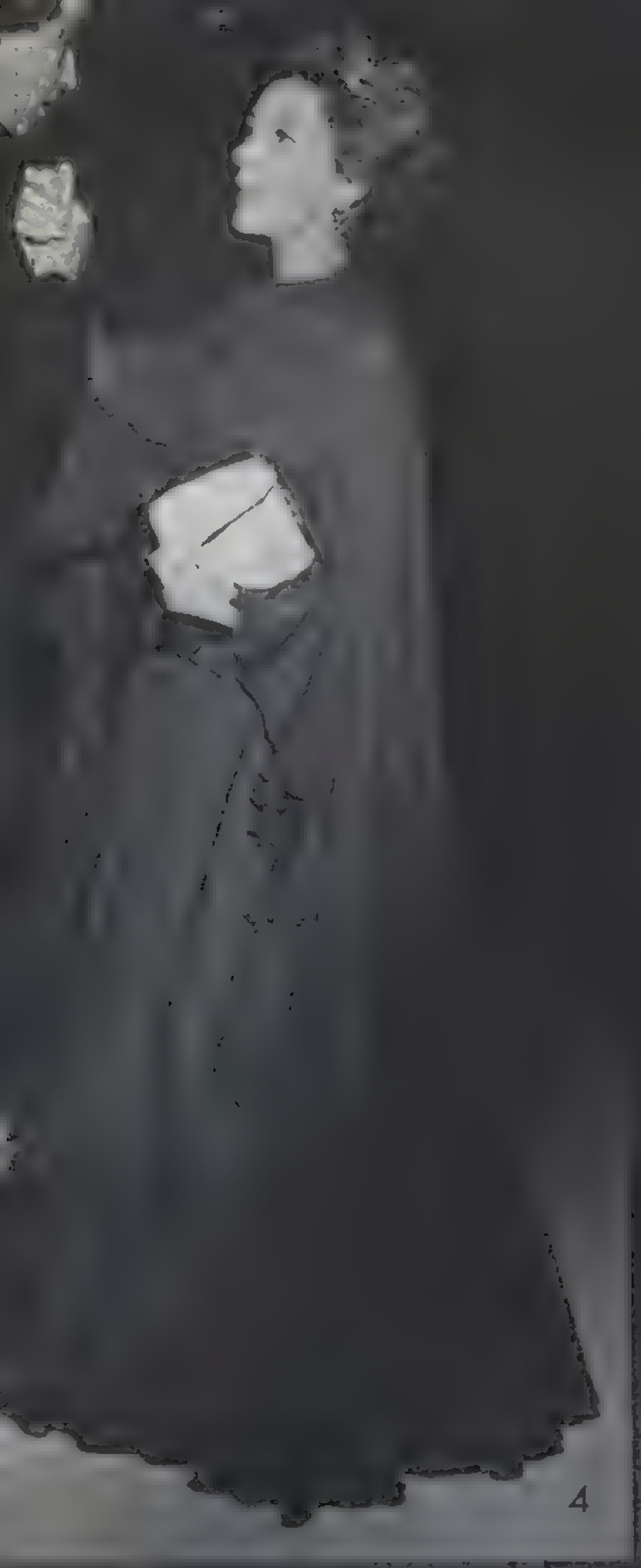


3

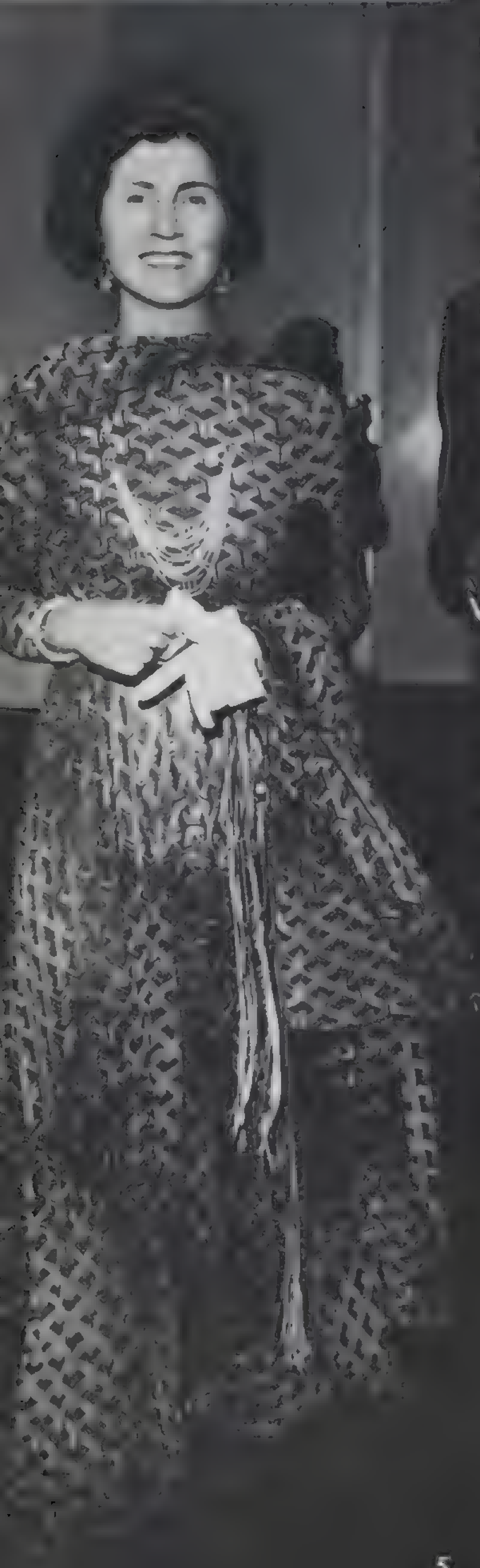
1. *Mrs. David K. E. Bruce* is one of the great international beauties who often wears the vivid, extraordinarily cut and colored clothes designed by London's Zandra Rhodes. This is one of her favorites—flame-red and fire-orange chiffon, the hemline ending in handkerchief points to the ankle.... 2. *Mrs. R. Sargent Shriver, junior,* wore one of the spectacularly pretty dresses from Cardin's recent Paris collection—glowing rose-red silk taffeta pleated close to the body then exploding into big sleeves, a bouffant skirt....

3. Someone suggested that *Miss Lee Krakaur* resembled a Gainsborough portrait in her bright periwinkle-blue silk organza dress from Givenchy, ruffled at hem and wrist, with a deliciously ruffled fichu scarf over her sunblond hair....

BILL CUNNINGHAM

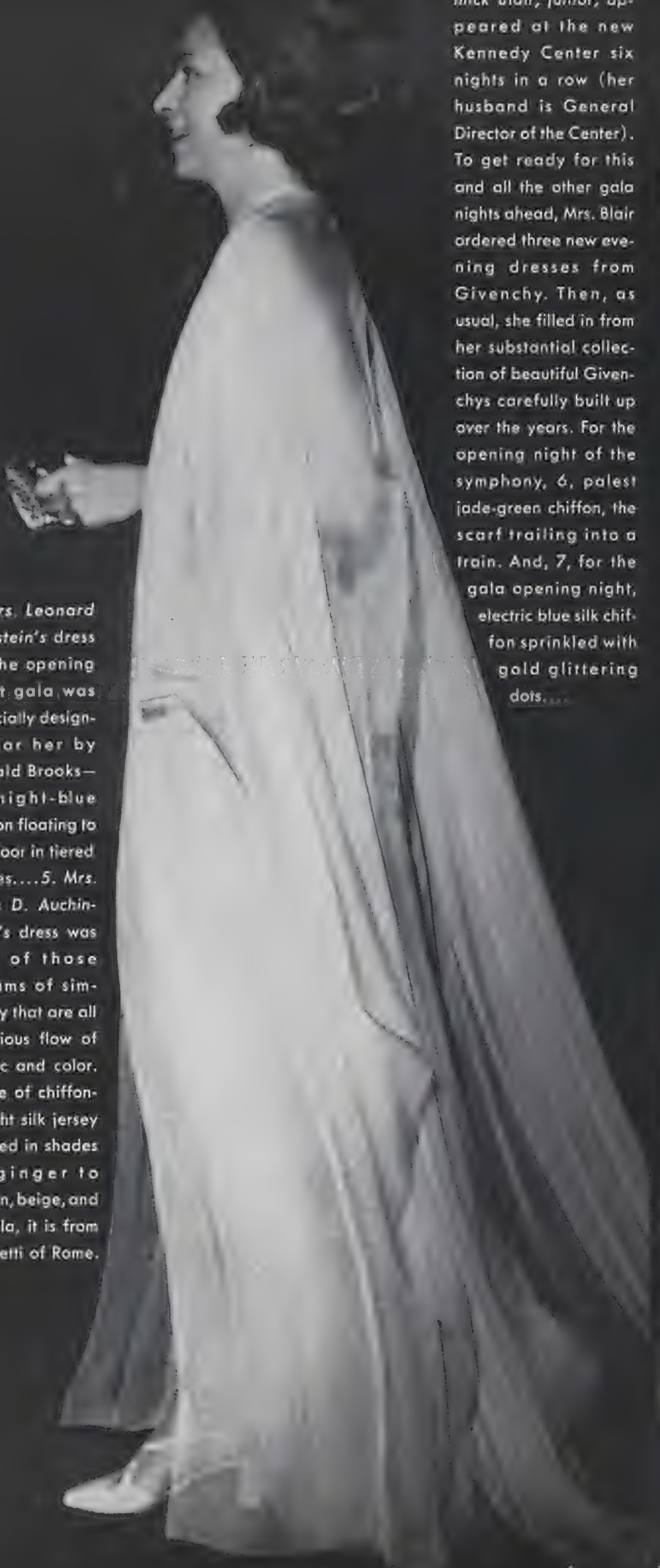


4

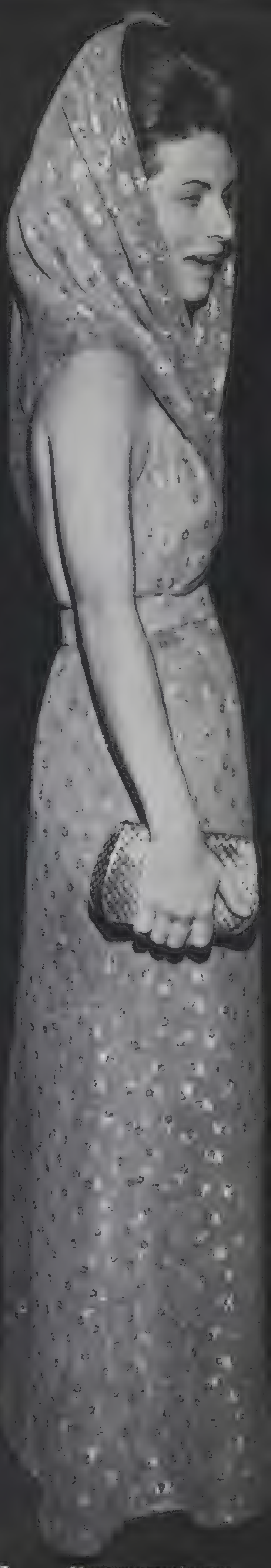


5

4. Mrs. Leonard Bernstein's dress for the opening night gala was especially designed for her by Donald Brooks—midnight-blue chiffon floating to the floor in tiered ruffles.... *5. Mrs. Hugh D. Auchincloss's* dress was one of those dreams of simplicity that are all luxurious flow of fabric and color. Made of chiffon-weight silk jersey printed in shades of ginger to brown, beige, and vanilla, it is from Lancetti of Rome.



6



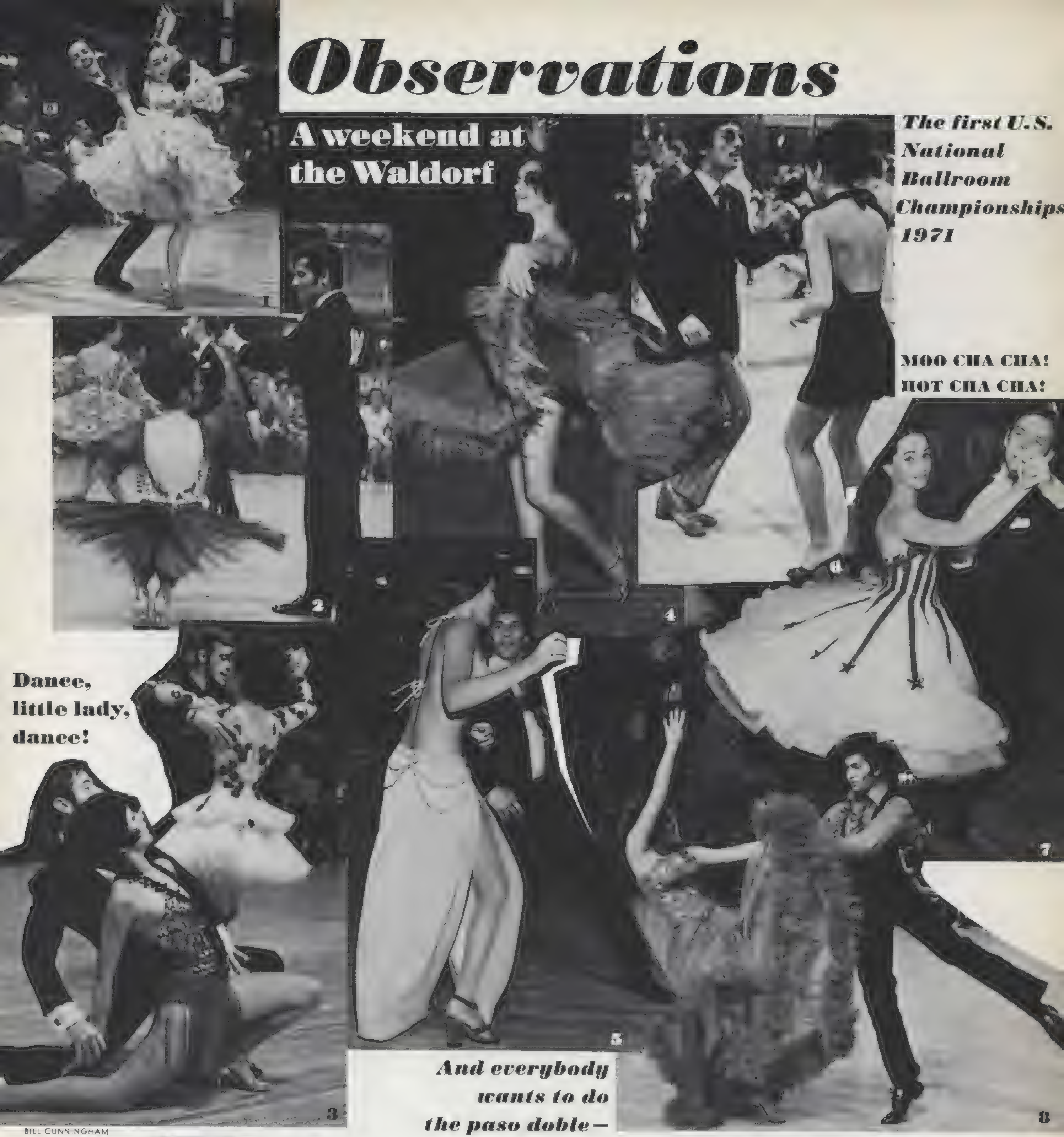
7

...Mrs. William McCormick Blair, junior, appeared at the new Kennedy Center six nights in a row (her husband is General Director of the Center). To get ready for this and all the other gala nights ahead, Mrs. Blair ordered three new evening dresses from Givenchy. Then, as usual, she filled in from her substantial collection of beautiful Givenchys carefully built up over the years. For the opening night of the symphony, 6, palest jade-green chiffon, the scarf trailing into a train. And, 7, for the gala opening night, electric blue silk chiffon sprinkled with gold glittering dots....

More on next page

Observations

A weekend at the Waldorf



The first U.S. National Ballroom Championships 1971

MOO CHA CHA!
HOT CHA CHA!

Dance, little lady, dance!

And everybody wants to do the paso doble—

BILL CUNNINGHAM

Dancing—ah, Americans certainly love to dance. This year, when the first official U.S. National Ballroom Championships took place in New York City, for three days the Waldorf Astoria was awhirl with net petticoats, chiffon, maribou, ostrich feathers, strippy fringe, and sequins—swooping, floating, swinging through the air. The contestants came from all over the country, the girls wearing specially designed clothes to show off their dancing—and in many cases, their great bodies and deliciously good-looking legs. Above, a sampling. **1.** Bobbie Davies in petticoats of pink nylon glittered with silver dots. **2.** Sheryn Hawkins, deep in the paso doble, in chartreuse leotard, purple fringe skirt swinging. **3.** Donielle Lachapelle, dramatic in her red-and-blue sequinned halter, scarlet fringe skirt. **4.** Donna Smith in satan red chiffon all glittered with fiery red sequins, its tumultuous hemline cascading with red ostrich feathers. **5.** The cool, soignée look on Lynda Dean—bare top and side-slit skirt of brilliant yellow silky matte jersey—and just the right amount of swingy chains. **6.** Pruney Monte in sexy black halter flippy-skirt dress—with high-heeled mules. **7.** Bobbie Davies in a dress she made herself, white nylon chiffon striped in red velvet, with royal-blue sequin stars. **8.** Another dramatic moment in the dance life of Donna Smith in her smasheroo red chiffon and feathers....

(Continued from page 143)

and calcium tablets. He takes a sleeping pill now and then, but hates the idea. He is amazed when I tell him I have never taken a sleeping pill in my life.

"Why not?" he asks.

"Because I'm convinced that if I ever do, I won't wake up."

He studies me, gravely.

"I would be willing to bet," he says, "that you couldn't pass a sanity test even with me coaching you from the sidelines."

"How about hot, or warm baths?"

"Wake me up."

"Massage?"

"Great," he says, "if you can get me Sophia Loren."

I tell him of a book that explains the necessity for preparation for sleep throughout the day, and particularly in the hours preceding bedtime.

"The hell with it," he says. "I'm not going to spend my waking hours worrying about the sleeping ones."

I tell him a doctor once suggested an electric blanket on a low reading, warm milk and a biscuit, and a massive dose of calcium. Also an eyeshade and earplugs.

Spencer shakes his head, miserably. "No, no," he says. "It wouldn't work. Any of it."

We share a depressed silence. And then—damn!—without forethought, a teasing quip escapes me.

"Have you ever tried a day's work?" I ask.

I regret it instantly, but it is too late. His fury is pouring over me and a few minutes later I find myself sitting alone in his living room. I leave quietly, ignominiously.

An hour later, I phoned him. Before I could begin to apologize, he was laughing hard, saying, "Jesus Christ, doctor. You sure hit a nerve."

"Listen, Flannel. . . ."

"Drop it," he said. "We were both wrong. But kidding aside, I may try some of that calcium crap, at that."

° ° °

In the summer of 1954, Ruth and I were living in the South of France at St.-Jean-Cap-Ferrat. There had been talk that Kate and Spence would join us there for a time.

One morning, she phones and explains that it is impossible for her to come, but asks us to urge Spencer to do so. She has to go to Hartford and will come along later. She lets us in on a secret. She has to have an operation—minor, but still. . . . She prefers Spencer far away to spare him any strain.

We follow her instructions. Ten days later, we meet the U.S. *Constitution* at Cannes and drive Spencer to our rented villa.

Les Rochers is run-down, but in its day must have been grand. It was built by Paris Singer for Isadora Duncan who, as a result of an ill-timed quarrel, never lived in it. Spencer thinks it a riot; not only the place itself, but the fact that we should be occupying it. Half an hour after his arrival, we are all swimming about in the bay in front of the house. It is a perfect day. Spencer is doing his spouting-whale act.

Ruth, floating (figuratively and literally), says, "Oh, Spence, isn't this wonderful?"

Spence, on his back, spouts and says, "Yup. And it's no more than we deserve."

Our somnolent life goes on happily for a week, Spencer rising at five every morning to watch the sun rise and the fishing boats go out; reading, napping, resting, going to Mass every morning. Ruth and I are at work. We all meet each day for the first time at lunch. Spencer reads and reads and reads. We all walk and explore.

He is on the phone daily with Kate. Secrets cannot be kept from so sensitive a man. He discovers what is happening. It throws him into a controlled panic and I do not think he takes it kindly that we have kept a secret from him. Still, he understands the problems of divided loyalty.

As though some dramatic complication were needed, in the seventh or eighth reel, a general strike hits the area. There is no phone service, no telegraph. The railroads stop. There is no mail, incoming or outgoing. It is, in sum, nothing less than the terrifying paralysis of a general strike. Spencer goes to pieces. I offer to drive him to Italy to make a phone call and perhaps stay there. We pile into the car, all three, and drive the crowded roads across the border. We check into an Italian hotel, but the phones there are overloaded because of the French crisis and we cannot get a call through to Hartford. We try everything: bribery, corruption, rank pulling. Nothing works. I suggest we stay the night and keep trying the following day, but Spencer reveals that he does not feel well. We get him home and send for a doctor. An ugly and painful rash has developed around Spencer's middle. The doctor diagnoses it incorrectly as *une piqûre de Méduse,* or jellyfish sting.

"Very common," he says, "in this season. Be more prudent in the water."

He leaves a salve. It is utterly ineffective. The condition worsens. Spencer is in severe pain. In the middle of the night I go and find another doctor. This one correctly identifies the illness as *un zona*—shingles. There is nothing to do, he says, but deaden the pain narcotically and wait for it to run its course.

Downstairs, he asks, "M'sieu Spansaire, he is in some emotional strain?"

"Yes."

"Ah, well, when it goes, the *zona* will go."

The next day, with the help of an influential friend, we are permitted to put through an overseas call. Before doing so, however, the operator asks us to verify that it is *"Urgent. Très urgent."*

We assure her it is a matter of life and death.

The call comes through. Kate insists she is fine, that all is going well. Spencer says nothing of his difficulty and they chat gaily, laughing a good deal, for half an hour.

Five minutes later, the agitated chief operator is on the phone accusing me of fraud and corruption and treason. The call, she insists, was *"pas urgent,"* not at all *"urgent."* She accuses me of defrauding the country, betraying the strikers, of being a filthy, no-good *Amerloque* and assures me of a sentence to the guillotine, or perhaps she said that that was what *should* happen to me.

Later in the day, Spence wants to phone again. I tell him the story of the outraged operator. He insists I try again. Fortunately, I get another operator; but unfortunately, she has been briefed by the first one. Ruth helps. Spencer talks. At length, the new operator is cajoled and bullied into putting the call through. Waiting for it, we coach Spencer to make it—*please*—sound *urgent*, and not to talk for half an hour. The call comes through within two minutes. Reassured as to Kate's condition, he begins telling her about the telephone situation, laughing, and making her laugh. All at once, he is cut off.

We try to re-establish the connection but this time the operator refuses to speak to us.

The next day, Spencer flies from Nice to London and a few days later, Kate joins him there.

° ° °

Paris, 1951. We are at the Raphaël again and Spencer has joined us.

It is difficult to get him to leave his suite. The only times he is willing to go out are at six in the morning and seven in the evening, or whatever time the light begins to fade.

For the rest, he is content to stay in. He is resourceful and imaginative and needs little outside stimulus.

We have taken him out several times to lunches, receptions, and a few dinners with friends, but it is always a strain.

I respect his eccentricities but they often get on my nerves, and I tell him so. The more I complain, the more he laughs. My discomfiture entertains and amuses him.

One night, as darkness fell, he put on his coat and his cap and his dark glasses, which meant that he was ready to go out and walk. This time, Ruth joined us. When we got downstairs, Spencer automatically headed for the avenue Foch, but Ruth objected.

"Come on, Spence," she said. "You've done that enough. You're in a rut."

"Yes," he replied, "but it's a rut I happen to like."

"Let me show you a new one," she said. "It's a beautiful rut called the Champs-Élysées."

Spencer looked horrified. "What're you talking about?" he said. "It's full of people."

"That's exactly why, Spencer," I said. "Something to see. This is a city of life. That's its main attraction. Nobody's going to bother you. You said so yourself."

"Said what so myself?"

"That people don't recognize you unless you want them to."

By this time, Ruth and I were firmly steering him toward the teeming avenue.

Once there, he appreciated it. He found something to enjoy every step of the way. The characters, the young, the types, the exotic hookers, the oddballs, the crowd.

(Continued on page 168)

HEPBURN—TRACY

(Continued from page 167)

His theory notwithstanding, many did recognize him, stopped, and looked back as he went by, pointing him out to others. He was not, however, disturbed in the least.

At the Rond-Point, we crossed the street carefully, heeding René Clair's admonition always to cross a Paris street in the company of nuns or children.

"They will run down the Prime Minister," he had said, "or their own doctor, but never a nun and never a child. That is because France is actually run by its children. Sometimes under the supervision of the nuns."

We started back on the other side and soon approached the blazing neons advertising the attractions of the Lido.

"See that?" I asked.

"See what?"

"The Lido."

"What about it?"

"Nothing," I said. "Only that if you weren't so old and I wasn't so gutless, we'd be sitting inside there within the next five minutes, at a beautiful ringside table, having a whale of a time."

"A tourist trap," said Spence.

"That's how much you know," I said, scornfully. "It only has the most talented, skillful, accomplished, dazzling nightclub entertainment in the whole world. Everyone, everywhere copies it and that's what they wind up with. A copy. This is the real thing. Beauty, naked girls, sensational comedy, fantastic production."

Spencer stopped walking and asked, "Did you say 'naked girls'?"

"Certainly."

"You mean right out in front of everybody?"

"The most beautiful girls in the world," I said. "Not just French. These guys screen the globe."

"What makes you think we could get in?" he asked. "Look at the crowd."

"We can get in," I said confidently, "because I am Spencer Tracy."

I was right. Despite the long queues and the surging mass at the entry, a ringside table was provided a few minutes after I had approached the general manager and identified my guest.

The Lido was infinitely larger than I had expected it to be and more crowded. The moment we were seated, the lights dimmed and the floor beside us rose, hydraulically, to platform height. It was almost as though they had waited for Spencer before beginning.

Neither Ruth nor I nor Spence was prepared for what we saw. It was, indeed, as I had promised, spectacular. I ordered a bottle of champagne (since I thought it was expected of me), a Coke for Spencer, a ginger ale for Ruth, a bottle of Vichy for myself. Our table must have seemed a curious sight. Three filled fluted champagne glasses and ranged in front of them: a Coke, a ginger ale, and a glass of mineral water.

Spencer was enjoying himself. I relaxed.

Midway through the performance, the Charlevilles were announced. I remembered them vaguely as a daring acrobatic act I had seen in Las Vegas. Americans. After they had performed five or six thrilling stunts, one of them came forward, and, in fractured French, began to make an announcement. I was only half listening until I heard him shout, "Spencer Tracy!" The spotlight began to play over our part of the audience, the Charlevilles rushed to the edge of the platform and stood just above Spencer, pointing him out. The spotlight hit Spencer.

"Jesus," he muttered.

"Stand up," I said.

"No."

"And sit right down," said Ruth.

"All right," said Spencer, and slowly rose to his feet, as he waved a tentative salute. The ovation was deafening. Spencer blushed. One of the Charlevilles reached down to shake hands. Spencer took his hand and was suddenly, inexplicably, wafted up onto the stage. I could not imagine how it had been accomplished until I realized that it was a practiced trick of levitation, performed by all three partners.

What followed is not clear in my memory. I remember Spencer being lifted from the ground, held by two of the acrobats, becoming part of the act in the center of the stage. He was pale and clearly terrified. I pictured myself jumping up onto the stage and stopping it all by shouting at them that Spencer was not well, and to for God's sake leave him alone. Alas, I came to my friend's aid only in my head, having been shocked into frozen immobility. I saw the third member of the troupe begin a series of whirling back flips, moving toward the body tangle of which Spencer was a part. Flashbulbs began to go off —or was I only imagining them or was I about to faint? The drum roll increased in volume until, with a crash of cymbals, the whirler leaped high into the air and landed on Spencer's outstretched legs. I saw him wince. The audience cheered. The group, still entangled, scurried from the stage, suggesting a monstrous insect. The Charlevilles returned for their bows without, needless to say, Spencer. He appeared at our table two minutes later, following a backstage attendant. As he passed us he said, grimly, "Let's go."

We followed him out, threading our way through the tables. The audience applauded him, some rising to greet him and pat him on the shoulder as he passed.

In the foyer, the manager, all smiles, approached Spencer and regretted it at once. Spencer was raising hell. Our waiter appeared and handed me the check. I got out some money. Spencer yelled something at me, and "Shove it!" at the waiter. He grabbed the check, tore it up and threw it at the manager, as he said, too quietly, "The William Morris Agency will bill you for my appearance here tonight and I hope you can *afford* it!"

We walked for twenty minutes in clouded silence. I could think of nothing to say. Suddenly, Spencer laughed. He stopped walking and laughed harder. I could not join him.

As we parted, he said to me, "You look awful. What's the matter with you? Jesus, after all, *I'm* the one did the death-defying act at the Lido tonight."

"Good night, Spence," I said. "Sorry."

"Good night." He kissed Ruth, turned to me. "Oh, by the way, you better get me all those pictures, too. Boy! That's *all* I need. Nightclub hi-jinks pictures plastered all over. They'll think Tracy's on the ol' heimerdeimer again. Good night, pal."

Troubled sleep, followed by a hectic morning. With the help of the M-G-M press department, most of the photographs were gathered, and a warning issued to the Lido regarding the use of any missing ones.

When Kate arrived that weekend, we told her what had happened. She did not believe a word of it until we showed her the photographs.

Spencer continued to display them with increasing pride in his feat until the day he left. Then he destroyed them all.

A few years later he said to me, wistfully, "Damn. I wish I had those shots of me doing my acrobatics with the Charlevilles. Remember? The Lido? There was one that was terrific. What'd you let me burn them for? You don't always use your noggin, do you?"

* * *

Spencer Tracy's death on June 10, 1967, was, for Kate, an end and a beginning. It was the end of a meaningful personal and long professional association. In their twenty-seven years they had done their finest work, together and individually. Playing as a team, they brought out the best in each other; and their separate projects had always the advantage of the other's advice and inspiration.

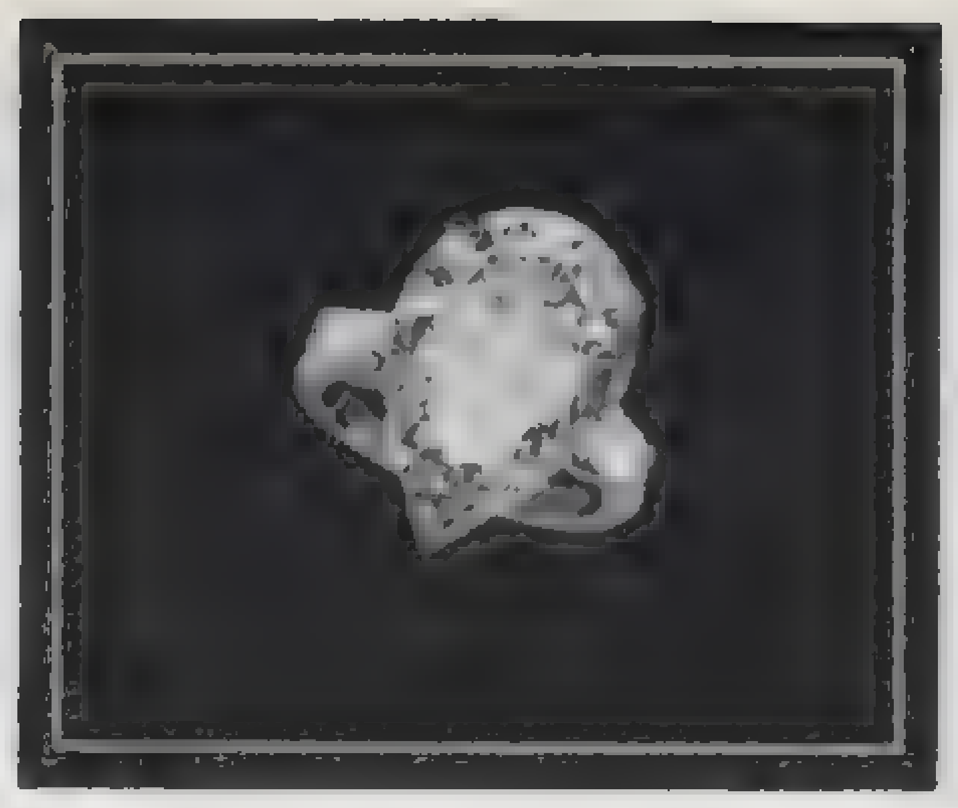
For a long time, before Spencer's illness, work came first. Thus, there were long separations: Kate in London for *The Millionairess*; in Africa for *The African Queen*; in Stratford, Connecticut, for *Antony and Cleopatra, The Merchant of Venice,* and *Twelfth Night*; in Australia for the Shakespeare tour with Robert Helpmann under Michael Benthall's direction; in London again for *Suddenly Last Summer*, and still again for some nonsense with Bob Hope; in New York for *Long Day's Journey into Night.*

This last was a something in their life. Eugene O'Neill admired Spencer greatly and tempted him time and again, with *The Iceman Cometh*, with *A Touch of the Poet*, and finally, with *Long Day's Journey into Night*. Each time, Spencer would read, study, cerebrate, sweat, discuss, and finally decline. His given reasons were never the real ones. Those he kept locked within himself. Imagine him, if you will, in any one of those three plays!

When, however, *Long Day's Journey into Night* was to be made as a film, the condition changed. It was offered to them both and the prospect was a heady one: two of the most accomplished film players of all time in the spectacularly brilliant roles in O'Neill's greatest play.

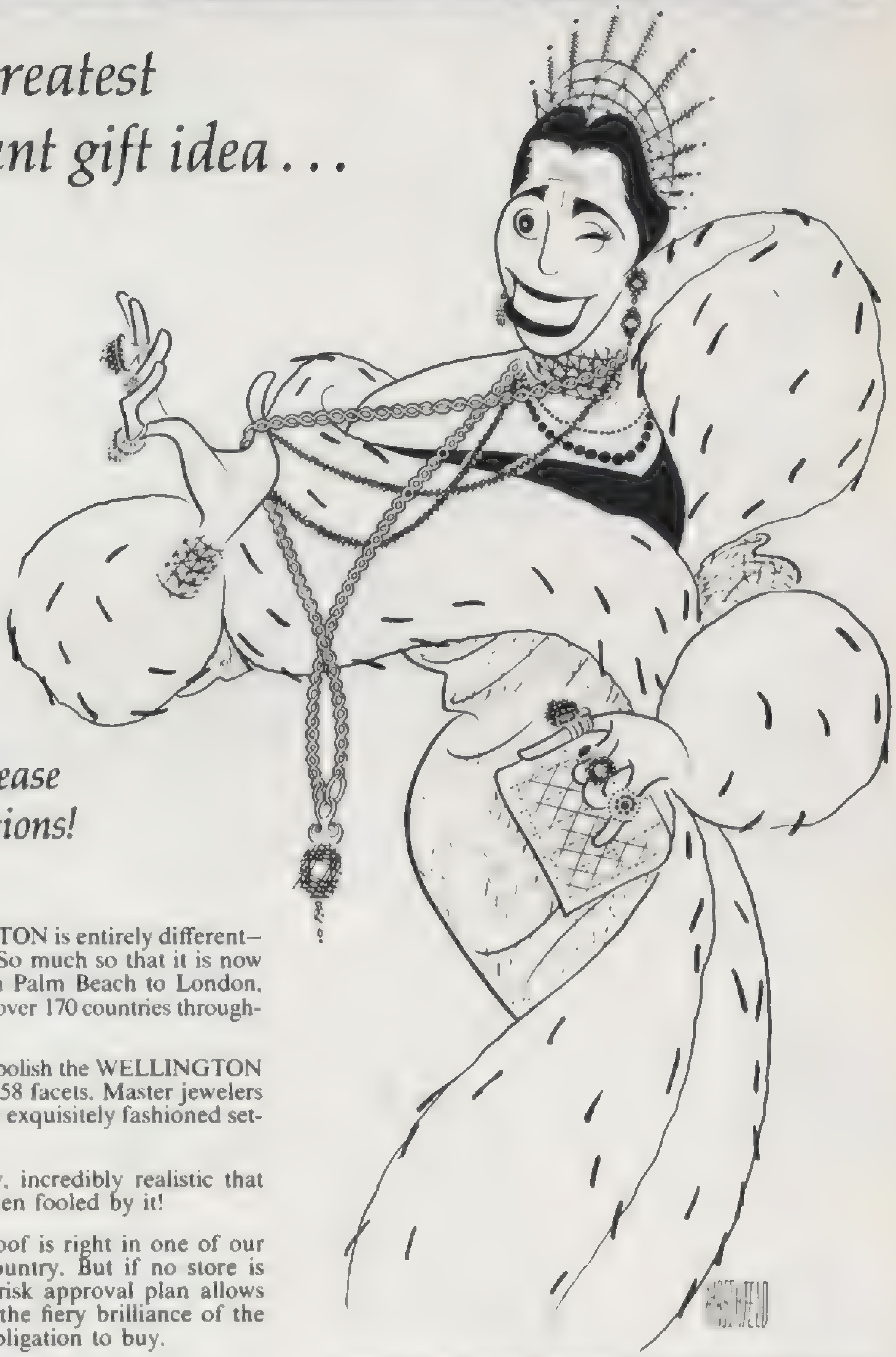
But Spencer balked, and no amount of persuasion could move him. It had been decided to shoot the film on a low budget, which

(Continued on page 176)



Madame Wellington, the World's Greatest Diamond Swindler, presents an elegant gift idea...

The Wellington Counterfeit Diamond™



It actually defies detection, yet it's priced from only $40 a carat, depending on size and style. But please don't confuse the Wellington with many other simulations! (Read on, dear heart, read on.)

A COMPARISON TABLE OF THE ACTUAL FIRE AND BRILLIANCE OF LEADING SIMULATIONS COMPARED TO A GENUINE DIAMOND

SUBSTANCE	REFRACTIVE INDEX (BRILLIANCE)	DISPERSION (FIRE)
DIAMOND	2.417	.044
WELLINGTON[1]	2.409	.108
YAG[2] (sold under many names by dept. stores, etc.)	1.833	.028
WHITE SAPPHIRE	1.765	.018
SPINEL	1.73	.020

1. Brand name for an alkaline earth oxide combined with a transition metal. 2. Trade name for Yttrium Aluminum Garnet.

Put it next to a diamond and it will shock you! Because the incredible WELLINGTON COUNTERFEIT DIAMOND has *every bit of the fire* and almost the identical brilliance of a genuine diamond. (A mere .008 difference in the refractive index, which is hardly detectable by the naked eye!)

The other simulated diamonds listed on the chart above turn out to be less fiery, less brilliant, and duller by comparison!

And if anyone tries to sell you one of these less fiery simulated diamonds simply because they tell you it's harder, just remember that you can buy a white sapphire simulated diamond for only $8 a carat. And it's even harder by far than simulations made of what the trade calls "Yag", which sell for up to $60 a carat under scores of different brand names.

Yet *none* of these simulated diamonds have anywhere near the fire, nor the brilliance, nor the pizzaz of the incredible WELLINGTON!

Because the WELLINGTON is entirely different—it actually defies detection! So much so that it is now being worn by women from Palm Beach to London, and its advertising appears in over 170 countries throughout the world!

Skilled lapidists cut and polish the WELLINGTON on a diamond wheel in full 58 facets. Master jewelers then enhance its beauty with exquisitely fashioned settings of 14K or 18K gold.

The result is so utterly, incredibly realistic that even some jewelers have been fooled by it!

Of course, the final proof is right in one of our stores located across the country. But if no store is convenient to you, our no-risk approval plan allows you to personally examine the fiery brilliance of the WELLINGTON without obligation to buy.

Send for our free brochure. It illustrates our excitingly styled men's and ladies' rings, earrings, pendants, pins, etc. One to 50 carat solitaires in round, pear, marquise or emerald cuts.

We are so convinced that only by your personal examination can the WELLINGTON'S beauty be fully appreciated that we make you this no-risk offer: If you are not completely satisfied, return it within 10 days in its original condition and we will promptly refund your money. Including postage.

RETAIL STORES FROM COAST-TO-COAST—We are the World's Largest Specialist in Diamond-Like Gems, with stores in: Washington, D. C., Chevy Chase, Philadelphia, Bala Cynwyd, Baltimore, Chicago, San Francisco, Beverly Hills, Miami, Ft. Lauderdale, Palm Beach, Hilton Head Island, Norfolk, Atlanta, Houston, Dallas, Cincinnati, Detroit, Boston, Buffalo, St. Louis, Scottsdale, Rochester and Toronto. (Other cities opening soon.)

Further proof...an independent survey discloses that

85% Chose The Wellington as looking More like a Diamond!

When some of the most sophisticated women in America were shown a simulated diamond made of 100% "Yag" (sold under many different brand names by many dept. stores, etc.) side-by-side with the incredible Wellington, an overwhelming 85% of these women chose the Wellington as looking more like a diamond.

VISIT AN EXCITING WELLINGTON STORE OR MAIL COUPON TODAY FOR FREE BROCHURE

182-A

WELLINGTON JEWELS
1150 Connecticut Avenue
Washington, D.C. 20036

Gentlemen: I like the conditions of your approval plan to personally examine the quality of the WELLINGTON COUNTERFEIT DIAMOND. Kindly send your free brochure, directed to my personal attention.

NAME______________________________

ADDRESS____________________________

CITY__________________ STATE/ZIP__________

© 1971 Wellington Jewels

TWO SPECIAL GO-SEE MOVIES

"THE LAST PICTURE SHOW"

BY EDWARD SITTEL

Peter Bogdanovich's *The Last Picture Show* is agonizingly good. Because of its loose structure, the even focus on detail (much like that of a film documentary), and the remarkably free hand of the director, *The Last Picture Show* is the brilliant realization of the most important new tendencies in American films, the extreme subjectivity, the unnerving honesty, the wordlessness that first announced themselves in *Easy Rider* and *Five Easy Pieces*. The faults that flawed those movies—the self-conscious dialogue, phoney-literary or false-spontaneous; the mawkish nonheroes; the tricky techniques designed to disguise their uneasy commercialism—are absent from Bogdanovich's film.

For Bogdanovich, his setting, Anarene, Texas, 1951—desolate, swept constantly by the wind, a place where the Depression has stayed on—stands for much more, a state of soul that savages and destroys. The town is running down; the picture show is closing. Growing up is getting out or being initiated into despair or death.

Bogdanovich's cast of faces, vivid and touched by time, are transformed by an almost merciless force. Is this force simply lack of money or is it stupidity or fate? There is only suffering to supply the answer.

The register for pain is the face of a nineteen-year-old actor Timothy Bottoms, playing Sonny Crawford, whose face is at first empty, sweet, ordinary. Then, blasted, twisted, partially blinded by experience. The film is plain—black and white—to serve the faces, and the faces more than the words are its telling.

The Last Picture Show is Sonny Crawford's coming of age, his baptism into the mysteries of Anarene. His counterpart in the town is an old grizzled cowboy, Sam the Lion, who runs the town's café, pool hall, and picture show and whose young son is a speechless idiot, the butt of practical jokes. Sam takes Sonny under his wing, gently sharing the sadness of his failed marriage and a lost love with whom he once rode horseback.

Sam the Lion is the shadow of what Sonny is to become, broken by the infernal machine of violence and desire that governs the town. When Sam dies, he leaves the pool hall to Sonny, who thus gains his place in the town.

But Sonny's passage is incomplete. He loses his eye in a fight with his best friend over the town's teen-age heartbreaker, played by Cybill Shepherd. They run off to Oklahoma to be married but are stopped by the girl's parents. Later, Sonny and his friend who is about to leave for Korea see the town's last picture show, a cowboy epic.

There is a moment near the end of Bogdanovich's film that is as commanding and poetic as anything in Eisenstein: a cattle truck has struck down Sam the Lion's son; and the cattle in the truck surge out against the sides of the van, scared, brutish, rumbling with terror. Against that fearsome image of the slaughter-bound herd, Bogdanovich has opposed a circle of faces, a ring of tentative beginnings, compromises and forgiveness that go deep, deeper than any American movie has gone in a long time. ▼

A star from the start: Timothy Bottoms in the dust-scrubbed streets of Anarene, Texas, in The Last Picture Show.

"MURMUR OF THE HEART"

BY ANN BIRSTEIN

Louis Malle's *Murmur of the Heart* is an amazing movie, particularly amazing because one expects so little of it at first. Just the usual charming little spoof of French provincial bourgeois life, it would seem, with the uptight father, the too-gay mother, the sensitive young boy teased to death by his two older brothers, shenanigans with stolen cigarettes and Communion wafers, Italian maids running around screaming comically and throwing up their hands at all the carryings-on. I don't know about the setting, which is Dijon, but the politics of the movie are pretty absurd and gratuitous. Dienbienphu, brought in as a parallel to and reminder of guess-what current political situation, necessitates the year's being 1954, and it simply isn't convincingly so. Hairdos, makeup, styles of walking, all of that is inaccurate and unnecessarily uneasy-making. Also, not that the translation of the title is Malle's fault, but just as another thing that's wrong, *La Souffle au coeur* is translated as *Murmur of the Heart*, a silly heavy piece of symbolic rendering because, in fact, the young hero, Laurent, is literally suffering from a heart murmur, as adolescents often do.

And then, and then, the little miracle takes place. One has gradually come to understand that the movie is really all about sex, not only Laurent's usual adolescent preoccupation with it but the general pervasiveness of sexuality in every aspect of all their lives: The fact of the father being a gynecologist; of the mother, who turns out to be an Italian, having a lover; the way the chubby pleasant priest at the Catholic school casually measures Laurent's growth with two hands around the boy's thigh; the scene at a brothel in which Laurent's first sexual experience is interrupted by the two *méchant* brothers; an equally sexy scene at a scout camp (!), in which Laurent, holding a small half-naked friend of his under a blanket, leads his group in a performance of the "Erl König"; the point, repeatedly underscored, is that Laurent for good and obvious reasons is in love with that gay, vivacious doting mother of his and that this is what the teasing of his brothers is all about.

Then Laurent comes down with that heart murmur; and he and his mother go off to a spa and share a hotel suite together, both beds visible to each other, a bathroom shared. The intimacy grows. The mother deserts the son for two days to go off with her lover and, coming back, confides in the boy—psychologically speaking unsound, perhaps, but humanly very understandable. They are freer and freer with each other, and then finally on Bastille night when both of them are gay and tipsy the—what we would call—unthinkable occurs. It's a remarkable scene, this scene of incest, because it's what I assume or have been led to believe is the secret dream of every young boy. But it's not done as a dream at all, and certainly not a bad dream, but a plain and tender reality. "I don't want you to feel bad about this," the mother says, still marvelously maternal. "I will always think about it as beautiful and you should too. Our secret." And so she does, and so does he. And then the next morning the whole rest of the family pops up to visit unexpectedly and everybody starts to laugh, including the mother, including Laurent, so obviously initiated into manhood though the father and the brothers will never know how, and it is all normal again.

To pull off such a thing requires something amazing, as I've said, in the way of direction and acting and script. All of this *Murmur of the Heart* has, not only in Malle but in all his players, major and peripheral. Daniel Gelin as the father, Marc Winocourt and Fabien Ferreux as the brothers, Michael Lonsdale as the priest, Benoit Ferreux as Laurent, and above all, supremely, Lea Massari as the mother. I don't think I've ever seen an actress so literally grow in a part, going here from a gay racy Italian charmer to the realist mother, and then back to the bourgeois *maitresse de famille*, whose end is truly in her beginning. ▼

HAPPY MARRIAGE

(Continued from page 117)

"No one can judge a marriage from the outside."

signals "Time to get out."

And getting out they are, in ever-increasing numbers and at a steadily rising rate. In 1959, United States divorces totaled 395,000. With figures for 1970 tallied only for eleven months, the sum had reached 671,000. This isn't simply a matter of our increased population. For every 1,000 of us in 1959 there were 2.2 divorces; for every 1,000 ten years later there were 3.3. Half-again more.

In the face of facts such as these, some social scientists see marriage headed for obsolescence. The family as an institution, they hold, has proved unequal to pressures, inside and out. Other specialists see no end to marrying, only to the idea of marital permanence: The future will accelerate present trends, and we will marry, divorce, and remarry time and time again in one life. It will be, as the anthropologist Ethel J. Alpenfels wrote, a continuing game of "marital chairs."

And why all this taking on and putting off? Expectations have risen, the specialists tell us. Expectations for what? Happiness. The goal may be expressed in different words—growth, self-discovery, total sexual fulfillment. But the message is implicit: The right marriage, the right result. Happiness.

How can we judge it? Must we Greet Every Day with a Smile? Or is the measure of happiness a mathematical one? The ratio of good times to bad, of perfect love scenes to perfunctory performances? If so, what shall the period of measurement be—a day, a year, a lifetime? How is it with other people? How much happiness have we a right to expect? And when and for how long?

Efforts have been made to answer that question, to reduce to graphable statistics the course of a typical marriage: difficult adjustments in the first year; restlessness due at the seven-year mark; a sudden upsurge of problems as the twentieth milestone draws near. Whether or not this fever chart is accurate, even on its own terms, is open to statistical debate. But whatever future computer analyses may decide, as a predictor of good times or rough in any particular marriage, such a standard pattern is meaningless. As a model against which to measure our own experience, it is worthless—or worse.

The reason is twofold. First of all, no one (including chart-makers) can judge a marriage from the outside. And the inside is known—and then often imperfectly—only to those who are living it. Second, happiness—a purely subjective state, mercurial at best—is useless as a yardstick. What pleases us one day may irk us another. One man's delight, another man's dismay. The specialists who study marriage—the responsible ones, that is—talk very little these days about happiness. They find it more productive to think in terms of "marital needs," "satisfactions," and "stresses." And these, all studies find, change as we change—with time, with events, with the world around us.

All this has taken us a long way from those croissants and champagne and what they represent, that silver anniversary, those "fantastic" twenty-five years. Surrounded by the symbols of success, warm with their current contentment and ease, those celebrants know that today's deep satisfaction is no gift of good fairies. It was built, piece by piece, through months and years of trying. Failures, successes. Moving forward, falling back. Solving one problem to find another in its place.

Lined out that way, it sounds sheer, bloody awful; but, obviously, problems weren't all they had. There was the incredibly satisfying surprise of physical rediscovery, sudden and spontaneous after a period of indifference. There were during all the years the small gestures of love, the encircling arm, the reassuring hand, the growing fund of unspoken understandings. One by one as they came, the problems were faced, not always gently but with a will to find the way. It was a zigzag course, but it headed consistently in one direction, kept steady by a commitment—to each other and to the permanence of this life together.

It was a course like nobody else's but—looking at the roads their friends had traveled—probably close to equal in rough patches and smooth. Some people's lives seemed all smooth sailing, until a tempest broke.

Analyze the substance of any lasting marriage and you'll find a vast mix. At any given point some couples seem to have only the best and many more manage to give that impression. But we're taking the long view now.

"When I was in college," a friend said, "a professor told us to weave our lives like a tapestry. For years it seemed to me life was made up like a jigsaw puzzle, of pieces that didn't quite fit." And pieces we have in plenty.

The bright ones: The warmth, excitement, satisfaction of physical closeness shared. The arrival of welcome children. Promotions achieved. Treasures acquired. Friends gained. Explorations. Adventures.

The fillers: Meetings attended. Courses taken. Tennis; some golf.

The sharp-edged pieces, too big for their spaces: Disappointments. Tragedies.

Sometimes these last bring us closer together, call out the best in us, accent our sharing, deepen our sympathy: the loss of a job, the death of a parent, the defection of a friend. Sometimes they create contention: the unwise investment, the unwanted pregnancy, the child bent on self-destruction. By shaking our faith in ourselves, they shake our faith in each other; but working through them teaches, deepens, even as it tries.

Those to whom the world is new, those with the full confidence of youth, untouched by failure, unbloodied by defeat, may discount the worth of the effort. Raised in a disposable society, perhaps they really can discard a relationship as easily as they'd take off a tie-dyed T-shirt. Only the future can tell us that. Perhaps, as they've been known to say, the lasting marriage *is* only "a security blanket."

But the world isn't getting warmer nor its trials less. Can even the young live forever on the icy edges of constant impermanence? As friends and families disperse, as familiar landmarks vanish and customs change, the lasting marriage provides structure, a solid center for our lives. As long as the people in it are truly alive, it will be alive. Changing, challenging, demanding the best of us. For its survival and our own. Is there a more solid happiness? ▼

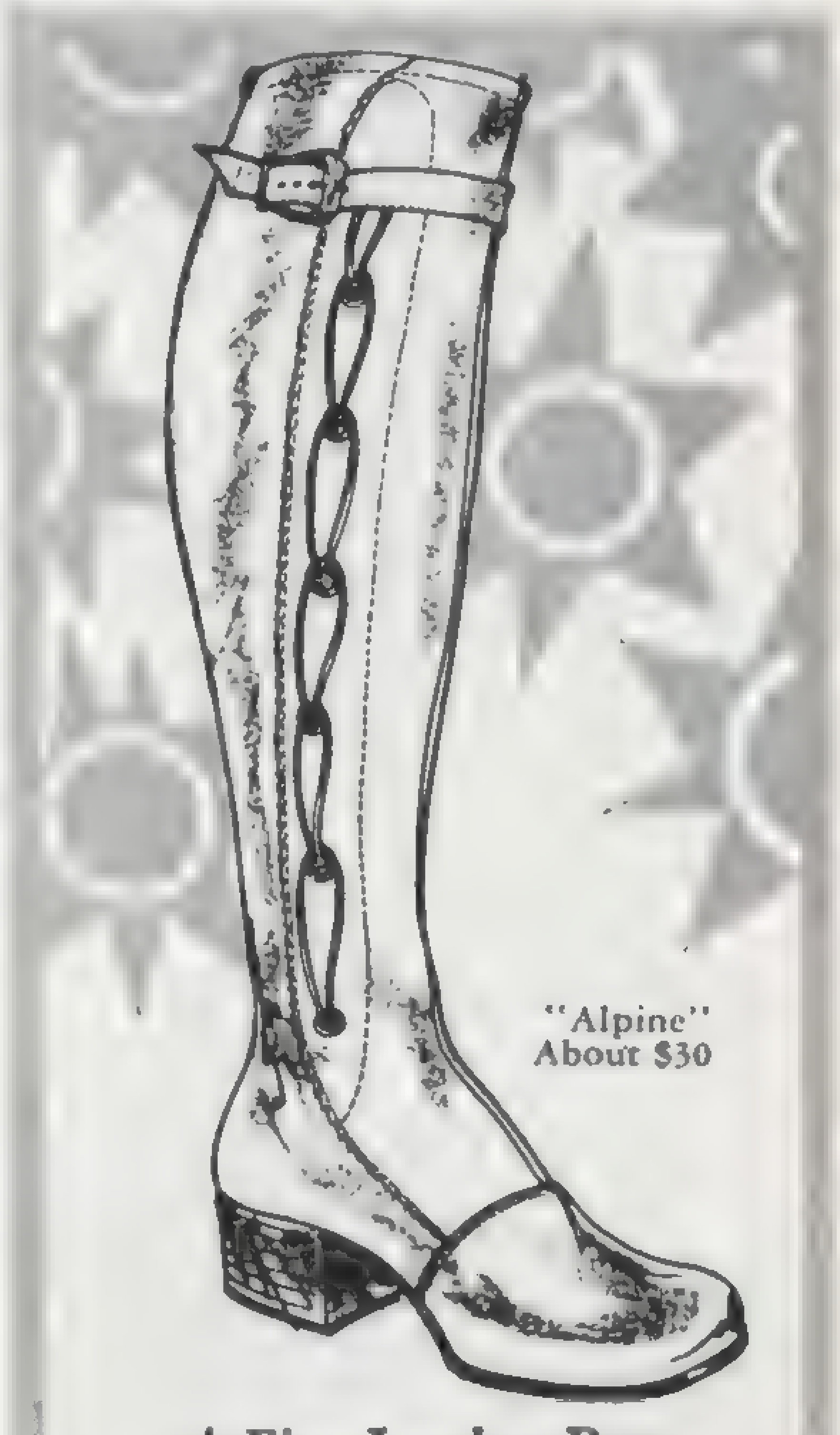
Katy of California

Travel without unpacking

It's the newest way to organize all those things you carry with you. Lingerie, hosiery, knits, etc., all slip into neat compartments while this handy pack-and-go lies flat or folded in your suitcase, dresser drawer, or hangs conveniently in your hotel closet. Called "The Voyager," it's 27" by 17" and comes in dainty embroidered dotted swiss nylon in pastel shades of blue or yellow for $11.50 or a man's style in navy blue or red cotton twill for $12.50. Tax and postage included.

Order by mail:

Katy of California
Box #3711
Beverly Hills, California 90210
Check or money order.
Allow two weeks for delivery.



A Fine Leather Boot

A slim higher boot, leather thong trimmed. Inside zipper for easy on and off. Sleek good looks, wonderfully walkable. With exclusive Red Carpet® cushioned luxury. Every size and width. At prestige stores. Div. of Desco Shoe Corporation, 16 East 34 Street, New York 10016 (212) 683-2600.

Revelations®

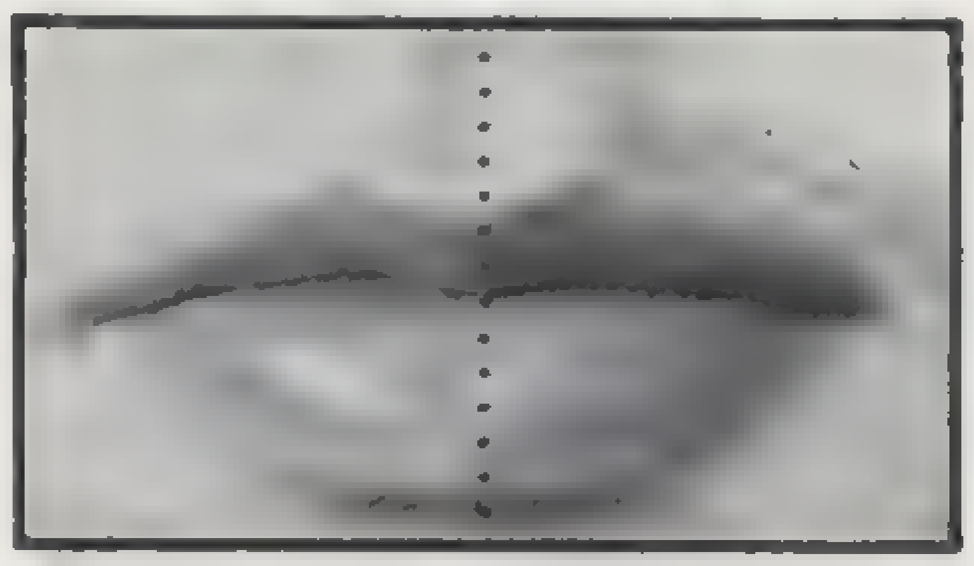
Leaving New York
doesn't mean
leaving the good
things in life
behind.

VOISIN

*One of the
great restaurants
of the World.*

BOCA RATON
PALM BEACH

"Get rid of facial hair-forever?"



Sure you can get rid of facial hair... but will it stay away?

Maybe.

Except that electrolysis can't guarantee your facial hair won't grow back again.

And neither can depilatories.

Did you ever think of *lightening* that unwanted hair?

It's fast, safe and easy if you use Blondit.

Blondit is a new formula from cosmetic science that makes hair virtually invisible in just seven minutes.*

Without a trace of stinging, reddening, or that awful ammonia smell.

And a little goes a long way.

So why uproot your problem?

When you can Blondit.

Blondit is available at better drug and department stores for just $3.50, or write Mem Co., Dept. W, Northvale, N. J. 07647.

*for normal hair.

BLONDIT
CREME BLEACH

BODY TIME

(Continued from page 157)

"Emotional rhythms usually pass unnoticed in men"

In a variety of periodic psychoses, signs of oscillating behavior may parallel oscillating hormone balance. Dr. Hobart Reimann has cited the case of a young man, classified as a paranoid schizophrenic, who underwent cyclic alternations between feeling and acting male or female. He would be male for three or four days and then female for three or four days in extremely regular alternation. Some other patients have had attacks of homosexual feelings every four weeks, suggesting that there might be considerable oscillations in the output of sex hormones.

Emotional rhythms usually pass unnoticed in normal men. One of the few attempts to tabulate emotional undulations in the "average" working person occurred in a factory under the auspices of an industrial psychologist, the late Rex B. Hersey. In 1929-1930 he began to find that economists and psychologists were omitting an important attribute in describing the workingman who was always treated as if he were invariant, as stable as a robot. Dr. Hersey thought there might be cyclic or rhythmic fluctuations in behavior.

He spent a year observing management and workers in industry, concentrating on a selected group of twenty-five industrial workers who seemed average in intelligence, who liked their jobs, and who seemed adjusted and "normal" in all overt respects. For thirteen weeks he watched and interviewed each man four times a day. He examined each man physically and then stopped the incessant questioning for a time. Meanwhile, he asked each person to rate himself on an emotional scale. After this recess, he began another series of observations and interviews with the families. Charts plotted for each worker showed that emotional tone varied within each day. Moreover, there were typical longer trends in each individual. One happy sixty-year-old, who claimed that he never changed, actually exhibited a nine-week cycle with a mood decline so gradual that he didn't realize he was refusing to joke with his fellows, withdrawing, and criticizing his superiors.

One twenty-two-year-old man showed a four-and-a-half-week cycle with no greater variation than a woman's menstrual cycle. During low periods he was indifferent and apathetic both at work and at home; an avid hobbyist in his elated periods, he temporarily abandoned his artwork when depressed. Another more temperamental person with a cycle of four and a half to six and a half weeks tended to be irritable and to magnify minor crises out of all proportion during the depressed part of his cycle. A third man with a five-to-six-week cycle had manic periods of great vigor and energy during which he felt confident and outgoing. However, in his low periods, he found work a burden, he slept more, and was happy to be left alone to sit quietly. Typically, he weighed less and slept less in his high periods.

There are many indications that undulations of mood underlie the state we accept as normal in men as well as in women. Whenever these fluctuations become pronounced enough to be detectable, they may seem to be a chronic disease. Periodic illnesses probably include many symptoms that, like the menstrual syndrome, are an exaggeration of a normal glandular rhythm. There are some diseases, such as malaria, in which the periodicity comes from the reproductive cycle of the parasite. Yet others may result from the interaction of a normal rhythm with other normal internal cycles when they are slightly out of their proper temporal adjustment; for instance, a person whose body temperature was drifting in a cycle fifteen minutes longer than twenty-four hours would face the daytime world with a nighttime metabolism roughly every forty to forty-eight days. Unfortunately, these illnesses are not being studied extensively and there is little chance that most of these periodic symptoms would be correctly diagnosed, since the sufferer would be likely to receive drugs shortly after his first visit to the doctor. ▼

VOGUE'S TRAVELOG

Arizona

WICKENBURG

RANCHO DE LOS CABALLEROS. You're only hours away from sunshine and a warm dry climate. Ride over our 20,000 acre ranch resort. Golf, swim, tennis, skeet. Fun in the sun. Children's program.

Bahamas

ELEUTHERA

Paradise found... Rock Sound
ELEUTHERA, BAHAMAS

Miles of white sand beach, all water sports, tennis, GOLF (by card), superb cuisine, beautiful accommodations...two incomparable resorts. Reserve today! Pan Am flies to Rock Sound daily from Miami & New York.

Rock Sound Club
PLANTATION ESTATE
BEACH COTTAGES ON WINDING BAY

See your Travel Agent, write direct representatives LEONARD HICKS ORG.

Barbados

Stay at 1; enjoy 3 select resorts on St. James Beach. Colony Club, Discovery Bay, Coconut Creek. Exchange dining. Guest rooms, cottages, kitchenettes available. Air cond. Hetland & Stevens, Rep. or your travel agent.

Jamaica

MONTEGO BAY

Jamaica and Montego Bay for a glorious HONEYMOON

THE Royal Caribbean
RESORT HOTEL

Sophisticated pleasures await... starlit evenings filled with gala native revues. Wonderful cuisine. Dinner dancing. Beach parties. Pool parties. Golf and tennis. Gracious service... a memory to treasure forever... come enjoy. The Royal Caribbean is one of the very few large resorts that caters to adults only & does not accept conventions.

Privately owned by
Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence M. Paul
Reservations are handled by your
Travel Agent thru Leonard Hicks Organization
in major U.S., U.K. and Canadian Cities.

Mail this coupon today to Dept. V Nov. 1
ROYAL CARIBBEAN HOTEL
Suite 600, 215 E. 9th Street
Cincinnati, Ohio 45202

Name________________________

Address______________________

City_________________________

State________________________

Date of Honeymoon_____________

OCHO RIOS

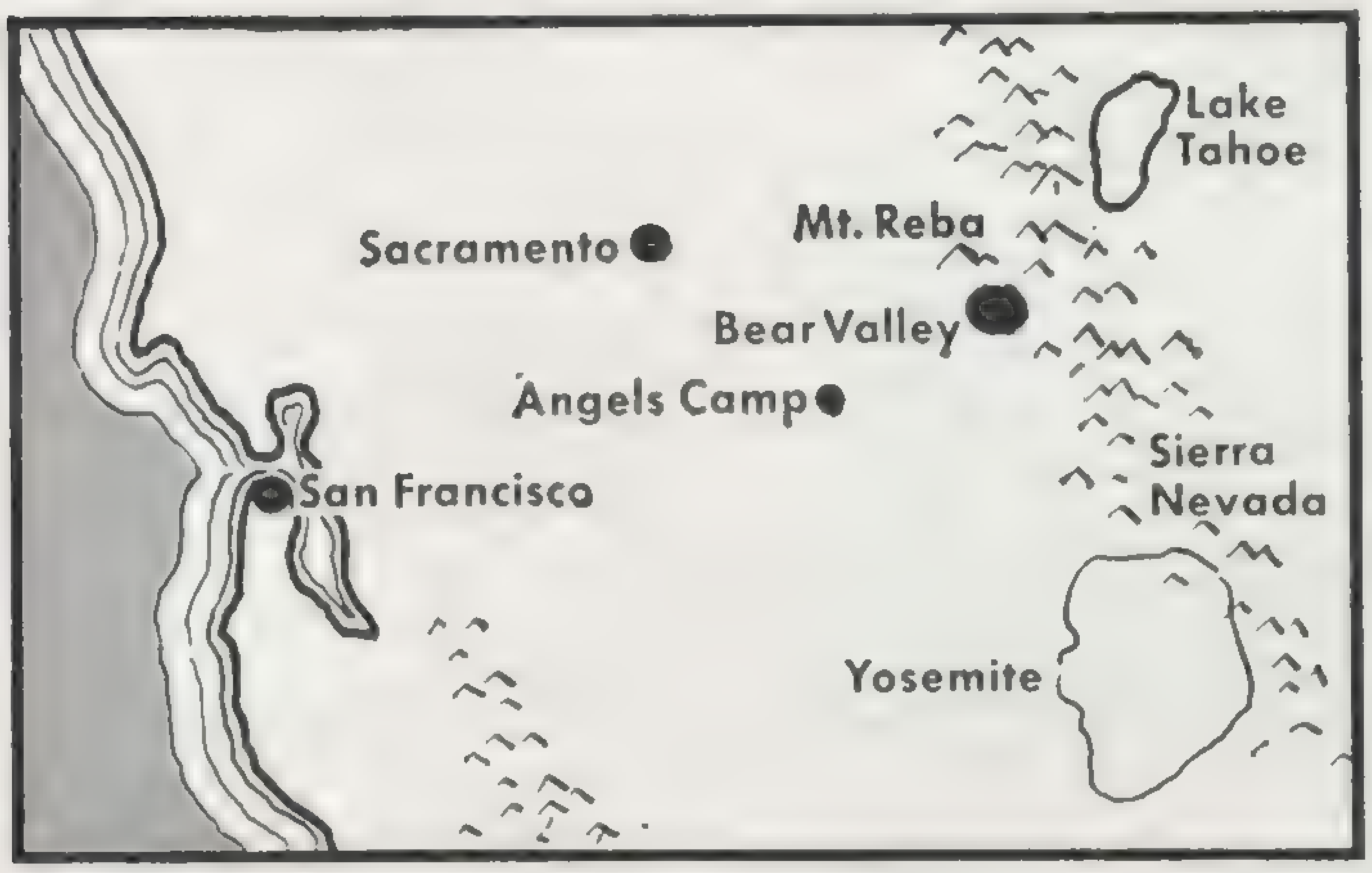
PLANTATION INN. Luxurious club atmosphere. Guest list limited to 130. All rooms with balconies facing the sea. Superb location. See your travel agent or Robert F. Warner, Inc.

VOGUE'S FASHIONS IN TRAVEL

THE ACTION IS HOT WHEN THE WEATHER IS COLD

By Despina Messinesi

The new, growing resort world of Bear Valley, a California resort where the virtue of cherishing unspoiled land is its own extravagant reward



Bear Valley, a young resort in the High Sierra, is hidden. Between Lake Tahoe and Yosemite National Park, Bear Valley, snugged in forest, spreads over six hundred protected, flourishing acres. Everyone who lives and goes there knows that the counterpane of evergreens will never go away: "It takes an act of Congress to cut down a tree." In this village, masterminded by Bruce Orvis, the action goes nonstop all year, with, in winter, a rush of skiing.

Around Bear Valley, people say, "Lots of pine cones mean lots of snow." This year, the pines are loaded. Skiing runs from mid-November to the end of May. California snow at Bear Valley's Mount Reba—over 8,500 feet high—is deep and light, great powder. New chair lifts carry twelve hundred skiers an hour. Jimmie Heuga, an Olympic medalist, holds the ski reins. Instructors in the ski school often start neophytes on the Graduated Length Method: three-foot skis at the beginning, standard length by the fifth day. By the tenth lesson, new skiers are making wide parallel turns like experts.

Both pool and tennis courts warm up for cold weather. Two of the six courts are covered, all have a synthetic surface to keep the ball's bounce slower in this 7,000-foot altitude. The pool, open to the sky, heated in winter, is linked to the new clubhouse, which will have a restaurant, saunas, rev-up baths.

In this master-planned village, only exteriors of rugged wood are allowed. The twelve-month roundup place is the Lodge with beamed rooms, spectacular lounge, enormous fireplace, bar, and two restaurants. Stamina breakfast in The Gallery at the Lodge: fruit, three eggs, and French toast made with French bread. For feasting—lunch and dinner—a two-story restaurant nearby, Altitude 38°. Served in its upstairs bar: Johnny Goodlay—orange juice, Galliano, vodka, and tequila—"destroys the brain, the only way to ski when it's cold"; Red Beer—tomato juice and beer—mends hangovers. Reviving specialties: steak with lobster, skewered shrimp.

Getting to Bear Valley, although it's not shown on all the maps, is a cinch: three-and-a-half driving hours from San Francisco on all-weather roads; plane-car-and-train combinations. For more information: write Central Reservations, Bear Valley, California, 95223; telephone (209) 753-2353. ▼

Pied-à-terre.
Caribbean style.

Sunshine, starshine and luxurious living that's yours for the choosing. Perhaps "Pixie Hill", V-80967, a Jamaican colonial on 5 acres overlooking Alligator Head. Or a magnificent Spanish house, "El Mirador", V-80981 at Lyford Cay, Bahamas. A private island paradise, V-80966 on Cat Cay, Bahamas. Or a hilltop contemporary, V-80946, on Elbow Cay in the best sailing waters of the Bahamas. Write for illustrated brochures. For the 1972 Previews Guide to Fine Real Estate, send $5.00.

Previews inc.
International Real Estate Marketing Realtors
309 Royal Poinciana Plaza, Palm Beach, Fla. 33480
Phone (305) 832-7131
New York • Boston • Washington, D.C. • Chicago
Denver • Los Angeles • San Francisco • Paris

MOVING?

Please notify VOGUE and the Post Office when you move and be sure to fill out the form below.

DON'T FORGET YOUR ZIP NUMBER: IT'S IMPORTANT!

NEW ADDRESS
Name
Address
City State Zip Code

OLD ADDRESS (Attach old label here)
Name
Address
City State Zip Code

For FASTEST service on address change, missing copies, etc., attach old mailing label in space provided. Otherwise, please print clearly your address as we now have it.

MAIL TO VOGUE BOX 5201 BOULDER, COLO. 80302
Please allow 6 weeks for change to take effect

There is a more beautiful you!

find it in Southern California at

SOBOBA del SOL

the most complete European Health Spa in America

FOR RESERVATIONS OR ADDITIONAL INFORMATION, CALL OR WRITE: SOBOBA del SOL
DEPT. V-11 • P.O. BOX 1058 • SAN JACINTO, CALIFORNIA 92383 • (714) 654-7331

VOGUE'S SCHOOL DIRECTORY

For advice: write Vogue's School Bureau, 420 Lexington Ave., N.Y. 10017, or call 689-5900

Coeducational Schools

JUDSON IN ARIZONA

Fully Accredited. College Prep & General courses. Coed. Gr. 3-12. Remedial Reading. Informal Western life. Healthful desert climate. Riding, swimming. All sports. **Henry V. Wick, Dir., Judson School, Box 1569, Scottsdale, Ariz. 85252. Tel.: 602-947-7731.**

Golden Hills Academy

Boys Boarding Grades 1-6. Girls 1-12.

Grades 1 to 12. Coeducational college preparatory. Non-sectarian, high academic standard, modern languages, fine arts, new math, humanities, sciences. Swimming, golf, riding, tennis.

Route 27, Ocala, Florida 32670 Brochure

Girls' Schools

GRIER SCHOOL

2 Programs: College Prep with Adv. Placement, Academic with individualized guidance. Scholarships. Grades 8-12. Creative workshops in Drama, Film Making, Folk Music, Art, Riding, skiing, Dances. 118th yr. **Dr. D. Grier, Box 62, Tyrone, Pa. 16686.**

STUART HALL

Episcopal College Preparatory. Girls, grades 9-12

In Virginia's Shenandoah Valley. Enrollment, without regard to race or religion, represents many states and several foreign countries. Modern equipment. Advanced courses. Emphasis on growth in maturity, responsibility, and service. Established 1844. Catalog.

Martha Dabney Jones, Headmistress
Box V, STAUNTON, VIRGINIA 24401

Boys' Schools

GARLAND

DEVOTED TO THE INDIVIDUAL EDUCATIONAL PROBLEM

To restore a boy's confidence, arouse his aspirations, correct study habits. Personalized instruction for acceleration. Faculty-student ratio 1-4. **College preparation. Boys 13-19. All sports. Beautiful 33-acre campus,** ***Summer Program.*** **Catalog.**

Frederick L. Zins, Hdm., Box 700, Chester, N. J. 07930

STAUNTON

MILITARY ACADEMY

In Beautiful Shenandoah Valley. Thorough college preparation: fully accredited. Individual guidance. Band. All sports, 2 gyms. Pool. Fine health record. Jr. R.O.T.C. Program. Separate Junior School. Illus. Catalog write Supt. S.M.A., Box V-11, Staunton, Va. 24401

LEADERSHIP, CITIZENSHIP & SELF DISCIPLINE STRESSED. **Founded 1860**

Junior Colleges

GREENBRIER COLLEGE

Now COED Jr. Col.

160th yr. A.A. Degrees & Career Courses (12th gr. English available for those who need this course for High School Diploma). New Activities-Gym Bldg. Olympic pool. Indoor-Outdoor riding. Give parents' full name & phone no. **Box V, Lewisburg, W. Va. 24901**

Southern Seminary

JUNIOR COLLEGE

Fully accredited 2 year College for Young Women. Liberal Arts, transfer. Cultural envir. of old Virginia.

Academic and Career Courses, to meet today's needs. **A A. and A.S. Degrees offered.** Music, Art, Languages, Drama, Speech, Home Economics, Merchandising, Physical Education, Secretarial, Kindergarten Training. Equitation. Indoor riding arena. **Well-balanced** social life. All sports. Own stable of fine horses. Indoor Swim Pool. Students from 38 states. **For 104** years one of America's outstanding schools. ***Illustrated catalog address:*** **Dr. Roy K. Patteson, President, Box 111, Buena Vista, Virginia 24416.**

Foreign School

LA CHÂTELAINIE/SUISSE

International Girls' School (14-20 years)
Grades 8-12. French & modern languages. High academic standards. Happy home life. Sports. Skiing. Acad. Year: Sept.-June. Summer School: July-August
Châtelainie, 2072 St.-Blaise/Neuchâtel, Switzerland

Home Study

HIGH SCHOOL AT HOME

Prepares for a better job or college entrance exams. Standard H.S. texts supplied. Diploma awarded. Credit for H.S. subjects already completed. Single subjects if desired. Free Brochure. **American School, Dept. H848, Drexel at 58th, Chicago 60637.**

Any of these schools will gladly give you further information. Letters mentioning VOGUE will receive special consideration.

Fine & Applied Arts

Design a professional career in fashion. All aspects of apparel design for men, women & children from sketchboard to muslin form to fashion show. Coed. Day, eve. & summer. Dorms. Request catalog 51. **136 Newbury St., Boston, Mass. 02116** (617) 536-9343.

the school of fashion design

International Institute of Interior Design

1-3 year courses in commercial, residential interior design. Begin now.

For information
write: Box V.
2225 R Street N. W.
Washington, D.C. 20008

Fine & Applied Arts

PAN-AMERICA ART SCHOOL

Fashion Illustration, Fine Arts, Advertising Design & Layout, Story Illustration, Window Display, Paste-up & Mechanicals. Co-ed. Foreign students. Veterans. Catalog V. **318 West 57th Street, New York, N. Y. 10019. 212-PL 7-0064.**

Your career in the fashion world . . .

Learn Fashion Design & Dress Creation . . .

. . . And Make Your Own Wardrobe While You Study

Courses For Beginners & Professionals

French Fashion Academy

600 Madison Ave. (at 58th Street)
New York, N Y. Phone: 421-7770

TRAPHAGEN SCHOOL OF FASHION

FOR RESULTS

Training Here Pays Lifetime Dividends

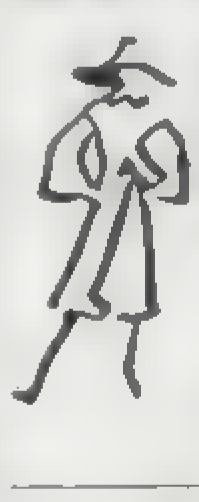
Trade Methods in Minimum Time—Coed

ART DESIGN CLOTHING CONSTRUCTION INT. DECOR

Beginners & Advanced. Day. Eve., Sat. ***Register Now!***

Illustration. Layout; Life. Sketch. Paste-up. Design. Draping. Pattern. Dressmaking. Certificate Courses. Free Placement Bur. Send for Cir. I. Phone 673-0300.
257 Park Ave. South (21st St.) N.Y. 10010

MAYER SCHOOL of FASHION



"The Dynamic Approach to Designing" Fashion Workshop Method; Designing Course with graduation certificate in less than a year. Individual Guidance. Day-Eve. Sat. Co-ed. Free Placement Service. Est. 1931. Approved Residence. Free Aptitude Analysis.

- **Designing**
- **Dressmaking**
- **Draping**
- **Sketching**
- **Patternmaking**
- **Grading**

Request Catalog U.

64 W. 36 St., N. Y. 10018 LO 5-5620

NEW YORK SCHOOL OF INTERIOR DESIGN

- **4 Mos. Practical Course**
- **3 Yrs. Interior Design**
- **6 Wks. Summer Session**

Classes start Sept., Feb., July. Catalog 7R.
HOME STUDY COURSE starts now. Catalog 7C.
155 East 56th Street, New York N.Y. 10022

Fine & Applied Arts

AUDITORE FASHION SCHOOL

Learn a profitable career in fashion. Also a personal wardrobe. Designing, Sketching, Draping, Dressmaking, Patternmaking. App. foreign students. Coed. Est. 1927. Request Catalog V.
1182 B'way (28 St.), NY 10001. MU 3-1348

FLORENCE MODE SCHOOL

One year courses for beginners; Special perfecting courses for professionals. Cutting, Dressmaking, Design, Grading, Industrial Designing, and Styling; Haute Couture for men, women, children. Write: **Tecnica Moda, Piazza Beccaria 6, Florence, Italy**

Art 1

STUDENTS prepare for careers using talent in Commercial Art, Interior Design & Decoration, Fashion Merchandising with Modeling & Speech, Dress Design, Fashion Illustration, Window Display. Our 55th year. Coed. Student apartments, each with kitchen, bath & phone; walking distance to school. Individual instruction. Excellent professional instructors and equipment. For literature & entrance dates write Registrar. Specify course.

RAY-VOGUE SCHOOLS
750 NORTH MICHIGAN AVENUE, CHICAGO 60611
(No connection with Vogue Magazine)

Retailing

Grahm Junior College

Retailing • Merchandising • Liberal Arts

Learn by doing. Two year Work-Study Degree Programs in Retailing include paid on-the-job training, fashion coordination, display, promotion, copy, customer services, merchandising, personnel, retail management, liberal arts. Activities. Dormitories. Placement. Co-ed. Catalog. Write Miss Newman.

GRAHM JUNIOR COLLEGE
632 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. 02215

Today is the first day of the rest of your life! Live it in the exciting world of Tomorrows Fashion

Brooks College for Women is a professional school designed to prepare you for a prestige career in several exciting fields for women: Fashion Merchandising, Interior Design and Professional Modeling . . . where opportunities are greater than they have ever been before!

Brooks College for Women

To receive our 1971 Career Opportunities Kit
call Toll Free
800-421-3775
RUTH KETTLE, Director of Admissions
California call collect
(213) 597-5536
or fill out the coupon below
and mail today

4825 E. Pacific Coast Highway
Long Beach, California 90804

Name ____________________
Street ____________________
City ____________ State ____________
Zip ____________ Age ____________
Phone ____________ A.C. ____________
Year of Graduation ____________ V-4

To help you . . . .

Schools for your son, your daughter, are listed in the pages of Vogue's School Directory. Write to the heads of these schools—or colleges—for catalogues and other information. If you possibly can, visit them. But if you need assistance in finding the right school to meet your particular requirements, write to us and we will be glad to try to help with some additional information—without charge to you, of course.

Name ____________________
Address ____________________
____
Girl ________ Boy ________ Age now ________
To enter grade ____________ in ____________ 19____
Type of school preferred ____________________
Location desired ____________________
Anticipated yearly cost ____________________
Proposed entrance date ____________________

11-1-71

Vogue's School Bureau
420 Lexington Avenue, New York, New York 10017.

Retailing

BAUDER FASHION COLLEGE

Train for career as Fash. Buyer, Fash. Coordinator, Int. Dec'r., Model. 1-yr. diploma or 2-yr. AA degree. Schools in Miami, Fla., Arlington, Tex., Sacramento, Cal. (Miami accred. mbr. NATTS) **Bauder, DuPont Plaza, 300 Biscayne Blvd. Way, Miami, FL 33131.**

Fashion Executive Careers . . .
an unusual course in retail/wholesale, fashion directing, show production, fashion psychology, management principles, copy writing, fashion designers, textiles, career modeling . . .
Write for details: 203 S.W. 9th, Portland, Oregon 97205

JOHN ROBERT POWERS–Portland

Enjoy beautiful Oregon—skiing, ocean beaches

BASSIST INSTITUTE

Fashion buying, merchandising, advertising, display, interior decorating, fashion show production, paid training with leading stores, approved for veterans and foreign students. Coed. Sept. to June. European Fashion Tour. Catalogue. 923 S.W. Taylor St., Portland, Ore. 97205
Home of Jantzen, White Stag, Pendleton

2yr Associate of Arts degree
The Fashion Institute of Design & Merchandising
Centered in a progressive fashion market
Professional instruction • Free placement
write: 319 W. 8th • Los Angeles, Ca. 90014
(213) 680-1444

Retailing

RAY-VOGUE SCHOOLS

Intensive 1 yr. program. Fashion Merchandising, Buying, Modeling, Speech, Selling in stores Sat. with pay. Student apartments, walking distance to school. Our 56th year. Write Reg. Specify course. **750 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill. 60611.**

your FASHION EDUCATION with a COLLEGE DEGREE in MIAMI

Two Year Fashion program leading to Associate of Fine Arts Degree for college age girls. An accredited college teaching ONLY Fashion and Merchandising. Study tours of New York and Europe.

Enrollment in September, January, or March. Write for Catalog V and give your name, address, city, state, home phone, age, year in school, father's name and his occupation.

INTERNATIONAL FINE ARTS COLLEGE of FASHION
1737 North Bayshore Drive, Miami, Fla. 33132
Telephone (305) 373-4684

Name ________________
Street ________________
City ________ State ________
Zip ________ Age ________
Phone ________ A.C. ________
Year of Graduation ________ 2 V

Schools for your son, your daughter, yourself, are listed in the pages of Vogue's School Directory. Write to the heads of the schools—or colleges—to ask for catalogues.

Modeling

Modeling

Be a model
(or...just look like one)

Since 1939, BARBIZON'S Fifth Avenue New York School has graduated thousands of girls into modeling careers and given countless others "The Look" that helps any career.

Now, there are local Barbizon schools all across America. Find out about the one near you. Fill out and mail this coupon for A CAREER IN MODELING, our new, 32 page book that might start you on your way. No obligation, of course.

THE BARBIZON SCHOOL OF MODELING
574 Fifth Ave., Dept. V-11, New York, N.Y. 10036
Telephone: (212) 582-0900

Name ________________ Age ________
Address ________________ Phone ________
City ________ State ________ Zip ________

ACCESSORY INFORMATION

HAVE A LITTLE DAZZLE

Page 98. With Norell's sequin-and-feather turnout: earrings by William de Lillo; Schiaparelli tights; David Evins shoes.

Page 100. With the firebird-blaze dress by Galanos: Round-the-Clock tights; David Evins shoes.

Page 102. With the long and bare navy jersey by Galanos: K.J.L. pin, at Bonwit Teller; David Evins shoes.

Page 104. With Kiki Hart's poppy-print dress: earrings by K.J.L., at Saks Fifth Avenue.

Page 106. With the black jersey turtleneck and organza skirt by Bill Blass: Ruza Creations earrings; Yves Saint Laurent cuff; Russian sable muff by Emeric Partos, at Bergdorf Goodman; Hanes tights; shoes by Herbert Levine.

Page 108. With Donald Brooks' strapless black dress: Brod veil.

Page 109. With the off-the-shoulder Ban-Lon dress by Mr. Mort: earrings by K.J.L.; Beautiful Bryans tights; shoes by Herbert Levine.

Page 110. With the black sable coat by Emeric Partos for Bergdorf Goodman: tie and shirt from The Custom Shop; K.J.L. cufflinks; blassport pants; Beautiful Bryans tights; David Evins shoes, at I. Miller.

Page 111 (top left). With Nat Kaplan's scarfed and slashed black crêpe: K.J.L. earrings; Russian sable muff by Emeric Partos, at Bergdorf Goodman; Beautiful Bryans tights; shoes by Beth's Bootery, at Saks Fifth Avenue.

Page 111 (right). With the narrow black crêpe dress by Ole Borden for Rembrandt: K.J.L. earrings; Maximilian fur; Yves Saint Laurent cuff.

Page 112. With V & J's ruffled black taffeta: K.J.L. earrings; Roman Stripe tights; shoes by Florence Otway for Mademoiselle.

Page 113. With Kasper for Joan Leslie's pleated ruffles: K.J.L. earrings, at Bonwit Teller; Beautiful Bryans tights.

Page 114. With Revillon's long chinchilla wrap coat: Laguna earrings; Aris gloves.

Page 115. With the violet-y blue organza covered dress by Chester Weinberg: earrings by K.J.L.; Maximilian dyed Norwegian blue fox boa.

THE NATURALS

Page 130. With Ginori's safari-shirtdress: Liberty of London scarf; Celia Sebiri cuff, at Henri Bendel; Ship'n Shore shirt.

Page 131. With Ginori's safari-shirt and pants: scarf from Hanae Mori Boutique; Vendôme watch; Gucci bracelet.

Page 133. With the khaki coverall from Kasper Sport: hat at De Noyer; Dunhill pen; watch, bracelet, and boots by Gucci.

Page 134 (top left). With the khaki battle jacket and skirt by Susan Thomas: Adelaar shirt; bracelet and bag by Gucci; Bonnie Doon tights; shoes and belt by Yves Saint Laurent.

Page 134 (right). With the khaki poplin raincoat from Givenchy Nouvelle Boutique: hat at Hunting World; Grandoe gloves; cane by Gucci; boots, Eskiloos by Uniroyal.

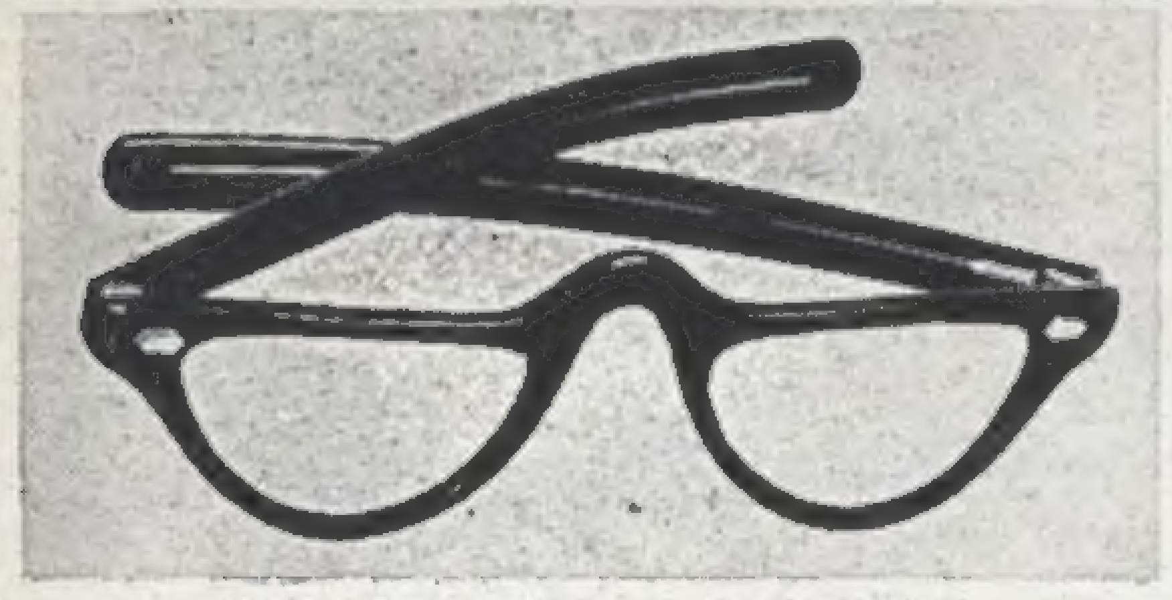
Page 135. With the checked shirt and straight-legged pants from Givenchy Nouvelle Boutique: Gucci jewelry; boots, Eskiloos by Uniroyal.

EVERYBODY'S DOING THE SHIMMER

Page 144. With Anne Fogarty's polka-dot taffeta: earrings by William de Lillo; Vanity Fair tights; Julianelli shoes.

don't miss
VOGUE FOR NOV. 15
the story is . . .
how people really
ENTERTAIN
with
tips from insiders
and two butlers who tell all

Read the tiniest print instantly!



With these deluxe fashionable

"HALF FRAME" Reading Glasses

These "Ben Franklin" style glasses are a perfect aid in reading fine print in phone books, programs, etc. Wear "look over" specs and have normal vision without removing. Black with silver threads, Brown with gold threads, Brown Tortoise or Jet Black. Specify men's or women's.

No N. Y. Del'y

with Carrying Case only . . . $5.95 ppd.

FOLDING LORGNETTE

Petite magnifying lorgnette folds to a compact 3 inches. Perfect for a quick look at price tags, programs, menus. In Brown Tortoise, Gold overlay on Black or Jet Black. Set with tiny rhinestones. With case only $6.95

NOT SOLD IN STORES . . .
MAIL ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED

Satisfaction Guaranteed

JOY OPTICAL CO.
Dept. 512, 84 Fifth Ave., N. Y., N. Y. 10011

For a wonderful wedding where everything runs smoothly
Mothers and Brides use

THE WONDERFUL WEDDING WORKBOOK

by Ellen Proxmire, Gretchen Poston, and Barbara Boggs

The founders of Wonderful Weddings, Inc., give you their own no-slip-ups method for planning and running a wedding, large or small, that is perfect in every detail. Carries you through from the engagement to the honeymoon. Includes unique tear-out check lists that make everything go smoothly and easily. A ROBERT B. LUCE Book. $7.50. Order from David McKay Company, Inc., 750 Third Ave., New York 10017.

HEPBURN—TRACY

(Continued from page 168)

meant that fees would be small. I cannot believe that this would have affected his decision (any more than it did Kate's, who played the role she wanted to play for one *tenth* of her established salary), but it might have been that he was concerned about the overall quality of a low-budget film. Tracy's orientation in films had entirely to do with important pictures at major studios. Artistically, he erred.

Still, one of the strengths of this partnership was the fact that each partner retained complete sovereignty.

Kate says, "Spence was the only *pure* person I ever met in all my life. I've encountered some fascinating ones, and some terribly attractive ones." She smiles a faraway smile. "I can't tell you how many times I've relived those ten seconds—and wondered where would I be and who—if she hadn't come out and called at that instant."

We wait, silently, for her to go on.

"Once, in Wales—touring all over it—fascinating—with a friend. We stopped in a little village. I got out of the car to stretch—I'd been driving—she went in to mail some postcards or buy some—I don't remember. And a wagon pulled up and stopped on the other side of the street—and the driver—a young man—the handsomest creature I'd ever seen—or have seen since. Dark—dark in every way—hair, skin, eyes, spirit. All at once, we were looking at each other—and it happened—you know—it happens to everyone at times—communication beyond words or action—complete clarity and understanding—as though there's been a past—and the future seems already to have happened. He smiled—my knees went funny—he made a movement with his head and hand—beckoning—an invitation to join him—I felt myself moving toward him—all lightheaded—and my friend came out and yelled, 'Kate—where're you going? Come on—we're late.' And he stood up—I saw anger and power—and he made another sign—but the spell was broken—I was a proper New England girl again—and I turned away and we drove off—never looked back.

"I suppose," she goes on, "we've all had chance meetings like that—What are those lines? 'I did but see her passing by, and yet I'll love her till I die.' It's sweet, that idea. Then there are the ones we get entangled with—for better or worse—usually for worse—but when those things are over, you've got to try to remember the good parts—what was valuable about it and what you gained from the relationship and—well, Spence was simply *different*. No affectations—not a selfish bone in his body. I know sometimes it looked as though he were being selfish—wasn't—He just knew I loved doing things for him—and wasn't he *funny*—about everything?—even about himself—He took his work seriously—never himself—and such a good, clean brain—he really used it to think with—he didn't merely remember—he *invented* his own opinions—didn't have to wait to read in a book or a magazine what to think about something—made up his own mind—and sometimes he had no opinion at all on a subject—refreshing these days when everyone feels they have to have an opinion on *everything*—as if having no opinion is impotent or something—not so at all. Why does everyone have to have an opinion about everything? Spence. I'll miss him every day as long as I live."

A few minutes after we heard the dreadful news on that bleak Sunday morning, we were on our way to Spencer's cottage. I drove speedily at first, but began to slow down as I turned into Doheny Drive and started up the hill. Slower and slower. I did not want to reach the destination that had in it such awful finality. I pulled up to the curb and stopped.

"I think I'd like to wait a while."

"All right," said Ruth.

"I mean about an hour or so."

"No," she said. "Kate expects us."

I took a few minutes to collect myself, tried to think of what to say, how to behave on arrival—failed—found myself touching the doorbell, performing an act that had for such a long period presaged a good time.

Phyllis opened the door. We embraced.

"She okay?" I asked.

Phyllis nodded.

We went into the living room. Kate was there, already moving toward me. Before I could speak, she put her arms about me and said, "Oh, Gar. Oh, dear. I'm *so* sorry for you."

There was nothing more to say, not for a long time. ▼

"ON READING"

(Continued from page 119)

"And the marriage—two volumes devoted to the delicious possibility, frightening us, then delighting us"

sentence of a secondary character that we learned it had been celebrated, we did not know just when, in this astonishing epilogue written, it seemed, from high above in the sky by a person indifferent to our passions of a day, who had substituted himself for the author. One would have wanted so much for the book to continue, and if that were impossible, to have other information on all those characters, to learn now something about their lives, to devote ours to things that might not be entirely foreign to the love they had inspired in us and whose object we were suddenly missing—would have wanted not to have loved in vain, for an hour, beings who tomorrow would be but names on a forgotten page, in a book having no connection with life and on whose value we were much mistaken since its fate in this world, we understood now, and our parents informed us in case we needed a scornful phrase, was not at all, as we had believed, to contain the universe and destiny, but to occupy a very narrow place in the library of the notary public between the undistinguished annals of the geography of the Eure-et-Loir. ▼

Grand Marnier
Liqueur

Grand Marnier.

Fine old cognac
mysteriously sweetened with bitter orange.
A beautiful way for a woman to partake
of a man's pleasure.

For free, color-illustrated, 32-page booklet of gourmet recipes, write: Carillon Importers, Ltd.,
745 Fifth Avenue, New York City 10022. Product of France. Made with fine cognac brandy. 80 proof.

©Carillon Importers, Ltd.

Let it be honest.

Skin. Let it be clean (spotlessly clean). Let it be clear and fresh and pretty.
Skin. Let it glow and face the world securely, with or without makeup.
One product can give your skin this honesty. Ten-O-Six Lotion. Use it first thing in the morning and the last thing at night. And, watch what happens.

Bonne Bell Ten-O-Six® Lotion
for Honest Skin

Ten-O-Six
1006
Lotion
Bonne Bell